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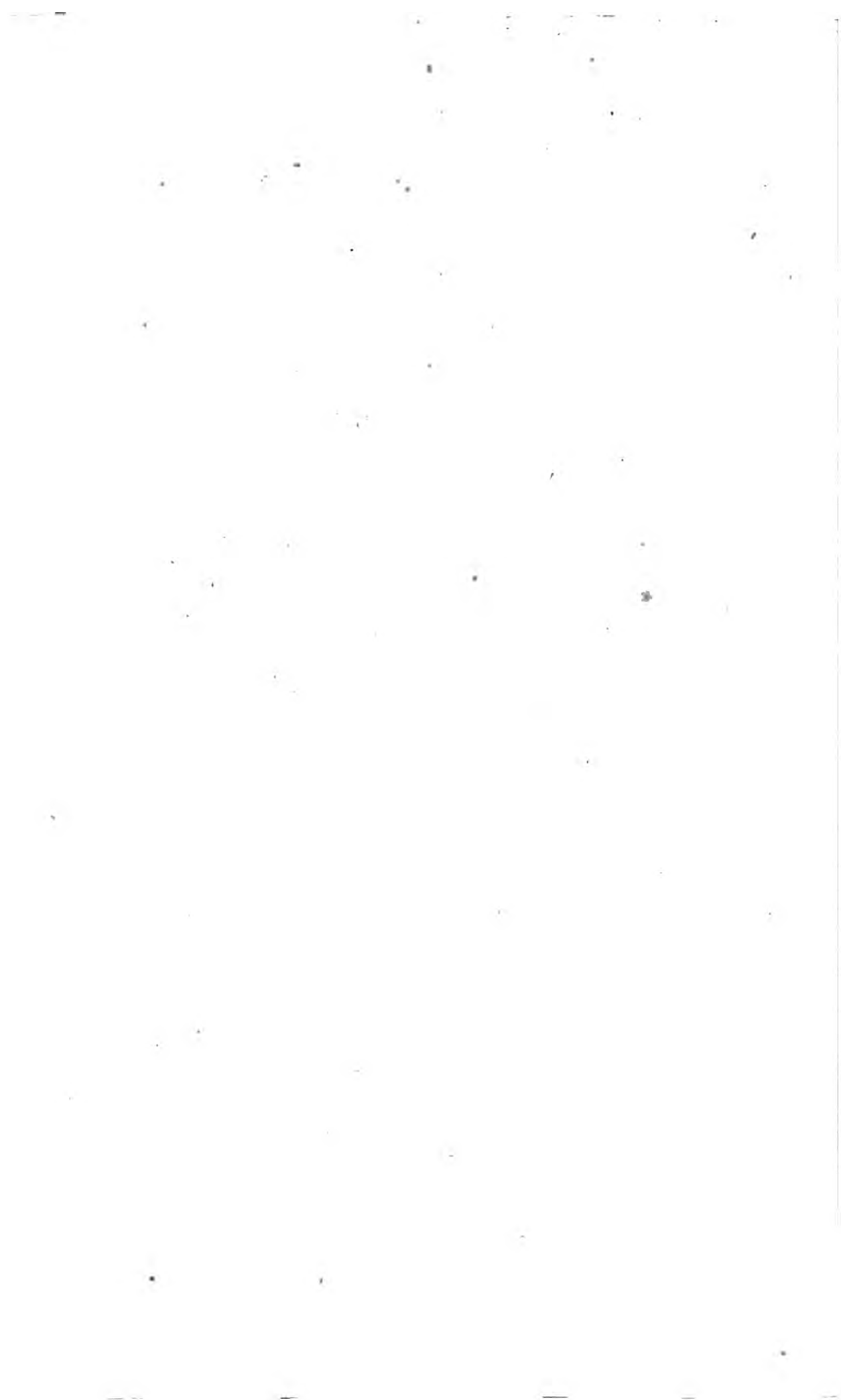


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THE WORKS
OF
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE WORKS
OF
BEAUMONT & FLETCHER;

THE TEXT FORMED FROM A NEW COLLATION OF THE
EARLY EDITIONS.

With Notes

AND A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

THE SCORNFUL LADY.
THE COXCOMB.

THE CAPTAIN.
THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

LONDON :
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.

MDCCCXLIII.

LONDON :
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

THE SCORNFUL LADY.

VOL. III.

B

1

The Scornful Ladie. A Comedie. As it was Acted (with great applause) by the Children of Her Maiesties Reuels in the Blacke Fryers. Written by Fra. Beavmont and Jo. Fletcher, Gent. London Printed for Myles Partrich, and are to be sold at his Shop at the George neere St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-streete. 1616. 4to.

The Scornefull Ladie. A Comedie. As it was now lately Acted (with great applause) by the Kings Maiesties seruants, at the Blacke Fryers. Written by Fra. Beavmont, and Jo. Fletcher, Gentlemen. London, Printed for M. P. and are to be sold by Thomas Jones, at the blacke Rauen, in the Strand. 1625. 4to.

The Scornefull Ladie. A Comedie. As it was now lately Acted (with great applause) by the Kings Majesties Seruants, at the Blacke-Fryers. Written by Fran: Beavmont and Jo: Fletcher, Gentlemen. The third Edition. London. Printed by B. A. and T. F. for T. Jones, and are to be sold at his Shop in St. Dunstans Church-yard in Fleet-street. 1630. 4to.

The Scornfull Ladie. A Comedie. As it was now lately Acted (with great applause) by the Kings Majesties Servants, at the Blacke-Fryers.

Written by { Francis Beavmont,
and
John Fletcher, } Gentlemen.

The fourth Edition. London, Printed by A. M. 1635. 4to.

The Scornfull Lady. A Comedy, &c. The fifth Edition. London, Printed by M. P. for Robert Wilson, and are to be sold at his shop in Holborne at Grayes-Inne Gate. 1639. 4to.

The Scornfull Lady. A Comedy, &c. The sixth Edition, Corrected and amended. London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Princes Armes in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1651. 4to.

Also in the folio of 1679.

WITH respect to the date of this comedy, we can only determine that it was produced sometime between 1609, when "the Cleve wars"^a broke out, and 1615, when Beaumont died.

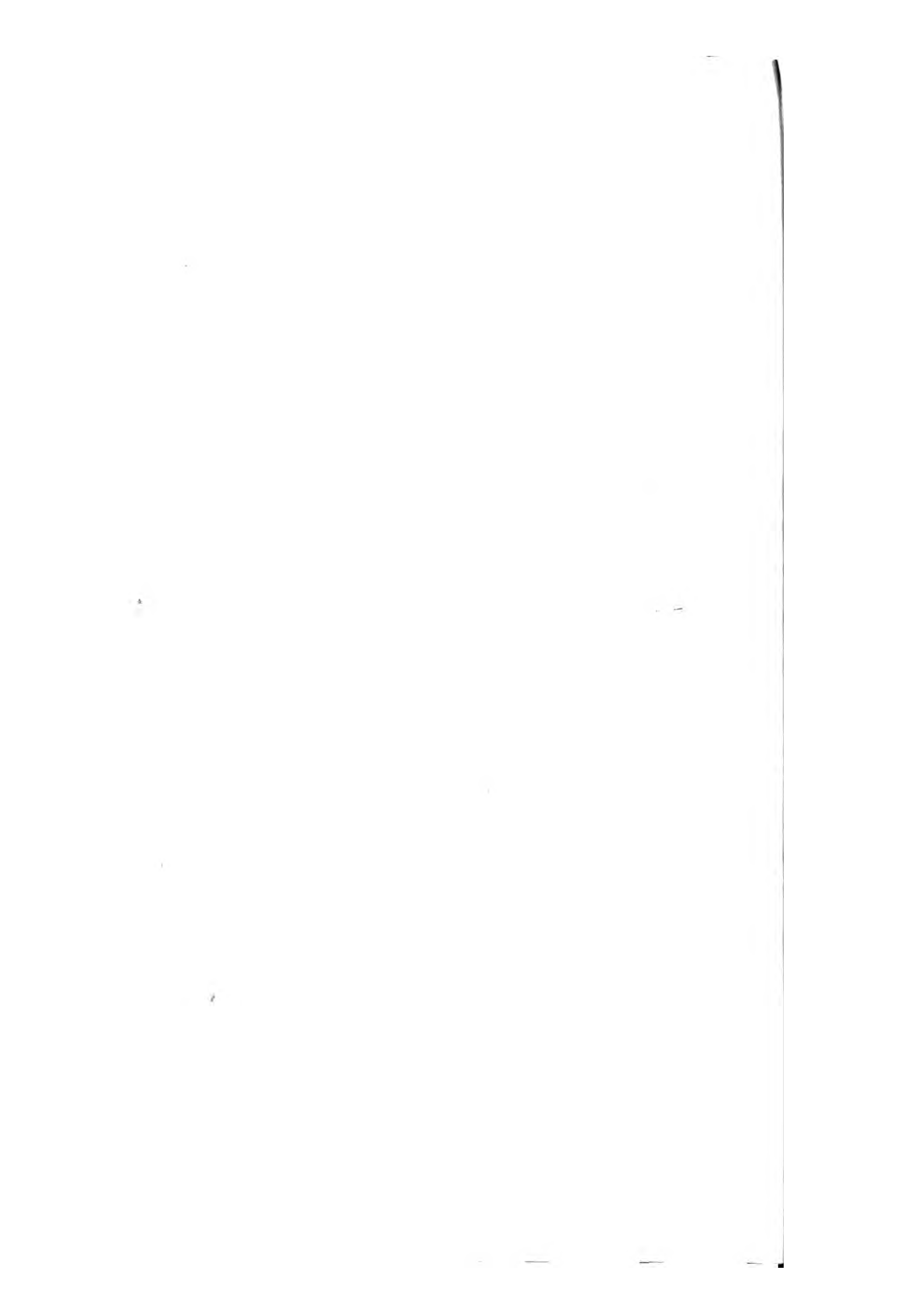
In attributing to Beaumont by far the greater portion of *The Scornful Lady*, Weber, I apprehend, judged rightly.

The sudden conversion of the usurer Morecraft is imitated from the *Adelphi* of Terence, where the same change takes place in the character of Demea. The Captain is a very indifferent copy of Shakespeare's Pistol.

Till the suppression of the theatres, *The Scornful Lady* continued to be one of the most popular of our authors' dramas; and a droll taken from it, and called *The False Heire and Formal Curate*, may be found in *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport* (see vol. i. 200 of the present work). After the Restoration, it again became a stock-play: and Langbaine mentions its being "acted with good Applause even in these times, at the Theatre in Dorset-Garden." *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 214. The Editors of 1778 observe that it has not "been performed in the course of many years past; though, in the lifetime of Mrs. Oldfield, who acted the Lady, it used to be frequently represented." An alteration of it, made by Cooke the barrister for Mrs. Abington, was brought out with great success at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1783, under the title of *The Capricious Lady*.

In the edition of 1750, Theobald has a note (act i. sc. 2) concerning the steward Savil, where he says; "The ingenious Mr. Addison, I remember, told me, that he sketched out his character of Vellum, in the comedy called *The Drummer*, purely from this model."

^a "There will be no more talk of the Cleve wars,
While this lasts." Act v. sc. 3.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ELDER LOVELESS.

YOUNGER LOVELESS.

SAVIL, steward to the ELDER LOVE-
LESS.

WELFORD.

SIR ROGER, chaplain to the Lady.

MORECRAFT, an usurer.

Captain.

Traveller.

Poet.

Tobacco-man.

Page, Fiddlers, Servants.

Lady.

MARTHA, her sister.

Widow.

ABIGAIL YOUNGLOVE, waiting-woman
to the Lady.

Women.

SCENE, *London.*



THE SCORNFUL LADY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A room in the Lady's house.*

Enter ELDER LOVELESS, YOUNG LOVELESS, SAVIL, *and a* Page.

E. Love. Brother, is your last hope past, to mollify Morecraft's heart about your mortgage?

Y. Love. Hopelessly past. I have presented the usurer with a richer draught than ever Cleopatra swallowed; he hath sucked in ten thousand pounds worth of my land more than he paid for, at a gulp, without trumpets^a.

E. Love. I have as hard a task to perform in this house.

Y. Love. Faith, mine was to make an usurer honest, or to lose my land.

E. Love. And mine is to persuade a passionate woman, or to leave the land.—Make the boat stay [*Exit Page*].—I fear^b I shall begin my unfortunate journey this night, though the darkness of the night, and the roughness of the waters, might easily dissuade an unwilling man.

^a *without trumpets*] i. e. without a flourish of trumpets. "The allusion," says Theobald rightly, in the earlier part of his note on this passage, "is to the drinking of healths at our public halls and city entertainments."

^b *E. Love. And mine is to persuade a passionate woman, or to leave the land. —Make the boat stay [Exit Page].—I fear, &c.*] So folio 1679, except that it does not mark the exit of the Page. The first 4to gives the speech thus;

"El. Lo. *And mine is to perswade a passionate woman, or to leaue the Land. Sauill make the boate stay, I feare,*" &c.

The second 4to follows the first, except that it places a full point after "Sauill," making that word a prefix. The third and all the later 4tos read thus;

Sav. Sir, your father's old friends hold it the sounder course for your body and estate, to stay at home, and marry and propagate, and govern in your^b country, than to travel for diseases, and return following the court in a night-cap^c, and die without issue.

E. Love. Savil, you shall gain the opinion of a better servant, in seeking to execute, not alter, my will, howsoever my intents succeed.

Y. Love. Yonder's Mistress Younglove, brother, the grave rubber of your mistress' toes.

Enter ABIGAIL.

E. Love. Mistress Younglove—

Abig. Master Loveless, truly we thought your sails had been hoist: my mistress is persuaded you are sea-sick ere this.

E. Love. Loves she her ill-taken-up resolution so dearly? Didst thou move her for^d me?

Abig. By this light that shines, there's no removing her, if she get a stiff opinion by the end. I attempted her to-day, when, they say, a woman can deny nothing.

E. Love. What critical minute was that?

Abig. When her smock was over her ears; but she was no more pliant than if it hung about^e her heels.

El. Lo. *And mine is to persuade a passionate woman, or to leave the Land.*

Yo. Lo. *Make the boate stay, I feare," &c.*

Theobald followed the reading of folio 1679. The Editors of 1778 gave;

El. Lo. *And mine is to persuade a passionate woman, or to leave the land.*

Yo. Lo. *Make the boat stay.*

El. Lo. *I fear," &c.*

explaining the words "Make the boat stay," to mean figuratively—be not hasty, postpone your departure! Weber adopted the reading of the first 4to.

^b *your*] The 4to of 1651 reads "*your own*;" but that edition takes great liberties with the text, and is of no authority. Folio 1679 "*our*."

^c *for diseases, and return following the court in a night-cap*] So the two earliest 4tos. In the second 4to, these words occupy a line, which, having been left out in the third 4to by an oversight of the compositor, was not restored in any of the subsequent old eds. The modern editors also omit these words!

^d *for*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "*from*;" and so the modern editors.

^e *about*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "*above*"!

E. Love. I prithee, deliver my service, and say, I desire to see the dear cause of my banishment ; and then for France.

Abig. I'll do't. Hark hither ; is that your brother ?

E. Love. Yes : have you lost your memory ?

Abig. As I live, he's a pretty fellow. [Exit.

Y. Love. Oh, this is a sweet brach^f !

E. Love. Why, she knows not you.

Y. Love. No, but she offered me once to know her. To this day she loves youth of eighteen. She heard^g a tale how Cupid struck her in love with a great lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never saw her ; yet she, in kindness, would needs wear a willow-garland at his wedding. She loved all the players in the last queen's time once over ; she was struck when they acted lovers, and forsook some when they played murderers. She has nine spur-royals^h, and the servants say she hoards old gold ; and she herself pronounces angerly, that the farmer's eldest son (or her mistress' husband's clerk thatⁱ shall be) that marries her, shall make her a jointure of fourscore pounds a-year. She tells tales of the serving-men——

E. Love. Enough ; I know her, brother. I shall^k entreat you only to salute my mistress, and take leave : we'll part at the stairs.

Enter Lady and ABIGAIL.

Lady. Now, sir, this first part of your will is performed : what's the rest ?

E. Love. First, let me beg your notice for this gentleman, my brother : I shall take it as a favour done to me.^l

Lady. Though the gentleman hath received but an untimely

^f brach] "Is," according to an often-cited passage of *The Gentleman's Recreation*, "a mannerly name for all hound-bitches."

^g heard] Qy. "had" ?

^h spur-royals]—Or, as Theobald and Weber print, "spur-ryals,"—were gold coins, worth 15s. each, and so called because they had a star on the reverse, resembling the rowel of a spur.

ⁱ that] So the two earliest 4tos. Omitted in other eds. ; and by the modern editors, Weber excepted.

^k Enough ; I know her, brother. I shall, &c.] The modern editors alter the punctuation thus ; "Enough, I know her. Brother, I shall," &c.

^l I shall take it as a favour done to me] The old eds. make these words the commencement of the next speech ; and so the modern editors.

grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would have been ready to have done him freer courtesies as a stranger, than upon those cold commendations.

Y. Love. Lady, my salutations crave acquaintance and leave at once.

Lady. Sir, I hope you are the master of your own occasions.

[*Exeunt* YOUNG LOVELESS and SAVIL.]

E. Love. Would I were so! Mistress, for me to praise over again that worth, which all the world and you yourself can see—

Lady. It's a cold room this, servant¹!

E. Love. Mistress—

Lady. What think you if I have a chimney for't, out here?

E. Love. Mistress, another in my place, that were not tied to believe all your actions just, would apprehend himself wronged; but I, whose virtues are constancy and obedience—

Lady. Younglove, make a good fire above, to warm me after my servant's exordiums.

E. Love. I have heard and seen your affability to be such, that the servants you give wages to may speak.

Lady. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they speak to the purpose.

E. Love. Mistress, your will leads my speeches from the purpose. But as a man—

Lady. A simile, servant! This room was built for honest meaners, that deliver themselves hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for exordiums, and similes, and metaphors? If you have aught to say, break into't: my answers shall very reasonably meet you.

E. Lov. Mistress, I came to see you.

Lady. That's happily despatched: the next?

E. Love. To take leave of you.

Lady. To be gone?

E. Love. Yes.

Lady. You need not have despaired of that, nor have used

¹ *servant*] See note, vol. i. 213.

so many circumstances to win me to give you leave to perform my command. Is there a third?

E. Love. Yes; I had a third, had you been apt to hear it.

Lady. I! never apter. Fast, good servant, fast.

E. Love. 'Twas to entreat you to hear reason.

Lady. Most willingly: have you brought one can speak it?

E. Love. Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart love and forgiveness.

Lady. You would stay at home?

E. Love. Yes, lady.

Lady. Why, you may, and doubtlessly will, when you have debated that your commander is but your mistress, a woman, a weak one, wildly overborne with passions; but the thing by her commanded is, to see Dover's dreadful cliff; passing, in a poor water-house, the dangers of the merciless channel 'twixt that and Calais, five long hours' sail, with three poor weeks' victuals.

E. Love. You wrong me.

Lady. Then to land dumb, unable to enquire for an English host, to remove from city to city by most chargeable post-horse, like one that rode in quest of his mother-tongue.

E. Love. You wrong me much.

Lady. And all these (almost invincible) labours performed for your mistress, to be in danger to forsake her, and to put on new allegiance to some French lady, who is content to change language with you for laughter^m; and, after your whole year spent in tennis and broken speech, to stand to the hazard of being laughed at, at your return, and have tales made on you by the chamber-maids.

E. Love. You wrong me much.

Lady. Louder yet.

E. Love. You know your least word is of force to make me seek out dangers; move me not with toysⁿ. But in this banishment, I must take leave to say you are unjust. Was

^m *with you for laughter*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "*with your laughter*;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

ⁿ *toys*] i. e. trifles.

one kiss forced from you in public by me so unpardonable? why, all the hours of day and night have seen us kiss.

Lady. 'Tis true, and so you satisfied ° the company that heard me chide.

E. Love. Your own eyes were not dearer to you than I.

Lady. And so you told 'em.

E. Love. I did; yet no sign of disgrace need to have stained your cheek: you yourself knew your pure and simple heart to be most unspotted, and free from the least baseness.

Lady. I did; but if a maid's heart doth but once think that she is suspected, her own face will write her guilty.

E. Love. But where lay this disgrace? The world, that knew us, knew our resolutions well: and could it be hoped that I should give away my freedom, and venture a perpetual bondage with one I never kissed? or could I, in strict wisdom, take too much love upon me from her that chose me for her husband?

Lady. Believe me, if my wedding-smock were on;
Were the gloves bought and given, the licence come;
Were the rosemary-branches ^p dipt, and all
The hippocras ^q and cakes eat and drunk off^r;
Were these two arms encompass'd with the hands
Of bachelors, to lead me to the church;
Were my feet in the door; were "I John" said;—
If John should boast a favour done by me,
I would not wed that year. And you, I hope,
When you have spent this year commodiously,
In achieving languages, will, at your return,
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eyes,

° *satisfied*] So the two earliest (not, as Weber states, "the three earliest") 4tos. Other eds. "told;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

^p *rosemary-branches*] See note, vol. ii. 215.

^q *hippocras*] Was a favourite medicated drink, composed of wine (usually red), with spices and sugar. It is generally supposed to have been so called from *Hippocrates* (contracted by our earliest writers to *Hippocras*); perhaps because it was strained,—the woollen bag used by apothecaries to strain syrups and decoctions for clarification being termed *Hippocrates's sleeve*.

^r *drunk off*] Altered to "drank of" by the Editors of 1778 and Weber!

Than such a friend. More talk I hold not now :
If you dare, go ^s.

E. Love. I dare, you know. First, let me kiss.

Lady. Farewell, sweet servant. Your task perform'd,
On a new ground, as a beginning suitor,
I shall be apt to hear you.

E. Love. Farewell, cruel mistress.

[*Exeunt Lady and ABIGAIL.*

Re-enter YOUNG LOVELESS and SAVIL.

Y. Love. Brother, you'll hazard the losing your tide to
Gravesend ; you have a long half-mile by land to Greenwich.

E. Love. I go. But, brother, what yet-unheard-of course
to live doth your imagination flatter you with ? your ordinary
means are devoured.

Y. Love. Course ! why, horse-coursing ^t, I think. Consume
no time in this ; I have no estate to be mended by medita-
tion : he that busies himself about my fortunes, may properly
be said to busy himself about nothing.

E. Love. Yet some course you must take, which, for my
satisfaction, resolve and open ^u. If you will shape none, I
must inform you, that that man but persuades himself he
means to live, that imagines not the means.

Y. Love. Why, live upon others, as others have lived
upon me.

E. Love. I apprehend not that. You have fed others, and
consequently disposed of 'em ; and the same measure must
you expect from your maintainers, which will be too heavy
an alteration for you to bear.

Y. Love. Why, I'll purse ^v ; if that raise me not, I'll bet
at bowling-alleys, or man whores : I would fain live by others.
But I'll live whilst I am uncharged, and after the thought's
taken ^u.

^s *If you dare, go*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print these words as an
imperfect sentence, "If you dare go—"

^t *horse-coursing*] i. e. horse-dealing : see Nares's *Gloss*.

^u *resolve and open*] "That is,—determine upon and declare." MASON.

^v *purse*] i. e. take purses, rob.

^u *after the thought's taken*] "i. e. according to the thought that first strikes
me." WEBER.

E. Love. I see you are tied to no particular employment, then?

Y. Love. Faith, I may choose my course: they say Nature brings forth none but she provides for them; I'll try her liberality.

E. Love. Well, to keep your feet out of base and dangerous paths, I have resolved you shall live as master of my house.—It shall be your care, Savil, to see him fed and clothed, not according to his present estate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

Y. Love. If it be referred to him, if I be not found in carnation Jersey-stockings, blue devils' breeches, with three gards^v down, and my pocket i' the sleeves, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again.

Sav. A comelier wear, I wus^w, it is than those dangling slops^x.

E. Love. To keep you ready to do him all service peaceably, and him to command you reasonably, I leave these further directions in writing, which, at your best leisure, together open and read. [Gives a paper.]

Re-enter ABIGAIL, with a jewel.

Abig. Sir, my mistress commends her love to you in this token and these words: it is a jewel, she says, which, as a favour from her, she would request you to wear till your year's travel be performed; which, once expired, she will hastily^y expect your happy return.

E. Love. Return my service, with such thanks as she may imagine the heart of a suddenly-overjoyed man would willingly utter: and you, I hope, I shall, with slender arguments, persuade to wear this diamond; that when my mistress shall,

^v *three gards*] i. e. three trimmings, facings. So the two earliest 4tos. In the later eds. "three" is corrupted into "the"; which the modern editors give,—Weber attempting an explanation as ridiculous as the reading.

^w *I wus*]—or *I wis*,—equivalent to—truly, certainly.

^x *slops*] i. e. wide breeches.

^y *hastily*] i. e. impatiently.—The two latest 4tos. have "happily"; which, strange to say, Theobald adopted.

through my long absence and the approach of new suitors, offer to forget me, you may call^y your eye down to your finger, and remember and speak of me. She will hear thee better than those allied by birth to her; as we see many men much swayed by the grooms of their chambers,—not that they have a greater part of their love or opinion on^z them than on others, but for they know their secrets.

Abig. O' my credit, I swear I think 'twas made for me. Fear no other suitors.

E. Love. I shall not need to teach you how to discredit their beginnings^a: you know how to take exception at their shirts at washing, or to make the maids swear they found plasters in their beds.

Abig. I know, I know; and do not you^b fear the suitors.

E. Love. Farewell; be mindful, and be happy; the night calls me. [Exeunt *E. and Y. LOVELESS and SAVIL.*

Abig. The gods of the winds befriend you, sir! a constant and a liberal lover thou art: more such God send us!

Enter WELFORD.

Wel. [to servant without]. Let 'em not stand still; we have rid hard^c.

^y *call*] The latest 4to and folio 1679 have "cast;" which Theobald gave.

^z *on*] "This is the reading of all the old copies, which is by modern editors unnecessarily changed to—*of*." WEBER,—with his usual inaccuracy; for Theobald printed "on." A little after, folio 1679 has "*but for that they know*;" and so Theobald.

^a *beginnings*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "beginning"; and so the modern editors.

^b *do not you*] "All the editions after the third quarto transpose the two latter words." WEBER,—incorrectly again: folio 1679 does *not* transpose the words.

^c *hard*] "Mr. Seward [in the Postscript to vol. i. of ed. 1750] prescribes the insertion of the word *hard*, which probably has been dropped at the press, and seems necessary to the sense." So write the Editors of 1778; and Weber, having placed "hard" between brackets, to shew that it was a modern insertion, reprints the note without farther remark. What does such carelessness deserve! The word "hard" is found in the two earliest 4tos!

Abig. A suitor, I know, by his riding hard : I'll not be seen. [*Aside, and retires.*

Wel. A pretty hall this : no servant in't ? I would look freshly.

Abig. You have delivered your errand to me, then. There's no danger in a handsome young fellow ; I'll shew myself.

[*Aside,—and then comes forward.*

Wel. Lady, may it please you to bestow upon a stranger the ordinary grace of salutation ? are you the lady of this house ?

Abig. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a servant of hers.

Wel. Lady, I should be as proud to be a servant of yours, did not my so late acquaintance make me despair.

Abig. Sir, it is not so hard to achieve, but nature may bring it about.

Wel. For these comfortable words I remain your glad debtor. Is your lady at home ?

Abig. She is no straggler, sir.

Wel. May her occasions admit me to speak with her ?

Abig. If you come in the way of a suitor, no.

Wel. I know your affable virtue will be moved to persuade her, that a gentleman, benighted and strayed, offers to be bound to her for a night's lodging.

Abig. I will commend this message to her ; but if you aim at her body, you will be deluded. Other women the house holds, of good^d carriage and government ; upon any of which if you can cast your affection, they will perhaps be found as faithful, and not so coy. [*Exit.*

Wel. What a skinful of lust is this ! I thought I had come a-wooing, and I am the courted party. This is right

^d *Other women the house holds, of good, &c.*] So the first 4to, except that it has, by a mistake of the printer, the words "house holds" run together thus,— "housholds." Later 4tos, "—— of the households." Folio 1679, "—— of the household." Theobald gave Sympson's correction, "There are other women of the household of as good," &c. The Editors of 1778 followed the later 4tos, "thinking the sense not imperfect." Weber adopted the reading of folio 1679, assuring us that it is "suitable to the mysterious intimation of the old beldame" !

court-fashion : men, women, and all, woo ; catch that catch may. If this soft-hearted woman have infused any of her tenderness into her lady, there is hope she will be pliant. But who's here ?

Enter SIR^e ROGER.

Rog. God save you, sir ! My lady lets you know, she desires to be acquainted with your name, before she confer with you.

Wel. Sir, my name calls me Welford.

Rog. Sir, you are a gentleman of a good name.—I'll try his wit. [*Aside.*

Wel. I will uphold it as good as any of my ancestors had this two hundred years, sir.

Rog. I knew a worshipful and a religious gentleman of your name in the bishoprick of Durham : call you him cousin ?

Wel. I am only allied to his virtues, sir.

Rog. It is modestly said. I should carry the badge of your Christianity with me too.

Wel. What's that ? a cross ? There's a tester^f.

[*Gives money.*

Rog. I mean the name which your godfathers and godmothers gave you at the font.

Wel. 'Tis Harry. But you cannot proceed orderly now in your catechism ; for you have told me who gave me that name. Shall I beg your name ?

Rog. Roger.

Wel. What room fill you in this house ?

Rog. More rooms than one.

Wel. The more the merrier. But may my boldness know why your lady hath sent you to decypher my name ?

Rog. Her own words were these : to know whether you were a formerly-denied suitor, disguised in this message ; for

^e *Sir*] A title formerly given to clergymen.

^f *a cross ? There's a tester.*] Welford puns on the word *cross*, which meant a piece of money (many coins being marked with a cross on one side) : *tester* is sixpence ; see Douce's *Illust. of Shakespeare*, i. 35.

I can assure you she delights not *in thalamo*; Hymen and she are at variance. I shall return with much haste.

Wel. And much speed, sir, I hope. [*Exit* ROGER.] Certainly I am arrived amongst a nation of new-found fools, on a land where no navigator has yet planted wit. If I had foreseen it, I would have laded my breeches with bells, knives, copper, and glasses, to trade with the^s women for their virginities; yet, I fear, I should have betrayed myself to a^h needless charge then. Here's the walking night-cap again.

Re-enter SIR ROGER.

Rog. Sir, my lady's pleasure is to see you; who hath commanded me to acknowledge her sorrow that you must take the pains to come up for so bad entertainment.

Wel. I shall obey your lady that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your art's master.

Rog. I am but a bachelor of artⁱ, sir; and I have the mending of all under this roof, from my lady on her down-bed to the maid in the pease-straw.

Wel. A cobbler, sir?

Rog. No, sir; I inculcate divine service^j within these walls.

Wel. But the inhabitants of this house do often employ you on errands, without any scruple of conscience?

Rog. Yes, I do take the air many mornings on foot, three or four miles, for eggs. But why move you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your function to bid my man to neglect his horse a little, to attend on me.

Rog. Most properly, sir.

Wel. I pray you, do so, then, and whilst^k I will attend your lady. You direct all this house in the true way?

Rog. I do, sir.

Wel. And this door, I hope, conducts to your lady?

Rog. Your understanding is ingenious. [*Exeunt severally.*]

^s *the*] So the first 4to. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors.

^h *a*] Omitted in the two latest 4tos; and by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

ⁱ *art*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "arts."

^j *service*] Theobald printed "homilies," erroneously stating that several of the 4tos have that reading,—which is found only in 4to 1651.

^k *and whilst*] Theobald gave, with folio 1679, "the *whilst*." Weber observes, rather unnecessarily, that "*whilst*" is—"in the mean time."

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of the ELDER LOVELESS.*

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS and SAVIL, with a writing.

Sav. By your favour, sir, you shall pardon me.

Y. Love. I shall beat¹ your favour, sir. Cross me no more : I say they shall come in.

Sav. Sir, you forget me^m, who I am ?

Y. Love. Sir, I do not : thou art my brother's steward, his cast-off mill-money, his kitchen-arithmetic.

Sav. Sir, I hope you will not make so little of me ?

Y. Love. I make thee not so little as thou art ; for indeed there goes no more to the making of a steward but a fair *imprimis*, and then a reasonable *item* infused into him, and the thing is done.

Sav. Nay, then, you stir my duty, and I must tell you——

Y. Love. What wouldst thou tell me ? how hops goⁿ ? or hold some rotten discourse of sheep, or when our Lady-day falls ? Prithee, fare well^o, and entertain my friends ; be drunk, and burn thy table-books^p : and, my dear spark of velvet, thou and I——

Sav. Good sir, remember.

Y. Love. I do remember thee a foolish fellow ; one that did put his trust in almanacs and horse-fairs, and rose by honey and pot-butter. Shall they come in yet ?

Sav. Nay, then, I must unfold your brother's pleasure : These be the lessons, sir, he left behind him.

¹ *beat*] So the first 4to. Later eds. "beare" and "bear."—Theobald printed "beat" as his own correction.

^m *me*] The five earliest 4tos, "one,"—a common misprint for "me." Quarto 1651 (which abounds in alterations of no authority), "then." Folio 1679 has the speech thus,—"*Sir, you forget who I am ?*" Theobald followed the folio. The Editors of 1778 and Weber gave the reading of 4to 1651.

ⁿ *go*] i. e. sell.—So the two earliest 4tos. Later eds. "grow ;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

^o *fare well*] "Loveless does not mean to take leave of Savil, but to exhort him to live freely." MASON.

^p *table-books*] i. e. memorandum-books.

Y. Love. Prithee, expound the first.

Sav. [reads.] *I leave, to keep^p my house, three hundred pounds a-year, and my brother to dispose of it—*

Y. Love. Mark that, my wicked steward,—and I dispose of it.

Sav. [reads.] *Whilst he bears himself like a gentleman, and my credit falls not in him.* Mark that, my good young sir, mark that.

Y. Love. Nay, if it be no more, I shall fulfil it : whilst my legs will carry me, I'll bear myself gentleman-like, but when I am drunk, let them bear me that can. Forward, dear steward.

Sav. [reads.] *Next, it is my will that he be furnished, as my brother, with attendance, apparel, and the obedience of my people.*

Y. Love. Steward, this is as plain as your old minikin-breeches. Your wisdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollified, or—you understand me, sir. Proceed.

Sav. [reads.] *Next^q, that my steward keep his place and power, and bound my brother's wildness with his care.*

Y. Love. I'll hear no more of this Apocrypha^r ; bind it by itself, steward.

Sav. This is your brother's will ; and, as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw unto you,—captains of galley-foists^s, such as in a clear day have seen Calais ; fellows that have no more of God than their oaths come to ; they wear swords to reach fire^t at a play, and get there the oiled end of a pipe for their guerdon ; then the remnant^u of your regiment are wealthy tobacco-merchants, that set up with one ounce, and break for three ; together

^p *keep*] Theobald gave, with folio 1679, “maintain.”

^q *Next*] “So the three first 4tos. All other editions, ‘Yet.’” WEBER,—who overlooked folio 1679, which has “Next.”

^r *I'll hear no more of this Apocrypha*] The Editors of 1778 gave, with the 4to of 1651, “*I'll hear no more ! This is Apocrypha.*”

^s *of galley-foists*] “i. e. of pleasure-boats or barges. Such captains are mentioned in the same contemptuous manner in [Middleton and Dekker's] *Moll Cut-purse* [and elsewhere].” WEBER. A *galley-foist* was a long barge with oars : it frequently means that of the Lord-Mayor.

^t *fire*] To light tobacco-pipes.

^u *remnant*] Altered by Weber to “remnants.”

with a forlorn hope of poets ; and all these look like Carthusians, things without linen. Are these fit company for my master's brother ?

Y. Love. I will either convert thee, oh, thou pagan steward ! or presently confound thee and thy reckonings.—Who's there ? call in the gentlemen !

Sav. Good sir !

Y. Love. Nay, you shall know both who I am and where I am.

Sav. Are you my master's brother ?

Y. Love. Are you the sage master-steward, with a face like an old ephemerides^v ?

Enter Captain, Traveller, Poet, and Tobacco-man.

Sav. Then God help all^w, I say !

Y. Love. Ay, and 'tis well said, my old peer of France.—Welcome, gentlemen, welcome, gentlemen ; mine own dear lads, you're richly welcome. Know this old Harry-groat^x.

Capt. Sir, I will take your love——

Sav. Sir, you will take my purse. [*Aside.*

Capt. And study to continue it.

Sav. I do believe you.

Trav. Your honourable friend and master's brother Hath given you to us for a worthy fellow, And so we hug you, sir.

Sav. H'as given himself into the hands of varlets, But^y to be carv'd out. [*Aside.*]—Sir, are these the pieces ?

Y. Love. They are the morals of the age, the virtues, Men made of gold.

^v *ephemerides*] Altered by Theobald and the Editors of 1778 to "ephemeris." "The allusion," says Weber, "is to a portrait, perhaps that of the celebrated William Lilly, with which such works were decorated ;" but Lilly was a boy at the time this play was written.

^w *all*] Folio 1679, "us *all*."

^x *old Harry-groat*] "Among other groats coined in the reign of Henry VIII., that which has the head of the king, with a long face and long hair, was thus denominated." WEBER.

^y *But*] Old eds. "Not,"—which the Editors of 1778 and Weber (following Seward's suggestion in Postscript to vol. i. ed. 1750) omitted. Heath conjectured "Now." *MS. Notes.* The misprint of *not* for *but* is very common.

Sav. Of your gold, you mean, sir. [Aside.]

Y. Love. This is a man of war, and cries, "Go on,"
And wears his colours——

Sav. In 's nose. [Aside.]

Y. Love. In the fragrant field.

This is a traveller, sir, knows men and manners,
And has plough'd up the sea so far, till both
The poles have knock'd; has seen the sun take coach,
And can distinguish the colour of his horses,
And their kinds; and had a Flanders mare leap'd there.

Sav. 'Tis much.

Trav. I have seen more, sir.

Sav. 'Tis even enough, o' conscience. Sit down, and rest
you: you are at the end of the world already.—Would you
had as good a living, sir, as this fellow could lie you² out of!
h'as a notable gift in 't!

Y. Love. This ministers the smoke, and this the Muses.

Sav. And you the clothes, and meat, and money. You
have a goodly generation of 'em; pray, let them multiply;
your brother's house is big enough; and, to say truth, h'as too
much land,—hang it, dirt!

Y. Love. Why, now thou art a loving stinkard. Fire
off thy annotations and thy rent-books; thou hast a weak
brain, Savil, and with the next long bill thou wilt run
mad.—Gentlemen, you are once more welcome to three
hundred pounds a-year. We will be freely merry; shall
we not?

Capt. Merry as mirth and wine, my lovely Loveless.

Poet. A serious look shall be a jury to excommunicate any
man from our company.

Trav. We will have nobody talk wisely neither^a.

Y. Love. What think you, gentlemen, by all this revenue
in drink?

² you] Omitted by Weber!

^a *We will have nobody talk wisely neither.*] "So the three first editions of this play. All the others read, very tamely, 'We will *not* talk wisely neither' [which Theobald and the Editors of 1778 gave]." WEBER. Some of the 4tos dated 1651 have "Will you not talk wisely neither?"

Capt. I am all for drink.

Trav. I am dry till it be so.

Poet. He that will not cry "amen" to this, let him live sober, seem wise, and die o' the corum^b.

Y. Love. It shall be so; we'll have it all in drink: let meat and lodging go; they're transitory, and shew men merely mortal. Then we'll have wenches, every one his wench, and every week a fresh one,—we'll keep no powdered flesh^c. All these we have by warrant, under the title of "things necessary:" here, upon this place I ground it, "the obedience of my people, and all necessaries." Your opinions, gentlemen?

Capt. 'Tis plain and evident that he meant wenches.

Sav. Good sir, let me expound it.

Capt. Here be as sound men as yourself, sir.

Poet. This do I hold to be the interpretation of it: in this word "necessary" is concluded all that be helps to man; woman was made the first, and therefore here the chiefest.

Y. Love. Believe me, 'tis a learned one: and by these words, "the obedience of my people," you, steward, being one, are bound to fetch us wenches.

Capt. He is, he is.

Y. Love. Steward, attend us for instructions.

Sav. But will you keep no house, sir?

Y. Love. Nothing but drink^d; three hundred pounds in drink.

Sav. Oh, miserable house, and miserable I
That live to see it! Good sir, keep some meat.

Y. Love. Get us good whores; and for your part, I'll
board you
In an ale-house: you shall have cheese and onions.

^b *corum*] A corruption of *quorum*,—to which latter the Editors of 1778 and Weber alter it. Theobald printed, with folio 1679, "coram."

^c *no powdered flesh*] "i. e. no salted meat, as a contrast to fresh. The allusion is obvious." WEBER.

^d *drink*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "*drink, sir*;" and so the modern editors.

Sav. What shall become of me, no chimney smoking?
Well, prodigal, your brother will come home.

[*Aside and Exit.*]

Y. Love. Come, lads, I'll warrant you for wenches. Three hundred pounds in drink.

[*Exeunt* *.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A bed-chamber in the Lady's house.*

Enter Lady, WELFORD, and SIR ROGER.

Lady. Sir, now you see your bad lodging, I must bid you good night.

Wel. Lady, if there be any want, 'tis in want of you.

Lady. A little sleep will ease that compliment.

Once more, good night.

Wel. Once more, dear lady, and then, all sweet nights.

Lady. Dear sir, be short and sweet, then.

Wel. Shall the morrow

Prove better to me? shall I hope my suit

Happier by this night's rest?

Lady. Is your suit so sickly, that rest will help it?

Pray ye, let it rest, then, till I call for it.

Sir, as a stranger, you have had all my welcome;

But had I known your errand ere you came,

Your passage had been straiter. Sir, good night.

Wel. So fair and cruel! Dear unkind, good night.

[*Exit Lady.*]

Nay, sir, you shall stay with me; I'll press your zeal so far.

Rog. Oh, Lord, sir!

Wel. Do you love tobacco?

Rog. Surely I love it, but it loves not me;

Yet, with your reverence, I will be bold.

* *Exeunt.*] In the modern editions this scene concludes with—

“*All.* Oh, brave Loveless!”

a speech found only in the 4to of 1651, which, as being of no authority, Weber elsewhere censures his predecessors for having followed.

Wel. Pray, light it, sir. How do you like it ?

[*They smoke.*]

Rog. I promise you, it is notable stinging gear indeed.
It is wet, sir : Lord, how it brings down rheum !

Wel. Handle it again, sir ; you have a warm text of it.

Rog. Thanks ever premis'd^f for it. I promise you,
It is very powerful, and, by a trope, spiritual ;
For certainly it moves in sundry places.

Wel. Ay, it does so, sir ; and me, especially,
To ask, sir, why you wear a night-cap ?

Rog. Assuredly I will speak the truth unto you.
You shall understand, sir, that my head is broken ;
And by whom ? even by that visible beast^g, the butler.

Wel. The butler ! Certainly
He had all his drink about him when he did it.
Strike one of your grave cassock ! the offence, sir ?

Rog. Reproving him at tray-trip^h, sir, for swearing.
You have the total, surely.

Wel. You toldⁱ him when his rage was set a-tilt,
And so he crack'd your canons :
I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading.
But shall we see these gentlewomen to-night ?

Rog. Have patience, sir,
Until our fellow Nicholas be deceas'd,
That is, asleep ; for so the word is taken ;
“ To sleep, to die^j ; to die, to sleep ; ” a very figure, sir.

Wel. Cannot you cast another for the gentlewomen ?

^f *premis'd*] “ This is the reading of the first quarto ; all other old copies—
‘ promised.’ ” WEBER.

^g *that visible beast*] “ i. e., as Mr. Seward explains it, ‘ one that appears to
every one a beast.’ His colleague, Sympson, proposes to read, ‘ risible beast ;’
but his conjecture is unnecessary.” WEBER. Unnecessary indeed ! and yet
Theobald adopted it. Sir Roger, I believe, was thinking of Scripture—“ the
mark of the beast.”

^h *tray-trip*] A game, played with dice, and probably in the tables ; see
Nares's *Gloss*.

ⁱ *told*] So the three earliest 4tos, and folio 1679 ; and so Theobald. Other
eds. “ reprov'd ” ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

^j *To sleep, to die &c.*] An allusion to the soliloquy in *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 1.

Rog. Not till the man be in his bed, his grave ;
His grave, his bed : the very same again, sir.
Our comic poet gives the reason sweetly ;
Plenus rimarum est^k ; he is full of loop-holes,
And will discover to our patroness.

Wel. Your comment, sir, has made me understand you.

Enter MARTHA and ABIGAIL, with a posset.

Rog. Sir, be address'd^l ; the Graces do salute you
With the^m full bowl of plenty.—
Is our old enemy entomb'd ?

Abig. He's fastⁿ.

Rog. And does he snore out supinely with the poet^o ?

Mar. No, he out-snores the poet.

Wel. Gentlewoman, this courtesy
Shall bind a stranger to you, ever your servant.

Mar. Sir, my sister's strictness makes not us forget
You are a stranger and a gentleman.

Abig. In sooth, sir, were I chang'd into my lady,
A gentleman so well endu'd with parts
Should not be lost.

Wel. I thank you, gentlewoman, and rest bound to you.—
See how this foul familiar chews the cud !
From thee and three-and-fifty, good Love deliver me ! [*Aside.*

Mar. Will you sit down, sir, and take a spoon ?

Wel. I take it kindly, lady.

Mar. It is our best banquet, sir.

Rog. Shall we give thanks ?

Wel. I have to the gentlewomen^p already, sir.

^k *Plenus rimarum est*] "The comic poet, whom Sir Roger is here quoting, is Terence, in his *Eunuch* ;

Parm. *Plenus rimarum sum, hac atque illac perfluo.*" THEOBALD.

^l *address'd*] "i. e. ready." WEBER.

^m *the*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with 4to 1651, "a."

ⁿ *fast*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "safe ;" and so the modern editors.

^o *snore out supinely with the poet*] The allusion is to Horace,—*stertitque supinus.* *Serm.* 1. 5. 19.

^p *gentlewomen*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with the two earliest 4tos, "gentlewoman."

Mar. Good Sir Roger, keep that breath to cool your part o' the posset; you may chance have a scalding zeal else: an you will needs be doing, pray, tell your twenty to yourself.— Would you could like this, sir!

Wel. I would your sister would like me as well, lady!

Mar. Sure, sir, she would not eat you. But banish that imagination: she's only wedded to herself, lies with herself, and loves herself;

And for another husband than herself,
He may knock at the gate, but ne'er come in.
Be wise, sir: she's a woman, and a trouble,
And has her many faults, the least of which is,
She cannot love you.

Abig. God pardon her! she'll do worse.

Would I were worthy his least grief, Mistress Martha!

Wel. Now I must over-hear her. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Faith, would thou hadst them all, with all my heart!
I do not think they would make thee a day older.

Abig. Sir, will you put in deeper? 'tis the sweeter.

Mar. Well said, Old-sayings.

Wel. She looks like one indeed.

Gentlewoman, you keep your word: your sweet self
Has made the bottom sweeter.

Abig. Sir, I begin a frolic: dare you change, sir?

Wel. Myself for you, so please you.—

That smile has turn'd my stomach. This is right
The old emblem of the moyle^q cropping of thistles.

Lord, what a hunting head she carries! sure,
She has been ridden with a martingale.

Now, Love, deliver me! [*Aside.*]

Rog. Do I dream, or do I wake? surely I know not.

Am I rubb'd off? is this the way of all
My morning prayers? Oh, Roger, thou art but grass,
And woman as a flower! Did I for this
Consume my quarters^r in meditations, vows,

^q *moyle*] i. e. mule.

^r *quarters*] Was altered by Theobald, at Sympson's suggestion, to "carcass"! —"Strange," says Coleridge, "that neither Mr. Theobald, nor Mr. Seward,

And woo'd her in *Heroical Epistles*?
 Did I expound *The Owl*?
 And undertook, with labour and expense,
 The re-collection of those thousand pieces,
 Consum'd in cellars and tobacco-shops,
 Of that our honour'd Englishman, Nich. Breton^s?

should have seen that this mock-heroic speech is in full-mouthed blank verse! Had they seen this, they would have seen that 'quarters' is a substitution of the players for 'quires' or 'squares,' (that is) of paper:—

' Consume my quires in meditations, vows,
 And woo'd her in heroical epistles.'

Remains, ii. 296,—a note unworthy of this great writer; for "quires" is fully as absurd a conjecture as "carcass": Mason rightly observes, that "to call a man's body his four quarters, is a vulgar phrase at this day." Theobald *did* give the speech as blank verse (—this play was not edited by Seward—), but with an arrangement in the earlier part different from that which (though not altogether satisfactory) I have thought it better to adopt. The three earliest 4tos and folio 1679 have "meditation"; and so the modern editors; but the context shows that the reading of the other eds., "meditations," is the right one.

' *And woo'd her in Heroical Epistles* ?

Did I expound The Owl ? &c.] "The allusion is here to the poems of Michael Drayton, among which are to be found *England's Heroical Epistles*, and *The Owl*." WEBER. The latter was first published (a 4to pamphlet) in 1604.

' *Nich. Breton*] All the old eds. "Ni. Br.", except 4to 1651, which has "N. B." Theobald printed "*Nich. Broughton*," with the following note; "The poets, I do not apprehend, had any intention of sinking, or making a secret of, this author's name. He was so well known at that time of day, that the copyists thought they might safely give us his name abbreviated. He was a voluminous writer, who, amongst other things, compiled an elaborate tract about Fifth-Monarchy-Men. Ben Jonson, in his *Alchemist*, has made Doll Common, in her ecstatic fit to Sir Epicure Mammon, talk very largely out of the works of this Nich. Broughton": so too the Editors of 1778; and even Steevens (note in Mason's *Comments on B. and F.*) defends (Weber says, "ingeniously") the reading, "*Nich. Broughton*." All this blundering is rendered exquisitely ludicrous by the simple fact that the Christian name of the celebrated mystical divine in question was not *Nicholas*, but HUGH! Coleridge (*Remains*, ii. 296) says, that the editors of Beaumont and Fletcher "ought to have seen that the abbreviated 'Ni. Br.' of the text was properly 'Mi. Dr.'—and that Michael Drayton, not Nicholas Broughton, is here ridiculed for his poem *The Owl* and his *Heroical Epistles*,"—another unfortunate conjecture; for Drayton (whose *Heroical Epistles* and *Owl* are spoken of in the earlier part of this passage), though a voluminous author, was not the writer of a vast number of popular tracts, which, according to Sir Roger, were "consumed in cellars and tobacco-shops." In short, "Ni. Br." is undoubtedly put for "*Nicholas Breton*," of whose pieces, some in verse and some in prose, a

Have I done this, and am I done thus to ?

I will end with the wise man, and say,

“ He that holds a woman has an eel by the tail.” [*Aside.*

Mar. Sir, 'tis so late, and our entertainment (meaning our posset) by this is grown so cold, that 'twere an unmannerly part longer to hold you from your rest. Let what the house has be at your command, sir.

Wel. Sweet rest be with you, lady :—and to you
What you desire too.

Abig. It should be some such good thing like yourself, then.

[*Exeunt MAR. and ABIG.*

Wel. Heaven keep me from that curse, and all my issue !
Good night, Antiquity.

Rog. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris* : but I alone——

[*Aside.*

Wel. Learned sir, will you bid my man come to me ? and, requesting a greater measure of your learning, good night, good Master Roger.

Rog. Good sir, peace be with you !

Wel. Adieu, dear *Domine*. [*Exit ROGER.*] Half a dozen such in a kingdom would make a man forswear confession ; for who, that had but half his wits about him, would commit the counsel of a serious sin to such a crewel night-cap^t ?—

Enter Servant, drunk.

Why, how now ? shall we have an antic ? Whose head do you carry upon your shoulders, that you joll it so against the post ? is't for your ease, or have you seen the cellar ? Where are my slippers, sir ?

very long but probably incomplete catalogue may be found in Lowndes's *Bibliog. Manual*. The earliest of them is dated 1575, and some were produced long after the appearance of the present play : to one of them, a poem entitled *Melancholike Humours*, 1600, (reprinted by Sir E. Brydges,) is prefixed a copy of commendatory verses by Jonson. In spite of the celebrity which he enjoyed during his own time, Breton was utterly forgotten, till Percy inserted in the *Rel. of An. Eng. Poet.* his pretty ballad of *Phillida and Corydon*. There are grounds for believing that he died in 1624 ; see an epitaph cited in Ritson's *Bibliog. Poetica*.

^t *crewel night-cap*] i. e. worsted night-cap. (Theobald explains *crewel*—“made of the ends of *coarse* worsted” : he ought, on the contrary, to have said—of a kind of *fine* worsted.)

Serv. Here, sir.

Wel. Where, sir? have you got the pot-verdugo^v? Have you seen the horses, sir?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Wel. Have they any meat?

Serv. Faith, sir, they have a kind of wholesome rushes; hay I cannot call it.

Wel. And no provender?

Serv. Sir, so I take it.

Wel. You are merry, sir; and why so?

Serv. Faith, sir, here are no oats to be got, unless you'll have 'em in porridge; the people are so mainly given to spoon-meat. Yonder 's a cast^w of coach-mares of the gentlewoman's, the strangest cattle!

Wel. Why?

Serv. Why, they are transparent, sir; you may see through them: and such a house!

Wel. Come, sir, the truth of your discovery.

Serv. Sir, they are in tribes, like Jews^x: the kitchen and the dairy make one tribe, and have their faction and their fornication within themselves; the buttery and the laundry are another, and there's no love lost; the chambers are entire, and what's done there is somewhat higher than my knowledge; but this I am sure, between these copulations, a stranger is kept virtuous, that is, fasting. But of all this, the drink, sir——

Wel. What of that, sir?

Serv. Faith, sir, I will handle it as the time and your patience will give me leave. This drink, or this cooling julap,

^v *the pot-verdugo*] Was altered by Theobald to "*pot-vertigo*"; and so his successors. As *verdugo* is a Spanish word, signifying an executioner, or a severe stroke, Nares supposes that in the present passage "*pot-verdugo*" may mean—a stunning blow from drink. See his *Gloss.* In Fletcher's *Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed*, act iv. sc. 1, *Verdugo* occurs as a proper name.

^w *cast*] i. e. couple, pair.

^x *Sir, they are in tribes, like Jews, &c.*] Theobald, having silently inserted two words to assist the measure, gave this speech in verse, as also some others in the present scene, which I have left prose. I apprehend that they were originally verse, and that the text here, as in many other places of this comedy, is slightly corrupted.

of which three spoonfuls kill ^y the calenture, a pint breeds the cold palsy—

Wel. Sir, you belie the house.

Serv. I would I did, sir! But, as I am a true ^z man, if 'twere but one degree colder, nothing but an ass's hoof would hold it ^a.

Wel. I am glad on't, sir; for if it had prov'd stronger, You had been tongue-tied of these commendations.

Light me the candle, sir: I'll hear no more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of the ELDER LOVELESS.*

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS, Captain, Traveller, Poet, Tobacco-man, with Women, and two Fiddlers.

Y. Love. Come, my brave man of war, trace out thy darling;
And you, my learnèd council, set and turn ^b, boys;
Kiss till the cow come home; kiss close, kiss close, knaves;
My modern Poet ^c, thou shalt kiss in couplets.

Enter Servant, with wine.

Strike up, you merry varlets, and leave your peeping;
This is no pay for fiddlers.

^y *kill*] Old eds. "kills."

^z *true*] i. e. honest.

^a *if 'twere but one degree colder, nothing but an ass's hoof would hold it.*] "It is one peculiar impropriety in our authors, (who, to be sure, ought every where to shew their learning, so it be done without pedantry,) that they too frequently put it in the mouths of characters who cannot well be supposed to know any thing of the matter. The allusion here is to those extreme cold waters which flowed down from the mountain Nonacris in Arcadia, and which would penetrate through every vehicle but that of an horse's hoof, as Justin tells us in the XIIth Book of his History. Plutarch and Ælian say it was an ass's hoof; Arrian, Pliny, and Vitruvius, a mule's; and Quintus Curtius, an ox's. The variation in this point is of very little consequence. They were of so very cold a quality, as to be mortal to those who drank of them." THEOBALD.

^b *set and turn*] Folio 1679 has "sit and turn." Theobald printed "sit and tune."

^c *modern Poet*] Our early writers use the word *modern* almost always in the sense of—trite, ordinary, trivial. In act iii. sc. 2, Young Loveless says to the Captain, "Take your *small Poet* with you."

Capt. Oh, my dear boy, thy Hercules, thy Captain,
 Makes thee his Hylas, his delight, his solace !
 Love thy brave man of war, and let thy bounty
 Clap him in shamois ^b :
 Let there be deducted, out of our main potation,
 Five marks, in hatchments ^c to adorn this thigh,
 Cramp'd with this rest of peace, and I will fight
 Thy battles.

Y. Love. Thou shalt have't, boy, and fly in feather ^d.—
 Lead on a march, you michers ^e.

Enter SAVIL.

Sav. Oh, my head, oh, my heart ! what a noise and change
 is here !

Would I had been cold i' the mouth before this day,
 And ne'er have liv'd to see this dissolution !
 He that lives within a mile of this place,
 Had as good sleep in the perpetual
 Noise of an iron mill. There's a dead sea
 Of drink i' the cellar, in which goodly vessels
 Lie wreck'd ; and in the middle of this deluge
 Appear the tops of flaggons and black-jacks ^f,
 Like churches drown'd i' the marshes.

Y. Love. What, art thou come ? my sweet Sir Amias,

^b *Clap him in shamois, &c.*] Theobald, boldly inserting a word not found in the old eds., gave the passage thus :

“ Clap him in shamois : let there be deducted
 Out of our main potation five marks
 In hatchments to adorn this *puissant* thigh,” &c.

^c *hatchments*] “ Are the different ornaments of the hilt of a sword, such as its being gilt, inlaid, or coloured.” WEBER. “ *Hatching*, is to silver or gild the hilt and pomell of a sword or hanger.” R. Holme's *Ac. of Armory*, 1688, B. iii. p. 91. *Hatched* (as a sword-hilt), *reticulatus*.” Coles's *Dict.* Gifford observes that “ literally, to *hatch* is to inlay [originally, I believe, to cut, engrave, mark with lines] ; metaphorically, it is to adorn, to beautify, with silver, gold, &c.” Note on Shirley's *Works*, ii. 301.

^d *fly in feather*] “ An allusion to the fashion of wearing feathers, very prevalent among the gallants of the time.” WEBER.

^e *michers*] i. e. lurkers, skulkers,—knaves.

^f *black-jacks*] See note, vol. i. 181.

Welcome to Troy! Come, thou shalt kiss my Helen,
And court her in a dance.

Sav. Good sir, consider.

Y. Love. Shall we consider, gentlemen? how say you?

Capt. Consider! that were a simple toy, i' faith:

Consider! whose moral's that?

The man that cries "consider," is our foe:

Let my steel know him.

Y. Love. Stay thy dead-doing hand; he must not die yet:
Prithee, be calm, my Hector.

Capt. Peasant slave!

Thou groom compos'd of grudgings, live, and thank

This gentleman; thou hadst seen Pluto else:

The next "consider" kills thee.

Trav. Let him drink down his word again, in a gallon of
sack.

Poet. 'Tis but a snuff: make it two gallons,
And let him do it kneeling in repentance.

Sav. Nay, rather kill me; there's but a layman lost.
Good Captain, do your office.

Y. Love. Thou shalt drink, steward; drink and dance, my
steward.—

Strike him a hornpipe, squeakers!—Take thy stiver^g,
And pace her till she stew.

Sav. Sure, sir, I cannot

Dance with your gentlewomen; they are too light for me.

Pray, break my head, and let me go.

Capt. He shall dance, he shall dance.

Y. Love. He shall dance and drink, and be drunk and
dance, and be drunk again, and shall see no meat in a year.

Poet. And three quarters.

Y. Love. And three quarters be it. [Knocking within.

Capt. Who knocks there? Let him in.

Sav. Some to deliver me, I hope. [Aside.

^g *stiver*] Old eds. "striver." The alteration was made by Theobald, who observes, "*stive* was the old and obsolete term for the *stews*, and consequently a *stiver* was a girl, a strumpet, who plied there."

Enter ELDER LOVELESS, disguised.

E. Love. Gentlemen, God save you all ! My business is to one Master Loveless.

Capt. This is the gentleman you mean ; view him, And take his inventory ; he 's a right one.

E. Love. He promises no less, sir.

Y. Love. Sir, your business ?

E. Love. Sir, I should let you know,—yet I am loath,— Yet I am sworn to 't,—would some other tongue Would speak it for me !

Y. Love. Out with it, i' God's name !

E. Love. All I desire, sir, is the patience And sufferance of a man ; and, good sir, be not Mov'd more—

Y. Love. Than a pottle of sack will do : Here is my hand. Prithee, thy business ?

E. Love. Good sir, excuse me ; and whatsoever You hear, think must have been known unto you ; And be yourself discreet, and bear it nobly.

Y. Love. Prithee, despatch me.

E. Love. Your brother 's dead, sir.

Y. Love. Thou dost not mean—dead drunk ?

E. Love. No, no ; dead, and drown'd at sea, sir.

Y. Love. Art sure he 's dead ?

E. Love. Too sure, sir.

Y. Love. Ay, but art thou very 'certainly sure of it ?

E. Love. As sure, sir, as I tell it.

Y. Love. But art thou sure he came not up again ?

E. Love. He may come up, but ne'er to call you brother.

Y. Love. But art sure he had water enough to drown him ?

E. Love. Sure, sir, he wanted none.

Y. Love. I would not have him want ; I lov'd him better. Here I forgive thee ; and, i' faith, be plain ; How do I bear it ?

E. Love. Very wisely, sir.

Y. Love. Fill him some wine.—Thou dost not see me mov'd ;
 These transitory toys ne'er trouble me ;
 He 's in a better place, my friend, I know 't.
 Some fellows would have cried now, and have curs'd thee,
 And faln out with their meat, and kept a pudder^h ;
 But all this helps not. He was too good for us ;
 And let God keep him !
 There 's the right use on't, friend. Off with thy drink ;
 Thou hast a spice of sorrow makes thee dry.—
 Fill him another.—Savil, your master 's dead ;
 And who am I now, Savil ? Nay, let 's all bear it well :
 Wipe, Savil, wipe ; tears are but thrown away.
 We shall have wenches now ; shall we not, Savilⁱ ?

Sav. Yes, sir.

Y. Love. And drink innumerable ?

Sav. Yes, forsooth, sir^j.

Y. Love. And you 'll strain courtesy, and be drunk a little ?

Sav. I would be glad, sir, to do my weak endeavour.

Y. Love. You may be brought in time to love a wench too ?

Sav. In time the sturdy oak^k, sir——

Y. Love. Some more wine

For my friend there.

^h *pudder*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "pother."

ⁱ *shall we not, Savil ?*] After these words, in the two earliest 4tos, we find "Drinke to my friend, Captaine."

^j *sir*] So the two earliest 4tos, as well as that of 1651. Omitted in other eds. ; and by the modern editors.

^k *In time the sturdy oak*] "Perhaps an allusion to the song beginning, 'The sturdy rock,' in *The Paradyse of Daynty Devises*, ed. 1810, p. 15." WEBER. How could there possibly be an allusion to a song, in which *the oak* is not once mentioned ? The expression seems to have been almost proverbial :

"*In time small wedge will cleaue the sturdiest oake.*"

Watson's ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ, or *Passionate Centurie of Loue*, Sonnet xlvii.

"*In time small wedges cleaue the hardest Oake.*"

Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*,—commencement of act ii. (Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. iii. last ed).

"*The sturdy oke at length,*" &c.

The Fall of Antwerp,—*Old Ballads*, edited for the Percy Society by Mr. J. P. Collier, p. 89.

E. Love. I shall be drunk anon
For my good news : but I have a loving brother,
That 's my comfort.

[*Aside.*

Y. Love. Here 's to you, sir ;
This is the worst I wish you for your news :
And if I had another elder brother,
And say it were his chance to feed more fishes ¹,
I should be still the same you see me now,
A poor contented gentleman.—
More wine for my friend there ; he's dry again.

E. Love. I shall be, if I follow this beginning.
Well, my dear brother, if I scape this drowning,
'Tis your turn next to sink ; you shall duck twice
Before I help you. [*Aside.*—Sir, I cannot drink more ;
Pray, let me have your pardon.

Y. Love. Oh, Lord, sir, 'tis your modesty !—More wine ;
Give him a bigger glass.—Hug him, my Captain :
Thou shalt be my chief mourner.

Capt. And this my pennon.—Sir, a full carouse
To you, and to my lord of land here.

E. Love. I feel a buzzing in my brains ; pray God
They bear this out, and I'll ne'er trouble them
So far again. [*Aside.*—Here 's to you, sir.

Y. Love. To my dear steward.
Down o' your knees, you infidel, you pagan !
Be drunk, and penitent.

Sav. Forgive me, sir,
And I'll be any thing.

Y. Love. Then be a bawd ;
I'll have thee a brave bawd.

E. Love. Sir, I must take
My leave of you, my business is so urgent

¹ *to feed more fishes*] "This is the reading of the first quarto. The five others, as well as the folios and modern editions, read, "*to feed haddocks.*" WEBER,—who had forgot that this play is only in one of the folios. Theobald printed, "*too to feed haddocks.*"

Y. Love. Let's have a bridling cast^m before you go.—
Fill 's a new stoopⁿ.

E. Love. I dare not, sir, by no means.

Y. Love. Have you any mind to a wench? I would
Fain gratify you for the pains you took, sir.

E. Love. As little as to the t'other^o.

Y. Love. If you find any stirring, do but say so.

E. Love. Sir, you are too bounteous: when I feel that
itching,

You shall assuage it, sir, before another.

This only, and farewell, sir:

Your brother, when the storm was most extreme,
Told all about him, he left a will, which lies close
Behind a chimney^p in the matted chamber.

And so, as well, sir, as you have made me able,
I take my leave.

Y. Love. Let us embrace him all.—

If you grow dry before you end your business,
Pray, take a bait here; I have a fresh hogshead for you.

Sav. [*drunk*]. You shall neither will nor choose, sir. My
master is a wonderful fine gentleman; has a fine state^q, a
very fine state, sir: I am his steward, sir, and his man.

E. Love. Would you were your own, sir, as I left you!
Well, I must cast about, or all sinks. [*Aside.*]

^m *a bridling cast*] This expression occurs again, in *Women Pleas'd*, act ii sc. 6. "A *bridling cast* was probably similar to what is at present in Scotland, and particularly in the Highlands, called the *door-drink*, which is often administered after the guest is seated upon his horse, or while the horse is *bridling*." WEBER (qy. Sir W. Scott?). The term is as old as the days of Skelton, who applies it to gaming:

"What, loo, man, see here of dyce a bale!
A brydelynge caste for that is in thy male."

The Bowge of Courte,—*Works*, i. 45, ed. Dyce.

ⁿ *stoop*] See note, vol. ii. 221.

^o *the t'other*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "*the other*." See note, vol. ii. 45.

^p *a chimney*] "So all the old copies read. Modern editors, not recollecting that rooms were formerly often furnished with several chimneys, read, '*the chimney*.'" WEBER. Here Theobald took his usual liberties with the text, to make it suit the metrical arrangement which he preferred.

^q *state*] i. e. estate.

Sav. Farewell, gentleman, gentleman, gentleman !

E. Love. What would you with me, sir !

Sav. Farewell, gentleman !

E. Love. Oh, sleep, sir, sleep ! [Exit.

Y. Love. Well, boys, you see what's faln ; let's in and drink,

And give thanks for it.

Sav. Let's give thanks for it^r !

Y. Love. Drunk, as I live.

Sav. Drunk, as I live, boys !

Y. Love. Why, now thou art able to discharge thine office,
And cast up^s a reckoning of some weight.—
I will be knighted, for my state will bear it ;
'Tis sixteen hundred, boys. Off with your husks ;
I'll skin you all in satin.

Capt. Oh, sweet Loveless !

Sav. All in satin ! Oh, sweet Loveless !

Y. Love. March in, my noble compeers ;
And this, my countess, shall be led by two :
And so proceed we to the will.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—*A room in MORECRAFT'S house.*

Enter MORECRAFT and Widow.

More. And, widow, as I say, be your own friend :
Your husband left you wealthy, ay, and wise ;
Continue so, sweet duck, continue so.
Take heed of young smooth varlets, younger brothers ;
They are worms that will eat through your bags ;
They are very lightning, that, with a flash or two,
Will melt your money, and never singe your purse-strings ;

^r *Let's give thanks for it*] " This speech has hitherto been improperly given to the Captain. It was undoubtedly, as Mr. Mason observes, intended for the Steward." WEBER. In 4to 1651 it stands thus, "*Sav.* Let's in and drink, and give thanks for it."

^s *cast up*] A quibble,—vomit.

They are colts, wench, colts, heady and dangerous,
 Till we take 'em up, and make 'em fit for bonds.
 Look upon me ; I have had, and have yet,
 Matter of moment, girl, matter of moment :
 You may meet with a worse back ; I'll not commend it.

Wid. Nor I neither, sir.

More. Yet thus far, by your favour, widow, 'tis tough.

Wid. And therefore not for my diet ; for I love a
 tender one.

More. Sweet widow, leave your frumps, and be edified.
 You know my state : I sell no pèrspectives,
 Scarfs, gloves, nor hangers^t, nor put my trust in shoe-ties ;
 And where^u your husband in an age was rising
 By burnt figs, dredg'd with meal and powder'd sugar,
 Sanders^v and grains, worm-seed, and rotten raisins,
 And such vile tobacco that made the footmen mangy ;
 I, in a year, have put up hundreds ;
 Inclos'd, my widow,
 Those pleasant meadows, by a forfeit mortgage ;
 For which the poor knight takes a lone^w chamber,
 Owes for his ale, and dare not beat his hostess.
 Nay, more—

Wid. Good sir, no more. Whate'er my husband was,
 I know what I am ; and, if you marry me,
 You must bear it bravely off, sir.

More. Not with the head, sweet widow.

Wid. No, sweet sir,
 But with your shoulders : I must have you dubb'd ;
 For under that I will not^x stoop a feather.
 My husband was a fellow lov'd to toil,
 Fed ill, made gain his exercise, and so

^t *hangers*] i. e. ornamented loops, or straps, which were attached to the girdle, and by which the sword or dagger was suspended.

^u *where*] i. e. whereas.

^v *Sanders*] "*Sanders, Santalus, Sandalus.*" Coles's *Dict.* An Indian wood, of which there are several kinds.

^w *takes a lone*] Theobald (besides making other alterations in this speech) printed, for the metre, "*takes him a lone.*"

^x *not*] "Was first added in the fourth quarto." WEBER.

Grew costive ; which, for that I was his wife,
 I gave way to, and spun mine own smocks coarse,
 And, sir, so little^x——but let that pass :
 Time, that wears all things out, wore out this husband ;
 Who, in penitence of such fruitless five years marriage,
 Left me great with his wealth ; which, if you'll be
 A worthy gossip to, be knighted, sir.

Enter SAVIL.

More. Now, sir, from whom come you ? whose man are
 you, sir ?

Sav. Sir, I come from young Master Loveless.

More. Be silent, sir ;

I have no money, not a penny for you :
 He's sunk, your master's sunk ; a perish'd man, sir.

Sav. Indeed, his brother's sunk, sir ; God be with him !
 A perish'd man, indeed, and drown'd at sea.

More. How saidst thou, good my friend ? his brother
 drown'd ?

Sav. Untimely, sir, at sea.

More. And thy young master
 Left sole heir ?

Sav. Yes, sir.

More. And he wants money ?

Sav. Yes ;

And sent me to you, for he is now to be knighted.

More. Widow, be wise ; there's more land coming, widow ;
 Be very wise, and give thanks for me, widow.

Wid. Be you very wise, and be knighted, and then give
 thanks for me, sir.

Sav. What says your worship to this money ?

More. I say,

He may have money, if he please.

Sav. A thousand, sir ?

^x *so little*—] Mason thinks that the sentence is not imperfect, and that we ought to read "too little." He did not perceive that the Widow finds herself touching on a delicate subject, and therefore suddenly breaks off.

More. A thousand, sir, provided any wise, sir ^y,
His land lie for the payment ; otherwise——

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS, Captain, Traveller, Poet, and
Tobacco-man.

Sav. He 's here himself, sir, and can better tell you.

More. My notable dear friend, and worthy Master
Loveless,

And now right worshipful, all joy and welcome !

Y. Love. Thanks to my dear incloser ^z, Master Morecraft :
Prithee, old angel-gold ^a, salute my family ;
I'll do as much for yours.—

This, and your own desires, fair gentlewoman. [*Kisses Widow.*

Wid. And yours, sir, if you mean well.—'Tis a handsome
gentleman. [*Aside.*

Y. Love. Sirrah, my brother 's dead.

More. Dead !

Y. Love. Dead ; and by this time sous'd for ember-week ^b.

More. Dead !

Y. Love. Drown'd, drown'd at sea, man : by the next fresh
conger

That comes, we shall hear more.

More. Now, by the faith of my body,
It moves me much.

Y. Love. What, wilt thou be an ass,
And weep for the dead ? why, I thought nothing but
A general inundation would have mov'd thee.
Prithee, be quiet ; he hath left his land behind him.

More. Oh, has he so ?

Y. Love. Yes, faith, I thank him for 't ; I have all, boy.
Hast any ready money ?

More. Will you sell, sir ?

^y *any wise, sir*] Theobald gave the absurd reading of 4to 1651, " my wise sir."

^z *incloser*] See Morecraft's speech, p. 39.

^a *angel-gold*] Theobald chose to print " angel o' gold." An *angel* was a gold coin worth about 10s.

^b *soused for ember-week*] " The allusion is probably to his being supposed to be drowned at sea, and his body feeding the fishes which are to be eaten in ember-week." WEBER.

Y. Love. No, not outright, good Gripe ; marry, a mortgage,
Or such a slight security.

More. I have

No money, sir, for mortgage : if you will sell,
And all or none, I'll work a new mine for you.

Sav. Good sir, look afore you ; he'll work you out of all else. If you sell all your land, you have sold your country ; and then you must to sea, to seek your brother, and there lie pickled in a powdering-tub, and break your teeth with biscuits and hard beef, that must have watering, sir : and where's your three hundred pounds a-year in drink, then ? If you'll turn^c up the Straits, you may ; for you have no calling for drink there but with a cannon, nor no scoring but on your ship's sides ; and then, if you scape with life, and take a faggot-boat and a bottle of usquebaugh, come home, poor man^d, like a type of Thames-street, stinking of pitch and poor-John^e. I cannot tell, sir ; I would be loath to see it.

Capt. Steward, you are an ass, a measled mongrel ; and, were it not against the peace of my sovereign friend here, I would break your forecasting coxcomb, dog, I would, even with thy staff of office there, thy pen and inkhorn.—Noble boy, the god of gold here has said^f thee well :

^c *turn*] So the three latest 4tos. Other eds. "tun" and "tunne." *Qy.* is the right reading "run?"—Let me here observe, that since the earlier part of this speech might be arranged in colloquial blank-verse, and since the conclusion of the next speech is so decidedly what Coleridge calls "full-mouthed blank-verse" that it could not with any propriety be left as prose,—the probability seems to be, that the remaining portions of these two speeches which do not admit of a metrical arrangement, are (like many passages elsewhere in the present comedy) somewhat corrupted.

^d *man*] Old eds. "men."

^e *poor-John*] i. e. hake, salted and dried.

^f *said*] The two earliest 4tos. "sed." Other eds. "fed ;" and so the modern editors. We very frequently find "sed" written and printed for "said : " so in *Cupid's Revenge* (see vol. ii. 408), the speech of Bacha,

"All I have *said* for truth," &c.

is printed in the three 4tos. of that play,—

"All I have *sed* for truth," &c.

Take money for thy dirt. Hark, and believe ;
 Thou art cold of constitution, thy seat unhealthful ;
 Sell, and be wise : we are three that will adorn thee,
 And live according to thine own heart, child ;
 Mirth shall be only ours, and only ours
 Shall be the black-ey'd beauties of the time.
 Money makes men eternal^g.

Poet. Do what you will, it is the noblest course :
 Then you may live without the charge of people ;
 Only we four will make a family ;
 Ay, and an age that shall^h beget new annals,
 In which I'll write thy life, my son of pleasure,
 Equal with Nero orⁱ Caligula.

Y. Love. What men were they, Captain ?

Capt. Two roaring boys^j of Rome, that made all split^k.

Y. Love. Come, sir, what dare you give ?

Sav. You will not sell, sir ?

Y. Love. Who told you so, sir ?

Sav. Good sir, have a care.

Y. Love. Peace, or I'll tack your tongue up to your roof.—
 What money ? speak.

More. Six thousand pound^l, sir.

^g *eternal*] Theobald gave, with 4to 1651 (an edition of no authority), "immortal."

^h *shall*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "will ;" and so the modern editors.

ⁱ *or*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "and ;" and so the modern editors.

^j *roaring boys*] See note, vol. i. 300. In a curious tract, entitled *The Wandering Jew*, 1640, (but written at an earlier date,) is the following description of a roarer : "A Gallant all in scarlet. . . . a brave man, in a long horsemans Coat (or gown rather) down to his heels, daub'd thicke with gold Lace ; a huge Feather in his spangled Hat, a Lock to his shoulders playing with the Winde, a Steeletto hanging at his Girdle ; Belt and Sword embracing his body ; and the ring of Bells you heare, are his gingling Cathern-wheeles spurs." He presently says ; "I am a man of the Sword ; a Battoon Gallant, one of our Damnees, a bouncing Boy, a kicker of Bawdes, a tyrant over Puncks, a terrour to Fencers, a mower of Playes, a jeerer of Poets, a gallon-pot-flinger, in rugged English, a *Roarer*." Sig. H.

^k *made all split*] Was a favourite expression with our old dramatists : it is used by Shakespeare.

^l *pound*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print, with 4to. 1651, "pounds."

Capt. Take it ; h'as overbidden, by the sun !
Bind him to his bargain quickly.

Y. Love. Come, strike me luck with earnest, and draw the writings.

More. There's a God's penny for thee.

Sav. Sir, for my old master's sake, let my farm be excepted :
If I become his tenant, I am undone,
My children beggars, and my wife God knows what.
Consider me, dear sir.

More. I'll have all in^m or none.

Y. Love. All in, all in. Despatch the writings.

[*Exit with Captain, Traveller, Poet, and Tobacco-man.*

Wid. Go, thou art a pretty fore-handed fellow! would thou wert wiser! [*Aside.*

Sav. Now do I sensibly begin to feel
Myself a rascal. Would I could teach a school,
Or beg, or lie well ! I am utterly undone.—
Now, he that taught thee to deceive and cozen,
Take thee to his mercy ! so be it !

[*Exit.*

More. Come, widow, come, never stand upon a knighthood ;
'Tis a mere paper honour, and not proof
Enough for a sergeant. Come, come, I'll make thee—

Wid. To answer in short, 'tis this, sir,—no knight, no widow.
If you make me any thing, it must be a lady ;
And so I take my leave.

More. Farewell, sweet widow, and think of it.

Wid. Sir,
I do more than think of it ; it makes me dream, sir.

[*Exit.*

More. She's rich, and sober if this itch were from her :
And say I be at chargeⁿ to pay the footmen,
And the trumpets, ay, and the horsemen too,
And be a knight, and she refuse me then ;

^m *in*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds. ; and by the modern editors.

ⁿ *at charge*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds., “*at the charge* ;” and so the modern editors.

Then am I hoist into the subsidy,
 And so, by consequence, should prove a coxcomb :
 I'll have a care of that. Six thousand pound,
 And then the land is mine : there's some refreshing yet.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A room in the Lady's house.*

Enter ABIGAIL ^o.

Abig. If he but follow me, as all my hopes
 Tell me he 's man enough, up goes my rest^p,
 And, I know, I shall draw him.

Enter WELFORD, *with a glove.*

Wel. This is the strangest pampered piece of flesh towards fifty, that ever frailty coped withal. What a trim *l'envoy*^q here she has put upon me ! These women are a proud kind of cattle, and love this whorson doing so directly, that they will not stick to make their very skins bawds to their flesh. Here 's dog-skin and storax sufficient to kill a hawk : what to do with it, beside nailing it up amongst Irish heads of teer, to shew the mightiness of her palm^r, I know not. There she

^o *Enter Abigail*] So the earliest 4to. To this stage-direction all the other eds. add, "*and drops her Glove ;*" and so the modern editors : but it is evident that Abigail has dropt it before her entrance.

^p *up goes my rest*] This metaphor, a very favourite one with our early writers, is derived from the once fashionable game of primero. To *set up a rest* meant "to stand upon the cards you have in your hand, in hopes they may prove better than those of your adversary. Hence, to make up your mind, to be determined." See the long article in Nares's *Gloss.*

^q *l'envoy*] "Was a sort of postscript, *sent with* poetical compositions, and serving either to recommend them to the attention of some particular person, or to enforce what we call *the moral* of them." Tyrwhitt's *Gloss.* to Chaucer's *Cant. Tales.*

^r *amongst Irish heads of teer, to shew the mightiness of her palm*] "This alludes to the enormous horns of the moose-deer, which are frequently found in the bogs of Ireland. The palm of the horn is the flat broad part, from which the branches spring." MASON. The old eds. are uniform in reading "*teer,*" which, says Theobald, is the Irish pronunciation of "*deer.*"

is : I must enter into dialogue [*Aside*].—Lady, you have lost your glove.

Abig. Not, sir, if you have found it.

Wel. It was my meaning, lady, to restore it.

Abig. 'Twill be uncivil in me to take back
A favour fortune hath so well bestow'd, sir :
Pray, wear it for me.

Wel. I had rather wear a bell^s [*Aside*].—But, hark you,
mistress,

What hidden virtue is there in this glove,
That you would have me wear it? Is it good
Against sore eyes, or will it charm the tooth-ache?
Or these red tops, being steep'd in white wine, soluble,
Will't kill the itch^t? or has it so conceal'd
A providence to keep my hand from bonds?
If it have none of these, and prove no more
But a bare glove of half-a-crown a pair,
'Twill be but half a courtesy; I wear two always.
Faith, let's draw cuts; one will do me no pleasure.

Abig. The tenderness of his years keeps him as yet in
ignorance:

He's a well-moulded fellow, and I wonder
His blood should stir no higher; but 'tis his want
Of company: I must grow nearer to him. [*Aside.*]

Enter ELDER LOVELESS, disguised.

E. Love. God save you both!

Abig. And pardon you, sir! this is somewhat rude:
How came you hither?

^s *a bell*] "A necessary appendage to the dress of a fool." WEBER.

^t *Or these red tops, being steep'd in white wine, soluble,*

Will't kill the itch?] "So the old copies; and allowing for the grammatical errors, the sense is easily discoverable. Mr. Mason proposes to read,— 'Are these red tops, being steep'd in white wine, soluble?' He takes no notice of the words which follow." WEBER. Compare Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* :

"With spotless hand on spotless breast
I put these herbs, to give thee rest :
Which till it heal thee, there will bide," &c.

E. Love. Why, through the doors ; they are open.

Wel. What are you ? and what business have you here ?

E. Love. More, I believe, than you have.

Abig. Who would this fellow speak with ? Art thou sober ?

E. Love. Yes ; I come not here to sleep.

Wel. Prithee, what art thou ?

E. Love. As much, gay man, as thou art ; I am a gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more ?

E. Love. Yes, more than thou dar'st be,—a soldier.

Abig. Thou dost not come to quarrel ?

E. Love. No, not with women.

I come to speak here with a gentlewoman^u.

Abig. Why, I am one.

E. Love. But not with one so gentle.

Wel. This is a fine fellow.

E. Love. Sir, I am not fine yet ; I am but new come over :
Direct me with your ticket to your tailor,
And then I shall be fine, sir.—Lady, if there be
A better of your sex within this house,
Say I would see her.

Abig. Why, am not I good enough for you, sir ?

E. Love. Your way, you'll be too good. Pray, end my
business.—

This is another suitor : oh, frail woman ! [*Aside.*

Wel. This fellow, with his bluntness^v, hopes to do
More than the long suits of a thousand could :
Though he be sour, he's quick ; I must not trust him. [*Aside.*

Sir, this lady is not to speak with you ;
She is more serious. You smell as if

^u *I come to speak here with a gentlewoman*] So the three earliest 4tos, and folio 1679. Other eds., “ *I come here to speak with a gentlewoman ;* ” and so the modern editors.

^v *This fellow, with his bluntness, &c.*] The Editors of 1778 compare Shakespeare's *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 2. ; “ This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness,” &c.

You were new calk'd^w : go, and be handsome,
And then you may sit with her^x serving-men.

E. Love. What are you, sir?

Wel. Guess by my outside^y.

E. Love. Then I take you, sir,

For some new silken thing, wean'd from the country,
That shall, when you come to keep good company,
Be beaten into better manners.—Pray,
Good proud gentlewoman, help me to your mistress.

Abig. How many lives hast thou, that thou talk'st thus
rudely^z?

E. Love. But one, one ; I am neither cat nor woman.

Wel. And will that one life, sir, maintain you ever
In such bold sauciness?

E. Love. Yes, amongst a nation of such men as you are,
And be no worse for wearing.—Shall I speak
With this lady?

Abig. No, by my troth, shall you not.

E. Love. I must stay here, then.

Wel. That you shall not, neither.

E. Love. Good fine thing, tell me why?

Wel. Good angry thing, I'll tell you :

This is no place for such companions^a ;
Such lousy gentlemen shall find their business
Better i' the suburbs ; there your strong pitch-perfume,
Mingled with lees of ale, shall reek in fashion :
This is no Thames-street, sir.

^w *new calk'd*] Welford alludes to the "strong pitch-perfume" (see his fourth speech after) of the disguised Loveless.

^x *her*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to print, with 4to 1651, "the."

^y *Guess by my outside.*] "So the first five quartos. The sixth prefixes the word *Troth* to the speech ; and this variation has been followed by all subsequent editors." WEBER. Not by Theobald.

^z *Abig. How many lives, &c.*] "The Editors of 1778 give this speech to Welford, but there is no necessity for such an alteration, and the answer of Loveless evidently points out the impropriety of it." WEBER.

^a *companions*] "i. e. fellows." WEBER.

Abig. This gentleman informs you truly ;
 Prithee, be satisfied, and seek the suburbs :
 Good captain, or whatever title else
 The warlike eel-boats have bestow'd upon thee,
 Go and reform thyself ; prithee, be sweeter ;
 And know my lady speaks with no such swabbers.

E. Love. You cannot talk me out with your tradition
 Of wit you pick from plays ; go to, I have found ye.—
 And for you, tender sir, whose gentle blood ^a
 Runs in your nose, and makes you snuff at all
 But three-pil'd people ^b, I do let you know,
 He that begot your worship's satin suit,
 Can make no men, sir : I will see this lady,
 And, with the reverence of your silkenship,
 In these old ornaments.

Wel. You will not, sure ?

E. Love. Sure, sir, I shall.

Abig. You would be beaten out ?

E. Love. Indeed, I would not ; or, if I would be beaten,
 Pray, who shall beat me ? this good gentleman
 Looks as he were o' the peace.

Wel. Sir, you shall see that.

Will you get you out ?

E. Love. Yes ; that, that shall correct
 Your boy's tongue, Dare you fight ? I will stay here still.

[*They draw their swords, and fight.*

Abig. Oh, their things are out !—Help, help, for God's sake !—
 Madam !—Jesus ! they foin ^c at one another !—
 Madam ! why, who is within there ? [*Exit.*

Enter LADY.

Lady. Who breeds this rudeness ?

Wel. This uncivil fellow :

^a *And for you, tender sir, whose gentle blood*] Theobald printed, with folio 1679, "*And for you, sir, whose tender gentle blood.*"

^b *three-pil'd people*] i. e. persons who wear the finest velvet : see note, vol. i. 296.

^c *foin*] i. e. thrust.

He says he comes from sea ; where, I believe,
H'as purg'd away his manners.

Lady. What ^c of him ?

Wel. Why, he will rudely, without once "God bless you,"
Press to your privacies, and no denial
Must stand betwixt your person and his business :
I let go his ill language.

Lady. Sir, have you
Business with me ?

E. Love. Madam, some I have ;
But not so serious to pawn my life for't.
If you keep this quarter, and maintain about you
Such Knights o' the Sun ^d as this is, to defy
Men of employment to you, you may live ;
But in what fame ?

Lady. Pray, stay, sir : who has wrong'd you ?

E. Love. Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly
He flung his wild words at me : but to you,
I think, he did no honour, to deny
The haste I come withal a passage to you,
Though I seem coarse.

Lady. Excuse me, gentle sir ; 'twas from my knowledge,^c
And shall have no protection.—And to you, sir,—
You have shew'd more heat than wit, and from yourself
Have borrow'd power I never gave you here,
To do these vild^f unmanly things. My house
Is no blind street to swagger in ; and my favours
Not dotting yet on your unknown deserts
So far, that I should make you master of my business :
My credit yet stands fairer with the people
Than to be tried with swords ; and they that come
To do me service^g must not think to win me

^c *What*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "Why, *what* ;" and so the modern editors.

^d *Knights o' the Sun*] See note, vol. i. 299.

^e *from my knowledge*] "*i. e.* out of my knowledge, unknown to me." WEBER.

^f *vild*] *i. e.* vile : see note, vol. i. 331.—So all the 4tos, except the first, which has (by a common misprint) "wilde." Folio 1679 "vile ;" and so the modern editors.

^g *to do me service*] *Viz.* as lovers : see note, vol. i. 213.

With hazard of a murder : if your love
 Consist in fury, carry it to the camp,
 And there, in honour of some common mistress,
 Shorten your youth. I pray, be better temper'd ;
 And give me leave a while, sir.

Wel. You must have it.

[*Exit.*

Lady. Now, sir, your business ?

E. Love. First, I thank you for schooling this young fellow,
 Whom his own follies, which he 's prone enough
 Daily to fall into, if you but frown,
 Shall level him a way to his repentance.
 Next, I should rail at you ; but you are a woman,
 And anger 's lost upon you.

Lady. Why at me, sir ?

I never did you wrong ; for, to my knowledge,
 This is the first sight of you.

E. Love. You have done that,
 I must confess, I have the least curse in,
 Because the least acquaintance : but there be
 (If there be honour in the minds of men)
 Thousands, when they shall know what I deliver,
 (As all good men must share in't,) will to shame
 Blast your black memory.

Lady. How is this, good sir ?

E. Love. 'Tis that, that if you have a soul, will choke it :
 You 've kill'd a gentleman.

Lady. I kill'd a gentleman !

E. Love. You, and your cruelty, have kill'd him, woman !
 And such a man (let me be angry in't)
 Whose least worth weigh'd above all womens' virtues
 That are ; I spare you all to come too : guess him now.

Lady. I am so innocent, I cannot, sir.

E. Love. Repent, you mean. You are a perfect woman,
 And, as the first was, made for man's undoing.

Lady. Sir, you have miss'd your way ; I am not she.

E. Love. Would he had miss'd his way too, though he had
 wander'd

Farther than women are ill-spoken of,
So he had miss'd this misery,—you, lady^h!

Lady. How do you do, sir?

E. Love. Well enough, I hope,
While I can keep myself from such temptationsⁱ.

Lady. Pray, leap into this matter; whither would you?

E. Love. You had a servant, that your peevishness
Enjoin'd to travel.

Lady. Such a one I have still,
And should be grieved it were otherwise.

E. Love. Then have your asking, and be griev'd; he's dead!
How you will answer for his worth I know not;
But this I am sure, either he, or you, or both,
Were stark mad, else he might have liv'd to have given
A stronger testimony to the world
Of what he might have been. He was a man
I knew but in his evening; ten suns after,
Forc'd by a tyrant storm, our beaten bark
Bulg'd under us: in which sad parting blow
He call'd upon his saint, but not for life,
On you, unhappy woman; and, whilst all
Sought to preserve their souls, he desperately
Embrac'd a wave, crying to all that saw it,
"If any live, go to my Fate, that forc'd me
To this untimely end, and make her happy."
His name was Loveless; and I scap'd the storm;
And now you have my business.

Lady. 'Tis too much.

Would I had been that storm! he had not perish'd.
If you'll rail now, I will forgive you, sir;
Or if you'll call in more, if any more

^h *So he had miss'd this misery,—you, lady*] The modern editors, strangely misunderstanding the line, print it thus;

"*So he had miss'd this misery. You, lady—*"

ⁱ *from such temptations*] "So the two first quartos: the subsequent editions read, 'out from temptations,' [which Theobald and the Editors of 1778 gave]." WEBER. Some of the 4tos dated 1651 have "out from temptation."

Come from this^j ruin, I shall justly suffer
 What they can say : I do confess myself
 A guilty cause in this. I would say more,
 But grief is grown too great to be deliver'd^k.

E. Love. I like this well : these women are strange
 things.— [*Aside.*

'Tis somewhat of the latest now to weep ;
 You should have wept when he was going from you,
 And chain'd him with those tears at home.

Lady. Would you had told me then so ! these two arms
 Had been his sea.

E. Love. Trust me, you move me much : but, say he liv'd,
 These were forgotten things again.

Lady. Ay, say you so ?
 Sure, I should know that voice : this is knavery ;
 I'll fit you for it. [*Aside.*]—Were he living, sir,
 I would persuade you to be charitable,
 Ay, and confess we are not all so ill
 As your opinion holds us. Oh, my friend,
 What penance shall I pull upon my fault,
 Upon my most unworthy self for this ?

E. Love. Leave to love others ; 'twas some jealousy
 That turn'd him desperate.

Lady. I'll be with you straight :
 Are you wrung there ? [*Aside.*

E. Love. This works amain upon her. [*Aside.*

Lady. I do confess there is a gentleman
 Has borne me long good will.

E. Love. I do not like that. [*Aside.*

Lady. And vow'd a thousand services to me ;
 To me, regardless of him : but since fate,
 That no power can withstand, has taken from me
 My first and best love, and to weep away
 My youth is a mere folly, I will shew you

^j *this*] So the three earliest 4tos and folio 1679. Other eds. "his ;" and so the modern editors.

^k *But grief is grown too great to be deliver'd.*]

^l *Curæ leves loquantur, ingentes stupent* [Seneca, *Hippol.* 607]. THEOBALD.

What I determine, sir ; you shall know all.—
Call Master Welford, there ! [*To a servant within.*]—That
gentleman

I mean to make the model of my fortunes,
And in his chaste embraces keep alive
The memory of my lost lovely Loveless :
He is somewhat like him too.

E. Love. Then you can love ?

Lady. Yes, certain¹, sir :

Though it please you to think me hard and cruel,
I hope I shall persuade you otherwise.

E. Love. I have made myself a fine fool. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter WELFORD.

Wel. Would you have spoke^m with me, madam ?

Lady. Yes, Master Welford ; and I ask your pardon,
Before this gentleman, for being froward :

This kiss, and henceforth more affection. [*Kisses WELFORD.*]

E. Love. So ; it is better I were drown'd indeed. [*Aside.*]

Wel. This is a sudden passionⁿ ; God hold it !

This fellow, out of his fear, sure, has
Persuaded her : I'll give him a new suit on't. [*Aside.*]

Lady. A parting kiss ; and, good sir, let me pray you
[*Kisses WELFORD again.*]

To wait me in the gallery.

Wel. I am in another world ! [*Aside.*]

Madam, where you please. [*Exit.*]

E. Love. I will to sea,

And 't shall go hard but I'll be drown'd indeed. [*Aside.*]

Lady. Now, sir, you see I am no such hard creature^o
But time may win me.

¹ *certain*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "certainly ;" and so the modern editors.

^m *spoke*] So the four earliest 4tos and folio 1679. Other eds. "spoken ;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

ⁿ *This is a sudden passion, &c.*] I think it right to notice that such is the metrical arrangement of this speech in every one of the old eds.

^o *hard creature*] So the three earliest 4tos and folio 1679. Other eds., "hard hearted creature ;" and so the Editors of 1778.

E. Love. You have forgot your lost love?

Lady. Alas, sir, what would you have me do?
I cannot call him back again with sorrow:
I'll love this man as dearly; and, beshrow^p me,
I'll keep him far enough from sea. And 'twas told me,
Now I remember me, by an old wise woman,
That my first love should be drown'd; and see, 'tis come
about.

E. Love. I would she had told you your second should be
hang'd too,
And let that come about! [*Aside.*]—But this is very strange.

Lady. Faith, sir, consider all, and then I know
You'll be of my mind: if weeping would redeem him,
I would weep still.

E. Love. But, say, that I were Loveless,
And scap'd the storm; how would you answer this?

Lady. Why, for that gentleman I would leave all
The world.

E. Love. This young thing too?

Lady. That^q young thing too,
Or any young thing else: why, I would lose my state^r.

E. Love. Why, then, he lives still; I am he, your Love-
less. [*Throws off his disguise.*]

Lady. Alas, I knew it, sir, and for that purpose
Prepar'd this pageant! Get you to your task,
And leave these players' tricks, or I shall leave you;
Indeed, I shall. Travel, or know me not.

E. Love. Will you then marry?

Lady. I will not promise: take your choice. Farewell.

E. Love. There is no other purgatory but a woman.
I must do something. [*Aside and Exit.*]

^p *beshrow*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "beshrew." In this speech Theobald made his usual unauthorised alterations.

^q *That*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with 4to 1651, "This."

^r *state*] i. e. estate.

Re-enter WELFORD.

Wel. Mistress, I am bold.

Lady. You are, indeed.

Wel. You have^s so overjoy'd me, lady !

Lady. Take heed, you surfeit not ; pray, fast and welcome.

Wel. By this light, you love me extremely.

Lady. By this, and to morrow's light, I care not for you.

Wel. Come, come, you cannot hide it.

Lady. Indeed I can, where you shall never find it.

Wel. I like this mirth well, lady.

Lady. You shall have more on 't.

Wel. I must kiss you.

Lady. No, sir.

Wel. Indeed, I must.

Lady. What must be, must be. [*He kisses her.*] I will
take my leave :

You have your parting blow. I pray, commend me
To those few friends you have, that sent you hither,
And tell them, when you travel next, 'twere fit
You brought less bravery with you and more wit ;
You'll never get a wife else.

Wel. Are you in earnest ?

Lady. Yes, faith. Will you eat, sir ? your horses will be
ready straight : you shall have a napkin laid in the buttery
for you.

Wel. Do not you love me, then ?

Lady. Yes, for that face.

Wel. It is a good one, lady.

Lady. Yes, if it were not warpt ; the fire in time may
mend it.

Wel. Methinks, yours is none of the best, lady.

Lady. No, by my troth, sir ; yet o' my conscience, you
could^t make shift with it.

Wel. Come, pray, no more of this.

^s *have*] This word, found only in the first 4to, is omitted by Theobald and the Editors of 1778.

^t *could*] So the first 4to. Other eds. " would " ; and so the modern editors.

Lady. I will not : fare you well.—Ho ! who 's within there ? Bring out the gentleman's horses ; he 's in haste ; and set some cold meat on the table.

Wel. I have too much of that, I thank you, lady : take your^u chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you, lady.

Lady. Farewell, young man. [*Exit.*

Wel. You have made me one^v. Farewell ; and may the curse of a great house fall upon thee,—I mean, the butler ! The devil and all his works are in these women. Would all of my sex were of my mind ! I would make 'em a new Lent, and a long one, that flesh might be in more reverence with them.

Re-enter ABIGAIL.

Abig. I am sorry, Master Welford——

Wel. So am I, that you are here.

Abig. How does my lady use you ?

Wel. As I would use you, scurvily.

Abig. I should have been more kind, sir.

Wel. I should have been undone then. Pray, leave me, And look to your sweet-meats. Hark, your lady calls.

Abig. Sir, I shall borrow so much time, without offending^w.

Wel. You 're nothing but offence ; for God's love, leave me.

Abig. 'Tis strange, my lady should be such a tyrant.

Wel. To send you to me. Pray, go stitch ; good, do : You are more trouble to me than a term.

Abig. I do not know how my good will, if I said love I lied not, should any way^x deserve this.

Wel. A thousand ways, a thousand ways. Sweet creature, Let me depart in peace.

Abig. What creature, sir ? I hope I am a woman.

^u *take your*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "*take to your.*"

^v *You have made me one*] i. e. You have made me a young man,—a dupe, a gull.

^w *offending*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "offence" ; and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

^x *way*] The modern editors print "ways."

Wel. A hundred, I think, by your noise.

Abig. Since you are angry, sir, I am bold to tell you that I am a woman, and a rib—

Wel. Of a roasted horse.

Abig. Conster^x me that.

Wel. A dog can do it better. Farewell, Countess^y; and commend me to your lady; tell her she's proud and scurvy: and so I commit you both to your tempter.

Abig. Sweet Master Welford!

Wel. Avoid, old Satanas! Go daub your ruins;
Your face looks fouler than a storm:
The footman stays you^z in the lobby, lady.

Abig. If you were a gentleman, I should know it by your gentle conditions^a. Are these fit words to give a gentlewoman?

Wel. As fit as they were made for you.—
Sirrah, my horses!—Farewell, old adage!
Keep your nose warm; the rheum will make it horn else.

[*Exit.*

Abig. The blessings of a prodigal young heir
Be thy companions, Welford! Marry, come up, my gentleman,
Are your gums grown so tender they cannot bite?
A skittish filly will be your fortune, Welford,
And fair enough for such a pack-saddle:
And I doubt not, if my aim hold,
To see her made to amble to your hand. [*Exit.*

^x *Conster*] Here (as elsewhere, see note, vol. i. 230) the modern editors print "Construe"; but that the alteration is improper might be shown by many passages of our early writers.

^y *Farewell, Countess*] "This is not complimentary, but sarcastically spoken. In a pack of hounds, an old staunch hunting-bitch is often called *Duchess, Countess, Beauty, &c.*" THEOBALD. But, surely, the "old hunting-bitch" must have been first named when she was young.

^z *stays you*] Theobald gave, with folio 1679, "*stays for you.*"

^a *conditions*] i. e. qualities, dispositions, habits.

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of the ELDER LOVELESS.*

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS, Captain, Poet, MORECRAFT, Widow, and SAVIL.

Capt. Save thy brave shoulder, my young puissant knight !
And may thy^b back-sword bite them to the bone
That love thee not ! Thou art an errant man^c ;
Go on ; the circumcis'd shall fall by thee :
Let land and labour fill the man that tills ;
Thy sword must be thy plough ; and Jove it speed !
Mecca shall sweat, and Mahomet shall fall,
And thy dear name fill up his monument.

Y. Love. It shall, Captain ; I mean to be a worthy.

Capt. One worthy is too little ; thou shalt be all.

More. Captain, I shall deserve some of your love too.

Capt. Thou shalt have heart and hand too, noble Morecraft,
If thou wilt lend me money.
I am a man of garrison ; be rul'd,
And open to me those infernal gates,
Whence none of thy evil angels^d pass again,
And I will style thee noble, nay, Don Diego ;
I'll woo thy infanta for thee, and my knight
Shall feast her with high meats, and make her apt.

More. Pardon me, Captain, you're beside my meaning.

Y. Love. No, Master Morecraft, 'tis the Captain's meaning,
I should prepare her for you.

Capt. Or provoke her.—
Speak, my modern^e man ; I say, provoke her.

^b *thy*] The Editors of 1778 print "my."

^c *an errant man*] "i. e. a knight-errant ; one fit to go on the holy wars," &c.

THEOBALD.

^d *evil angels*] "Bad money. An angel was a gold coin, worth about nine [ten] shillings." WEBER,—who misunderstands the Captain's pun. The "angels" of Morecraft were "evil ;" but had they been bad (i. e. counterfeit), the Captain would have felt no desire to borrow them.

^e *modern*] See note, p. 31.

Poet. Captain, I say so too ; or stir her to it :
So say the critics.

Y. Love. But howsoever you expound it, sir,
She's very welcome ; and this shall serve for witness.—
And, widow, since you're come so happily, [Kisses Wid.
You shall deliver up the keys, and free
Possession of this house, whilst ^f I stand by
To ratify.

Wid. I had rather give it back again, believe me ;
'Tis a misery to say, you had it. Take heed.

Y. Love. 'Tis past that, widow. Come, sit down.—Some
wine there !—

There is a scurvy banquet, if we had it.—
All this fair house is yours, sir^g. [To MORECRAFT.]—Savil !

Sav. Yes, sir.

Y. Love. Are your keys ready ? I must ease your burden.

Sav. I am ready, sir, to be undone, when you
Shall call me to 't.

Y. Love. Come, come, thou shalt live better.

Sav. I shall have less to do, that's all :
There's half-a-dozen of my friends i' the fields,
Sunning against a bank, with half a breech
Among 'em ; I shall be with 'em shortly.—
The care and continual vexation
Of being rich, eat up this rascal !
What shall become of my poor family ?
They are no sheep, and they must ^h keep themselves. [Aside.

Y. Love. Drink, Master Morecraft. Pray, be merry all.
Nay, an you will not drink, there's no society.
Captain, speak loud, and drink.—Widow, a word.

[Retires with Widow.]

^f *whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to "while."

^g *All this fair house is yours, sir*] The 4to of 1651 alone has "Mr. Morecraft, *all this faire house is yours, sir* ;" a reading adopted by the Editors of 1778, and even by Weber, who has more than once mentioned the worthlessness of that 4to.

^h *and they must*] So all the old eds., except 4to 1651 which has "*and yet they must.*" The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "*yet they must.*"

Capt. Expound her throughlyⁱ, knight.—
 Here, god o' gold, here 's to thy fair possessions !
 Be a baron, and a bold one ;
 Leave off your tickling of young heirs like trouts,
 And let thy chimneys smoke ; feed men of war ;
 Live, and be honest, and be savèd yet.

More. I thank you, worthy Captain, for your counsel.
 You keep your chimneys smoking there, your nostrils ;
 And, when you can, you feed a man of war :
 This makes you not a baron, but a bare one ;
 And how or when you shall be savèd, let
 The clerk o' the company you have commanded
 Have a just care of.

Poet. The man is much^j mov'd. Be not angry, sir ;
 But, as the poet sings^k, let your displeasure
 Be a short fury, and go out. You have spoke home,
 And bitterly to him^l, sir.—Captain, take truce ;
 The miser is a tart and a witty whoreson.

Capt. Poet, you feign, perdie^m : the wit of this man
 Lies in his fingers' ends ; he must tellⁿ all ;
 His tongue fills but^o his mouth like a neat's tongue,
 And only serves to lick his hungry chaps
 After a purchase : his brains and brimstone are
 The devil's diet^p to a fat usurer's head.—

ⁱ *throughly*] Theobald and Weber print "thoroughly."

^j *is much*] The two earliest 4tos have "*is much* is much."

^k *as the poet sings, &c.*] "The poet, alluded to here, is Horace :

Ira furor brevis est." THEOBALD.

^l *him*] Mason's correction, which Weber adopted, and which seems to be necessary. Old eds. "me" ; so Theobald ; so too the Editors of 1778, who observe, "We are inclined to believe that this one speech was intended for three, and that the Captain should have the words 'You have spoke home, and bitterly to me, sir.' Mr. Seward [Postscript to vol. i. ed. 1750] would read '*And bitterly* too, miser.'"

^m *perdie*] i. e. *par dieu*, verily.

ⁿ *tell*] i. e. count, reckon.

^o *but*] So the two earliest 4tos. Omitted in other eds. ; and by the modern editors.

^p *diet*] "Means here sauce." MASON.

To her, knight, to her ! clap her aboard, and stow her.—
Where's the brave steward ?

Sav. Here's your poor friend and Savil^q, sir.

Capt. Away, thou 'rt rich in ornaments of nature^r :
First, in thy face ; thou hast a serious face,
A betting, bargaining, and saving face,
A rich face,—pawn it to the usurer,—
A face to kindle the compassion
Of the most ignorant and frozen justice.

Sav. 'Tis such, I dare not shew it shortly, sir.

Capt. Be blithe and bonny, steward.—Master Morecraft,
Drink to this man of reckoning.

More. [*drinks.*] Here's e'en to him.

Sav. The devil guide it downward ! would there were in 't
An acre of the great broom-field he bought,
To sweep your dirty conscience, or to choke you !
'Tis all one to me, usurer. [*Aside.*

Y. Love. [*to Widow.*] Consider what I told you ; you are
young,
Unapt for worldly business. Is it fit,
One of such tenderness, so delicate,
So contrary to things of care, should stir,
And break her better meditations,
In the bare brokage of a brace of angels^s ?
Or a new kirtle, though it be of satin ?
Eat by the hope of forfeits^t, and lie down

^q *friend and Savil*] Seward (Postscript to vol. i. ed. 1750) proposed to read "*friend and servant, Savil*"; which was adopted by the Editors of 1778.

^r *ornaments of nature*] "This is the original text in all the old editions, except the quarto of 1651, which is of no authority whatever. That quarto reads, '*tenements of nature*'; and in the sixth line after this, '*'Tis such I shall not dare to shew it shortly, sir.*' In both instances the modern editors have adopted these readings." WEBER,—who, as usual, is not quite accurate ; for Theobald printed "*ornaments.*"

^s *angels*] See note, p. 59.

^t *forfeits*] Old eds. "*surfets*" and "*surfeits*"; and so Theobald and the Editors of 1778 : "though some meaning may be extracted from it, the alteration in the text, which is proposed by Mr. Mason in his Commentaries, gives a more plain sense. An accidental substitution of the long *f* for the *f*, easily

Only in expectation of a morrow,
 That may undo some easy-hearted fool,
 Or reach a widow's curses? let out money,
 Whose use returns the principal? and get,
 Out of these troubles, a consuming heir;
 For such a one must follow necessarily?
 You shall die hated, if not old and miserable;
 And that possess'd wealth, that you got with pining,
 Live to see tumbled to another's hands,
 That is no more a-kin to you than you
 To his cozenage.

Wid. Sir, you speak well: would God, that charity
 Had first begun here!

Y. Love. 'Tis yet time.—Be merry!
 Methinks, you want wine there; there's more i' the house.
 Captain, where rests the health?

Capt. It shall go round, boy.

Y. Love. [*to Widow.*] Say, you can^u suffer this, because
 the end

Points at much profit,—can you so far bow
 Below your blood, below your too-much beauty,
 To be a partner of this fellow's bed,
 And lie with his diseases? If you can,
 I will not press you further. Yet look upon him:
 There's nothing in that hide-bound usurer,
 That man of mat, that all-decay'd, but aches,
 For you to love, unless his perish'd lungs,
 His dry cough, or his scurvy; this is truth,
 And so far I dare speak it^v: he has yet,
 Past cure of physic, spaw, or any diet,
 A primitive pox in his bones; and, o' my knowledge,

accounts for the manner in which the variation was produced." WEBER. A passage in act iv. sc. i., "But Time, that like a *surfeit eats* our youth", cannot be adduced in defence of the old reading.

^u *you can*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "*can you*"; and so Weber.

^v *it*] Old eds. "*yet*"; which Theobald gave. The error must be attributed to the original compositor, who either mistook "*yt*" for "*yet*," or caught the latter word from what immediately follows.

He has been ten times rowell'd^w;—you may love him;—
 He had a bastard, his own toward issue,
 Whipp'd and then cropp'd,
 For washing out the roses in three farthings,
 To make 'em pence.

Wid. I do not like these morals.

Y. Love. You must not like him, then.

Enter ELDER LOVELESS.

E. Love. By your leave, gentlemen.

Y. Love. By my troth, sir, you are welcome; welcome, faith.
 Lord, what a stranger you are grown! Pray, know
 This gentlewoman; and, if you please, these friends here.
 We are merry; you see the worst on 's;
 Your house has been kept warm, sir.

E. Love. I am glad

To hear it, brother; pray God, you are wise too^x!

Y. Love. Pray, Master Morecraft, know my elder brother;—

And, Captain, do your compliment.—Savil,
 I dare swear, is glad at heart to see you.
 Lord, we heard, sir, you were drown'd at sea,
 And see how luckily things come about!

More. This money must be paid again^y, sir.

Y. Love. No, sir;

Pray, keep the sale; 'twill make good tailors' measures:
 I am well, I thank you.

Wid. By my troth, the gentleman
 Has stew'd him in his own sauce; I shall love him for 't.

[*Aside.*

^w *rowell'd*] "To rowell is what in modern surgery is called to apply a seton."

WEBER.

^x *Your house has been kept warm, sir.*

E. Love. I am glad

To hear it, brother: pray God, you are wise too] "This would be a very odd reply, did it not depend on a proverbial expression, "If you are *wise*, keep yourself *warm*.'" THEOBALD,—who, in illustration, cites two passages from Shakespeare.

^y *paid again*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print, with 4to, 1651, "*paid back again*."

Sav. I know not where I am, I am so glad !
 Your worship is the welcom'st man alive :
 Upon my knees I bid you welcome home.
 Here has been such a hurry, such a din,
 Such dismal drinking, swearing, and whoring,
 'T has almost made me mad :
 We have all^z liv'd in a continual Turnball-street^a.
 Sir, blest be heaven, that sent you safe again !
 Now shall I eat, and go to bed again.

E. Love. Brother, dismiss these people.

Y. Love. Captain, be gone a while ;
 Meet me at my old rendezvous in the evening ;
 Take your small poet with you. [*Exeunt Captain and Poet.*
 Master Morecraft,

You were best go prattle with your learned counsel ;
 I shall preserve your money : I was cozen'd
 When time was ; we are quit, sir.

Wid. Better and better still. [*Aside.*

E. Love. What is this fellow, brother ?

Y. Love. The thirsty usurer that supp'd my land off.

E. Love. What does he tarry for ?

Y. Love. Sir^b, to be landlord of your house and state :
 I was bold to make a little sale, sir.

More. Am I over-reach'd ? If there be law, I'll hamper ye.

E. Love. Prithee, be gone, and rail^c at home ; thou art
 So base a fool, I cannot laugh at thee.
 Sirrah, this comes of cozening : home, and spare ;
 Eat raddish till you raise your sums again.
 If you stir far in this, I'll have you whipp'd,
 Your ears nail'd for intelligencing o' the pillory,
 And your goods forfeit. You are a stale cozener :
 Leave my house. No more !

More. A pox upon your house !—
 Come, widow ; I shall yet hamper this young gamester.

^a *all*] Omitted in 4to 1651 ; and by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

^a *Turnball-street*] See note, vol. ii. 192. The name was variously written.

^b *Sir*] Omitted in 4to 1651 ; and by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

^c *rail*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "rave ;" and so the modern editors.

Wid. Good twelve i' the hundred,
Keep your way ; I am not for your diet :
Marry in your own tribe, Jew, and get a broker.

Y. Love. 'Tis well said, widow.—Will you jog on, sir ?

More. Yes, I will go ; but 'tis no matter whither :
But when I trust a wild fool, and a woman,
May I lend gratis, and build hospitals ! [*Exit.*

Y. Love. Nay, good sir, make all even :
Here is a widow wants your good word for me ;
She's rich, and may renew me and my fortunes.

E. Love. I am glad you look before you.—Gentlewoman,
Here is a poor distressèd younger brother.

Wid. You do him wrong, sir ; he 's a knight.

E. Love. I ask you mercy : yet, 'tis no matter ;
His knighthood is no inheritance, I take it :
Whatsoever he is, he 's your servant, or would be, lady.
Faith, be not merciless, but make a man :
He 's young and handsome, though he be my brother,
And his observances^d may deserve your love ;
He shall not fail for means.

Wid. Sir, you speak like a worthy brother :
And so much I do^e credit your fair language,
That I shall love your brother ; and so love him—
But I shall blush to say more.

E. Love. Stop her mouth.— [*Y. LOVE. kisses her.*
I hope you shall not live to know that hour,
When this shall be repented.—Now, brother, I should chide ;
But I 'll give no distaste to your fair mistress.

I will instruct her in 't, and she shall do 't :
You have been wild and ignorant ; pray, mend it.

Y. Love. Sir, every day, now spring comes on.

E. Love. To you, good Master Savil, and your office,
Thus much I have to say. You 're, from my steward,
Become, first your own drunkard, then his bawd ;

^d *observances*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "observance ;" and so Weber.

^e *I do*] The modern editors choose to print "*do I.*"

They say, you're excellent grown in both, and perfect :
Give me your keys, Sir Savil.

Sav. Good sir, consider whom you left me to.

E. Love. I left you as a curb for, not to provoke,
My brother's follies. Where's the best drink, now ?
Come, tell me, Savil, where's the soundest whores ?
You old he-goat, you dried ape, you lame stallion,
Must you be leaping^f in my house ? your whores,
Like fairies, dance their night-rounds, without fear
Either of king or constable, within my walls ?
Are all my hangings safe ? my sheep unsold yet ?
I hope my plate is current ; I ha' too much on 't.
What say you to three hundred pounds in drink now ?

Sav. Good sir, forgive me, and but hear me speak.

E. Love. Methinks, thou shouldst be drunk still, and not
speak ;

'Tis the more pardonable.

Sav. I will, sir, if you will have it so.

E. Love. I thank you : yes, e'en pursue it, sir. Do you hear ?
Get a^g whore soon for your recreation ;
Go look out Captain Broken-breech, your fellow,
And quarrel, if you dare. I shall deliver
These keys to one shall have more honesty,
Though not so much fine wit, sir. You may walk,
And gather cresses, sir^h, to cool your liver ;
There's something for you to begin a diet,
You'll have the pox else. Speed you well, Sir Savil !
You may eat at my house to preserve life ;
But keep no fornicationsⁱ in the stables.

[*Exeunt E. and Y. LOVELESS and Widow.*

^f *leaping*] So 4to 1651, which, though of no authority, is here obviously right. Other eds. "leading." Theobald (who wrongly states that "leaping" is found in the earliest 4to) cites, among other parallel passages which occur in our authors' plays, the following one from *Philaster*, "He looks like an old surfeited stallion after his *leaping*." Weber printed "leading," and vainly attempted in a note to defend that lection.

^g *Get a*] The modern editors print, for the metre, "Get you a."

^h *sir*] Theobald printed, with folio 1679, "fit."

ⁱ *fornications*] So the three earliest 4tos. Other eds. "fornication ;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

Sav. Now must I hang myself; my friends will look for 't.
 Eating and sleeping, I do despise you both now:
 I will run mad first, and, if that get not pity,
 I'll drown myself to a most dismal ditty. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A room in the Lady's house.*

Enter ABIGAIL.

Abig. Alas, poor gentlewoman, to what a misery hath age brought^h thee, to what a scurvy fortune! Thou, that hast been aⁱ companion for noblemen, and, at the worst of those^j times, for gentlemen, now, like a broken serving-man, must beg for favour to those, that would have crawled, like pilgrims, to my chamber but for an apparition of me.
 You that be coming on, make much of fifteen,
 And so till five-and-twenty: use your time
 With reverence, that your profits may arise;
 It will not tarry with you; *ecce signum!*
 Here was a face!
 But Time, that like a surfeit eats our youth,
 (Plague of his iron teeth, and draw 'em for 't!)
 Has been a little bolder here than welcome;
 And now, to say the truth, I am fit for no man.
 Old men i' the house, of fifty, call me grannam;
 And when they are drunk, e'en then when Joan and my lady
 Are all one^k, not one will do me reason.
 My little Levite hath forsaken me;
 His silver sound of cittern^l quite abolish'd;
 His doleful hymns under my chamber-window

^h *age brought*] Theobald printed "age now brought."

ⁱ *a*] Omitted by the modern editors.

^j *those*] Thrown out by Theobald.

^k *all one*] Theobald printed "all as one."

^l *cittern*] What we now call—guitar: see Hawkins's *Hist. of Music*, iv. 113.

Digested into tedious learning ^m.
 Well, fool, you leapt a haddock when you left him :
 He 's a clean man, and a good edifier,
 And twenty nobles ⁿ is his state *de claro*,
 Besides his pigs *in posse*.
 To this good homilist I have been ever stubborn,
 Which God forgive me for, and mend my manners !
 And, Love, if ever thou hadst care of forty,
 Of such a piece of lay ^o ground, hear my prayer,
 And fire his zeal so far forth, that my faults,
 In this renew'd impression of my love,
 May shew corrected to our gentle reader !

Enter ROGER.

See how neglectingly ^p he passes by me !
 With what an equipage canonical,
 As though he had broke ^q the heart of Bellarmin ^r,
 Or added something to the singing brethren !
 'Tis scorn, I know it, and deserve it. [*Aside.*]—Master
 Roger—

Rog. Fair gentlewoman, my name is Roger.

Abig. Then, gentle Roger—

Rog. Ungentle Abigail !

Abig. Why, Master Roger, will you set your wit
 To a weak woman's ?

Rog. You are weak, indeed ;
 For so the poet sings.

^m *learning*] Theobald printed "*learning now.*"

ⁿ *nobles*] i. e. gold coins worth 6s. 8d. each.

^o *lay*] Old eds. "lape,"—a misprint for "laye." Sympson, who made the correction, adds, perhaps unnecessarily, "i. e. *terra inculta, novale*, unploughed, uncultivated land."

^p *neglectingly*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "negligently ;" and so the modern editors,—Theobald printing "*See, see how negligently.*"

^q *broke*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "broken" ; and so the modern editors.

^r *Bellarmin*] "Robert Bellarmin, a jesuit, was one of the most celebrated controversialists of his time ; and, among the protestants, it was considered as greatly adding to the reputation of the most learned divine, to have broken a lance with him. He was born in the year 1542, and died in 1621." WEBER.

Abig. I do confess
My weakness, sweet Sir Roger.

Rog. Good my lady's
Gentlewoman, or my good lady's gentlewoman,
(This trope is lost to you now,) leave your prating.
You have a season of your first mother in you :
And, surely, had the devil been in love,
He had been abusèd too. Go, *Dalida* ;
You make men fools, and wear fig-breeches.

Abig. Well, well, hard-hearted man, dilate^t
Upon the weak infirmities of women ;
These are fit texts : but once there was a time——
Would I had never seen those eyes, those eyes,
Those orient eyes !

Rog. Ay, they were pearls once with you.

Abig. Saving your reverence, sir, so they are still.

Rog. Nay, nay, I do beseech you, leave your cogging :^u
What they are, they are ;
They serve me without spectacles, I thank 'em.

Abig. Oh, will you kill me ?

Rog. I do not think I can ;
You're like a copyhold, with nine lives in 't.

Abig. You were wont to bear a Christian fear about you :
For your own worship's sake——

Rog. I was a Christian fool then.
Do you remember what a dance you led me ?
How I grew qualm'd in love, and was a dunce ?
Could expound^v but once a quarter, and then was out too ?

^s *Dalida*] So the five earliest 4tos. Other eds., "Dalila" and "Dalilah;" and so the modern editors. The name is written *Dalida* by Chaucer (*Monkes Tale*, v. 14069, ed. Tyrwhitt), Skelton (*Why come ye nat to Courte*, v. 208, ed. Dyce), &c. &c., and occasionally by authors of a much later date.

^t *dilate*] "Only the sixth quarto [1651, of no authority] reads, 'you may dilate,' which has hitherto been the text of the modern editions." WEBER,—incorrectly, for Theobald did not follow that 4to.

^u *cogging*] i. e. cheating, falsifying,—cajoling.

^v *Could expound*] The Editors of 1778 printed, with 4to 1651, "Could not expound."

And then, at prayers once ^w,
 Out of the stinking stir you put me in,
 I pray'd for my own royal ^x issue? You do
 Remember all this?

Abig. Oh, be as then you were!

Rog. I thank you for it:
 Surely, I will be wiser, Abigail;
 And as the ethnick poet sings ^y,
 I will not lose my oil and labour too ^z.
 You 're for the worshipful, I take it, Abigail.

Abig. Oh, take it so, and then I am for thee!

Rog. I like these tears well, and this humbling also;
 They are symptoms of contrition, as a father saith ^a.
 If I should fall into my fit again,
 Would you not shake me into a quotidian coxcomb?
 Would you not use me scurvily again,
 And give me possets with purging comfits in 't ^b?
 I tell thee, gentlewoman, thou hast been harder to me
 Than a long chapter with a ^c pedigree.

Abig. Oh, curate, cure me!

I will love thee better, dearer, longer:
 I will do any thing; betray the secrets
 Of the main household to thy reformation.
 My lady shall look lovingly on thy learning;
 And when true ^d time shall 'point thee for a parson,

^w *at prayers once*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors, Weber excepted.

^x *royal*] So the first 4to and that of 1651. Omitted in other eds.

^y *poet sings*] A word has evidently dropt out. Gifford queries, "*poet sweetly sings*"? *MS. note* on ed. 1778.

^z *I will not lose my oil and labour too*] "The ethnick poet here alluded to is Plautus, in his *Pænulus* :

Tum pol ego et oleum et operam perdi."—THEOBALD.

^a *as a father saith*] So the first 4to and that of 1651. Omitted in other eds.; and by Theobald.

^b *possets in't*] The modern editors print "*possets in'em.*" See p. 46, last note.

^c *chapter with a*] So the first 4to and that of 1651. Omitted in other eds.

^d *true*] The 4to of 1651 (of no authority) has "due"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

I will convert thy eggs to penny-custards,
And thy tithe-goose shall graze and multiply.

Rog. I am mollified,
As well shall testify this faithful kiss :
And^e have a great care, Mistress Abigail,
How you depress the spirit any more
With your rebukes and mocks ; for certainly
The edge of such a folly cuts itself.

Abig. Oh, sir, you have pierc'd me thorough ! Here I vow
A recantation to those malicious faults
I ever did against you. Never more
Will I despise your learning ; never more
Pin cards and cony-tails upon your cassock ;
Never again reproach your reverend night-cap,
And call it by the mangy name of murrin^f ;
Never your reverend person^g more, and say,
You look like one of Baal's priests in a hanging^h ;
Never again, when you say grace, laugh at you,
Nor put you out at prayers ; never cramp you more
With the great Book of Martyrsⁱ ; nor, when you ride,
Get soap and thistles for you. No, my Roger,
These faults shall be corrected and amended,
As by the tenor of my tears appears.

Rog. Now cannot I hold, if I should be hang'd ; I must
cry too.

Come to thine own belovèd, and do even

^e *And*] The 4to of 1651 "But" ; and so Theobald (who took his usual liberties with this speech), and the Editors of 1778.

^f *murrin*]—written also *murrion*, *morion*,—is a steel cap, a plain helmet. The word occurs in others of these plays. Abigail terms *murrin* a "mangy name" from the resemblance of its sound to *murrain*. Weber, not understanding the passage, printed "murrain."

^g *your reverend person*] Before these words, the preceding "reproach" is to be understood.

^h *priests in a hanging*] So all the old eds., except the first 4to, which has "*priests a hanging*", and that of 1651, which reads "*priests in the hanging*," and which the Editors of 1778 followed. It is hardly necessary to observe that "*hanging*" means tapestry.

ⁱ *With the great Book of Martyrs*] So the first 4to and that of 1651. Omitted in other eds.

What thou wilt with me, sweet, sweet Abigail !
 I am thine own for ever ; here 's my hand :
 When Roger proves a recreant, hang him i' the bell-ropes !

Enter LADY and MARTHA.

Lady. Why, how now, Master Roger, no prayers down with you to-night ? did you hear the bell ring ? You are courting ; your flock shall fat well for it.

Rog. I humbly ask your pardon.—I 'll clapⁱ up prayers,
 But stay a little, and be with you again. [*Exit.*

Enter ELDER LOVELESS.

Lady. How dare you, being so unworthy a fellow,
 Presume to come to move me any more ?

E. Love. Ha, ha, ha !

Lady. What ails the fellow ?

E. Love. The fellow comes to laugh at you.
 I tell you, lady, I would not, for your land,
 Be such a coxcomb, such a whining ass,
 As you decreed me for when I was last here.

Lady. I joy to hear you are wise, sir^j ; 'tis a rare jewel
 In an elder brother : pray, be wiser yet.

E. Love. Methinks I am very wise : I do not come a-wooing ;
 Indeed, I 'll move no more love to your ladyship.

Lady. What make^k you here, then ?

E. Love. Only to see you, and be merry, lady ;
 That 's all my business. Faith, let 's be very merry.
 Where 's little Roger ? he is a good fellow :
 An hour or two, well spent in wholesome mirth,
 Is worth a thousand of these puling passions.
 'Tis an ill world for lovers.

Lady. They were never fewer.

ⁱ *clap*] The two latest 4tos " chop " ; and so the Editors of 1778.

^j *sir*] So the two earliest 4tos. Omitted in other eds. ; and by the modern editors.

^k *make*] The modern editors give the misprint of folio 1679 " makes." The expression " What make you here ? "—what do you here ?—is among the commonest in our early writers.

E. Love. I thank God, there is one less¹ for me, lady.

Lady. You were never any, sir.

E. Love. Till now ; and now I am the prettiest fellow !

Lady. You talk like a tailor, sir.

E. Love. Methinks, your faces are no such fine things now.

Lady. Why did you tell me you were wise ? Lord, what a lying age is this ! Where will you mend these faces ?

E. Love. A hog's face sous'd is worth a hundred of 'em.

Lady. Sure, you had some^m sow to your mother.

E. Love. She brought suchⁿ fine white pigs as you, fit for none but parsons, lady.

Lady. 'Tis well you will allow us our clergy yet.

E. Love. That shall^o not save you. Oh, that I were in love again with a wish !

Lady. By this light, you are a scurvy fellow ! pray, be gone.

E. Love. You know, I am a clean-skinn'd man.

Lady. Do I know it ?

E. Love. Come, come, you would know it ; that's as good : but not a snap, never long for 't, not a snap, dear lady.

Lady. Hark ye, sir, hark ye, get you to the suburbs ; There's horse-flesh for such hounds. Will you go, sir ?

E. Love. Lord, how I lov'd this woman ! how I worshipp'd This pretty calf with the white face here ! As I live, You were the prettiest fool to play withal, The wittiest little varlet ! It would talk ; Lord, how it talk'd ! and when I anger'd it, It would cry out, and scratch, and eat no meat, And it would say, " Go hang ! "

Lady. It will say so still, if you anger it.

E. Love. And when I ask'd it, if it would be married, It sent me of an errand into France ; And would abuse me, and be glad it did so.

¹ *one less*] Theobald chose to print " *one the less*."

^m *some*] So the first 4to. Other eds. " *a ;*" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

ⁿ *brought such*] The two latest 4tos have, " *brought forth such*,"—perhaps the right reading.

^o *shall*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with the two latest 4tos, " *will*."

Lady. Sir, this is most unmanly ; pray, be gone.

E. Love. And swear (even when it twitter'd to be at me)
I was unhandsome.

Lady. Have you no manners in you ?

E. Love. And say my back was melted, when, the gods know^o,
I kept^p it at a charge,—four Flanders mares
Would have been easier to me, and a fencer.

Lady. You think all this is true now ?

E. Love. Faith, whether it be or no, 'tis too good for you.
But so much for our mirth : now have at you in earnest.

Lady. There is enough, sir ; I desire no more.

E. Love. Yes, faith, we 'll have a cast at your best parts now ;
And then the devil take the worst !

Lady. Pray, sir, no more ; I am not much^q affected
With your commendations. 'Tis almost dinner :
I know they stay you^r at the ordinary.

E. Love. E'en a short grace, and then I am gone. You are
A woman, and the proudest that ever lov'd a coach ;
The scornfullest, scurviest, and most senseless woman ;
The greediest to be prais'd, and never mov'd,
Though it be gross and open ; the most envious,
That, at the poor fame of another's face,
Would eat your own, and more than is your own,
The paint belonging to it ; of such a self-opinion,
That you think no one^s can deserve your glove ;
And for your malice, you are so excellent,
You might have been your tempter's tutor. Nay,
Never cry.

^o *the gods know*] It is necessary to mention here the various readings of the old eds., because Weber has stated them incorrectly. The two earliest 4tos have "when the God knowes" ; the third 4to has "when God the knowes" ; the fourth and fifth 4tos and folio 1679 have "when God he knowes,"—and so Theobald ; the sixth 4to has "when heaven knowes,"—and so the Editors of 1778.

^p *kept*] Weber printed "keep" !

^q *not much*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "not so much" ; and so Theobald and the Editors of 1778.

^r *stay you*] So the three earliest 4tos. Other eds. "stay for you" ; and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

^s *no one*] Old eds. "none."

Lady. Your own heart knows you wrong me.
I cry for you !

E. Love. You shall, before I leave you.

Lady. Is all this spoke in earnest ?

E. Love. Yes, and more,
As soon as I can get it out.

Lady. Well, out with 't.

E. Love. You are——let me see——

Lady. One that has us'd you with too much respect.

E. Love. One that hath us'd me, since you will have it so,
The basest, the most foot-boy-like, without respect
Of what I was, or what you might be by me ;
You have us'd me as I would use a jade,
Ride him off's legs, then turn him into^s the commons ;
You have us'd me with discretion, and I thank you.
If you have many more such pretty servants,
Pray, build an hospital, and, when they are old,
Keep^t 'em, for shame.

Lady. I cannot think yet this is serious.

E. Love. Will you have more on 't !

Lady. No, faith, there 's enough,
If it be true ; too much, by all my part.
You are no lover, then ?

E. Love. No, I had rather be a carrier.

Lady. Why, the gods amend all !

E. Love. Neither do I think
There can be such a fellow found i' the world,
To be in love with such a froward woman :
If there be such, they 're mad ; Jove comfort 'em !
Now you have^u all ; and I as new a man,
As light and spirited, that I feel myself
Clean through another creature. Oh, 'tis brave

^s *turn him into*] So the first 4to. The second 4to "*turne in to.*" Other eds. "*turn him to*" ; and so Theobald and the Editors of 1778.

^t *Keep*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "*Pray keep ;*" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

^u *you have*] The three latest 4tos "*have you ;*" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

To be one's own man ! I can see you now
 As I would see a picture ; sit all day
 By you, and never kiss your hand ; hear you sing,
 And never fall backward ; but, with as set a temper
 As I would hear a fiddler, rise and thank you :
 I can now keep my money in my purse,
 That still was gadding out for scarfs and waistcoats^v ;
 And keep my hand from mercers' sheep-skins finely :
 I can eat mutton now, and feast myself
 With my two shillings, and can see a play
 For eighteen-pence^w again : I can, my lady^x.

Lady. The carriage of this fellow vexes me.— [*Aside.*
 Sir, pray, let me speak a little private with you.—
 I must not suffer this. [*Aside.*

E. Love. Ha, ha, ha ! What would you with me ?
 You will not ravish me ? Now, your set speech.

Lady. Thou perjur'd man !

E. Love. Ha, ha, ha ! this is a fine exordium:
 And why, I pray you, perjur'd ?

Lady. Did you not swear a thousand thousand times,
 You lov'd me best of all things ?

E. Love. I do confess it : make your best of that.

Lady. Why do you say you do not, then ?

E. Love. Nay, I'll swear it,
 And give sufficient reason,—your own usage.

Lady. Do you not love me now, then ?

E. Love. No, faith.

^v *waistcoats*] He means, for the Lady : see note, vol. i. 39.

^w *eighteen-pence*] "From 'the epilogue at Blackfriars' to Mayne's *City Match*, 1639, and from the prologue to Habington's *Queen of Arragon*, 1640, acted at the same theatre, it is unquestionable that 'two-shillings' were paid there, probably for the best places : in the *Scornful Lady*, however, act iv. sc. i., Fletcher makes the Elder Loveless speak of 'eighteen-pence,' as if that were the highest price of admission at the Blackfriars ; but it is to be recollected that this comedy was performed before 1616, and, in the interval between that date and 1639, the charge might have been augmented." Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 347. But is Loveless speaking here of the Blackfriars-theatre ?

^x *I can, my lady*] Theobald and the Editors of 1778 gave, with 4to 1651, " *I can, my lady, I can.*"

Lady. Did you ever think I lov'd you dearly ?

E. Love. Yes; but I see but rotten fruits on 't.

Lady. Do not deny your hand, for I must kiss it,
And take my last farewell. [*Kisses his hand.*] Now let me die,
So you be happy !

E. Love. I am too foolish.—Lady ! speak, dear lady^y !

Lady. No, let me die. [*Pretends to swoon.*]

Mar. Oh, my sister !

Abig. Oh, my lady ! Help, help !

Mar. Run for some *rosa solis* !

E. Love. I have play'd the fine ass !—Bend her body.—Lady,
Best, dearest, worthiest lady, hear your servant !
I am not as I shew'd.—Oh, wretched fool,
To fling away the jewel of thy life thus !—
Give her more air. See, she begins to stir.—
Sweet mistress, hear me !

Lady. Is my servant well ?

E. Love. In being yours, I am so.

Lady. Then I care not.

E. Love. How do you ?—Reach a chair there.—I confess
My fault not pardonable, in pursuing thus,
Upon such tenderness, my wilful error ;
But had I known it would have wrought thus with you,
Thus strangely, not the world had won me to it :
And let not, my best lady, any word,
Spoke to my end, disturb your quiet peace ;
For sooner shall you know a general ruin
Than my faith broken. Do not doubt this, mistress ;
For, by my life, I cannot live without you.
Come, come, you shall not grieve : rather be angry,
And heap infliction^z on me ; I will suffer.
Oh, I could curse myself ! Pray, smile upon me.
Upon my faith, it was but a trick to try you,
Knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet strangely

^y *lady*] After this speech Weber inserted "*Enter Martha*,"—having forgot that she was already on the stage !

^z *infliction*] Theobald printed, with the three latest 4tos, "affliction."

That you would never shew it, though my means
Was all humility^a.

All. Ha, ha^b!

E. Love. How now?

Lady. I thank you, fine fool, for your most fine plot :
This was a subtle one, a stiff device
To have caught dotterels^c with. Good senseless sir,
Could you imagine I should swoon for you,
And know yourself to be an arrant ass,
Ay, a discover'd one? 'Tis quit; I thank you, sir.
Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Take heed, sir; she may chance to swoon again.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Abig. Step to her, sir; see how she changes colour!

E. Love. I'll go to hell first, and be better welcome.
I am fool'd, I do confess it, finely fool'd;
Lady-fool'd, madam^d; and I thank you for it.

Lady. Faith, 'tis not so much worth, sir :
But if I know^e when you come next a-birding,
I'll have a stronger noose to hold the woodcock^f.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

E. Love. I am glad to see you merry; pray, laugh on.

Mar. Had a hard heart, that could not laugh at you, sir.
Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Pray, sister, do not laugh; you'll anger him;
And then he'll rail like a rude costermonger^g,

^a *humility*] Theobald printed "humanity."—"The meaning obviously is, 'I knew you loved me, though you would never shew it, notwithstanding I used the *humblest* means to induce you to do it.'" *Ed.* 1778.

^b *Ha, ha*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber gave, with 4to 1651, "*Ha, ha, ha,*"—rightly perhaps, though that 4to is of no authority.

^c *dotterels*] Birds proverbially silly, and said to allow themselves to be caught while they imitate the actions of the fowler.

^d *Lady-fool'd, madam*] So Theobald, the author doubtless having intended "*Lady-fool'd*" to be printed with a hyphen; yet the Editors of 1778 and Weber gave "*Lady; fool'd, madam.*"

^e *know*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "knew"; and so the modern editors.

^f *woodcock*] See note, vol. ii. 421.

^g *costermonger*] "*i. e.* a dealer in apples, because they are shaped like a human head, which was often denominated a *costard*."—WEBER. The original

That school-boys had cozen'd of his apples,
As loud and senseless.

E. Love. I will not rail.

Mar. Faith, then, let 's hear him, sister.

E. Love. Yes, you shall hear me.

Lady. Shall we be the better for^g it, then?

E. Love. No; he that makes a woman better by his words,
I'll have him sainted: blows will not do it.

Lady. By this light, he'll beat us.

E. Love. You do deserve it richly, and may live
To have a beadle do it.

Lady. Now he rails.

E. Love. Come, scornful folly,
If this be railing, you shall hear me rail.

Lady. Pray, put it in good words, then.

E. Love. The worst are good enough for such a trifle,
Such a proud piece of cobweb-lawn.

Lady. You bite, sir.

E. Love. I would till the bones crack'd, an I had my will.

Mar. We had best muzzle him; he grows mad.

E. Love. I would 'twere lawful in the next great sickness,
To have the dogs spared, those harmless creatures,
And knock i' the head these^h hot continual plagues,
Women, that are more infectious. I hope
The state will think on 't.

Lady. Are you well, sir?

Mar. He looks

As though he had a grievous fit o' the colic.

E. Love. Green-ginger, will you cure meⁱ?

Abig. I'll heat a trencher for him.

E. Love. Dirty December, do;

meaning of *costard* is doubtful: Gifford says that it is properly—the apple so called; and see Richardson's *Dict.* A *costermonger* is a small dealer in fruit of any kind.

^g *for*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "by;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

^h *these*] The modern editors print "those."

ⁱ *Green-ginger, will you cure me?*] So the two earliest 4tos (rightly, beyond a doubt; the words being addressed to Martha). Other eds. "*Greene-ginger will cure me*;" and so the modern editors.

Thou with a face as old as Erra Paterⁱ;
 Such a prognosticating nose; thou thing,
 That ten years since has left to be a woman,
 Out-worn the expectation of a bawd;
 And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now,
 But gords^j or nine-pins; pray, go fetch a trencher, go.

Lady. Let him alone; he's crack'd.

Abig. I'll see him hang'd first: he's a beastly fellow,
 To use a woman of my breeding thus;
 Ay, marry, is he. Would I were a man,
 I'd make him eat his knave's words!

E. Love. Tie your she-otter up, good Lady Folly,
 She stinks worse than a bear-baiting.

Lady. Why will you be angry now?

E. Love. Go, paint, and purge;
 Call in your kennel with you. You a lady!

Abig. Sirrah, look to't against the quarter-sessions:
 If there be good behaviour in the world,
 I'll have thee bound to it.

E. Love. You must not seek it in your lady's house, then.—
 Pray, send this ferret home,—and spin, good Abigail:—
 And, madam, that your ladyship may know
 In what base manner you have us'd my service,
 I do from this hour hate thee heartily;
 And though your folly should whip you to repentance,
 And waken you at length to see my wrongs,
 'Tis not the endeavour of your life shall win me,—
 Not all the friends you have in intercession^k,

ⁱ *Erra Pater*] Was a name given to some old astrologer, but who was meant by it cannot be determined. A once-popular tract is entitled *A Prognostication for ever of Erra Pater, a Jewe borne in Jewrye, and Doctoure in Astronomie and Phisicke, &c.* An *Erra-Pater* sometimes meant an almanac. See Grey's note on *Hudibras*, P. 1. C. i. 120, and Nares's *Gloss.* Compare the third speech of Y. Loveless, p. 21.

^j *gords*] "Were a species of false dice." WEBER. Theobald, being unacquainted with this not uncommon term, printed, at Sympson's suggestion, "coggs"!

^k *you have in intercession*] So the two earliest 4tos. The third 4to "*you have intercession*" (and folio 1679 "*you have, intercession.*") Other 4tos "*you have make intercession.*" Theobald and the Editors of 1778 printed "*you have, nor intercession.*"

Nor your submissive letters, though they spoke
 As many tears as words ; not your knees grown
 To the ground in penitence, nor all your state,—
 To kiss you ; nor my pardon, nor will^k
 To give you Christian burial, if you die thus :
 So farewell.—

When I am married and made sure, I'll come
 And visit you again, and vex you, lady :
 By all my hopes, I'll be a torment to you,
 Worse than a tedious winter. I know you will
 Recant and sue to me ; but save that labour :
 I'll rather love a fever and continual thirst,
 Rather contract my youth to drink, and safer
 Dote^l upon quarrels,
 Or take a drawn whore from an hospital,
 That time, diseases, and mercury had eaten,
 Than to be drawn to love you.

Lady. Ha, ha, ha ! Pray, do ; but take heed though.

E. Love. From thee, false dice, jades, cowards, and plaguy
 summers,

Good Lord, deliver me ! [*Exit.*

Lady. But hark you, servant, hark ye !—Is he gone ?
 Call him again.

Abig. Hang him, paddock^m !

Lady. Art thou here still ? fly, fly, and call my servant ;
 Fly, or ne'er see me more.

Abig. I had rather knit again than see that rascal ;
 But I must do it. [*Aside and Exit.*

Lady. I would be loath to anger him too much.
 What fine foolery is this in a womanⁿ,
 To use those men most frowardly they love most ?

^k *nor will*] Theobald and the Editors of 1778 gave, for the metre, “*nor my will.*”

^l *safer Dote*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. “*sacerdote*” (Weber says erroneously that some have “*saver dote*”). Theobald gave Sympson's conjecture “*swagger, Dote ;*” and the Editors of 1778 printed “*rather Dote.*”

^m *paddock*] i. e. toad.

ⁿ *in a woman*] Mason would read “*in woman*”—“for she is speaking of the sex in general.”

If I should lose him thus, I were rightly serv'd.
I hope he's not so much himself to take it
To the heart.

Re-enter ABIGAIL.

How now? will he come back?

Abig. Never, he swears, whilst he can hear men say
There's any woman living: he swore he would ha' me first.

Lady. Didst thou intreat him, wench?

Abig. As well as I could, madam.

But this is still your way, to love being absent,
And when he's with you, laugh at him and abuse him.
There is another way, if you could hit on 't.

Lady. Thou sayst true; get me paper, pen, and ink;
I'll write to him: I'd be loath he should sleep in 's anger.
Women are most fools when they think they're wisest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Music. Enter YOUNG LOVELESS and Widow^o, with Captain
and Poet.

Wid. Pray, sir, cast off these fellows, as unfitting
For your bare knowledge, and far more your company.
Is 't fit such ragamuffins as these are,
Should bear the name of friends, and furnish out
A civil^p house? you're to be married now;
And men, that love you, must expect a course
Far from your old career. If you will keep 'em,
Turn 'em to the stable, and there make 'em grooms:
And yet, now I consider it, such beggars
Once set o' horse-back, you have heard, will ride—
How far, you had best to look to.

Capt. Hear you, you
That must be lady: pray, content yourself,
And think upon your carriage soon at night,

^o *Young Loveless and Widow*] Old eds. add "going to be married;" and so the Editors of 1778.

^p *civil*] i. e. sober, grave, serious.

What dressing will best take your knight, what waistcoat^q,
 What cordial will do well i' the morning for him.
 What triers have you ?

Wid. What do you mean, sir ?

Capt. Those that must switch him up. If he start well,
 Fear not, but cry, "Saint George," and bear him hard :
 When you perceive his wind grows hot and wanting,
 Let him a little down ; he's fleet, ne'er doubt him,
 And stands sound.

Wid. Sir, you hear these fellows ?

Y. Love. Merry companions, wench, merry companions.

Wid. To one another let 'em be companions,
 But, good sir, not to you : you shall be civil,
 And slip off these base trappings.

Capt. He shall not need, my most sweet Lady Grocer.
 If he be civil, not your powder'd sugar,
 Nor your raisins, shall persuade the captain
 To live a coxcomb with him : let him be civil,
 And eat i' the Arches^r, and see what will come on 't.

Poet. Let him be civil, do : undo him ; ay, that 's the next
 way.

I will not take, if he be civil once,
 Two hundred pounds a year to live with him.
 Be civil ! there 's a trim persuasion.

Capt. If thou be'st civil, knight, (as Jove defend^s it !)
 Get thee another nose ; that will be pull'd
 Off by the angry boys^t for thy conversion.
 The children thou shalt get on this civilian
 Cannot inherit by the law ; they 're ethnicks,
 And all thy sport mere moral^u lechery :

^q *waistcoat*] See note, vol. i. 39.

^r *the Arches*] "This was probably some tavern near the Court of Arches, frequented by sober citizens." WEBER. Nares (*Gloss. in Arches, Court of*) who calls this a "rather obscure witticism," observes that "*civil*" is used with a pun, "alluding to the profession of a civilian."

^s *defend*] i. e. forbid.

^t *angry boys*] The same as *roaring boys*, or *roarers* : see note, vol. i. 300, and note, p. 43 of this vol.

^u *moral*] Some of the 4tos. dated 1651, have "mortal ;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber !

When they are grown, having but little in 'em,
 They may prove haberdashers, or gross grocers,
 Like their dear dam there. Prithee, be civil, knight :
 In time thou mayst read [prayers^v] to thy household,
 And be drunk once a-year ; this would shew finely.

Y. Love. I wonder, sweetheart, you will offer this ;
 You do not understand these gentlemen.
 I will be short and pithy ; I had rather
 Cast you off, by the way of charge. These are creatures,
 That nothing goes to the maintenance of
 But corn and water. I will keep these fellows
 Just in the competency of two hens.

Wid. If you can cast^w it so, sir, you have my liking :
 If they eat less, I should not be offended.
 But how these, sir, can live upon so little
 As corn and water, I am unbelieving.

Y. Love. Why, prithee, sweetheart, what 's your ale ?
 Is not that corn and water, my sweet widow ?

Wid. Ay ; but, my sweet knight, where 's the meat to this,
 And clothes, that they must look for ?

Y. Love. In this short sentence, ale, is all included ;
 Meat, drink, and cloth. These are no ravening footmen,
 No fellows that at ordinaries dare eat
 Their eighteen-pence thrice out before they rise,
 And yet go hungry to a^x play, and crack
 More nuts than would suffice a dozen squirrels,
 Besides the din, which is damnable^y :
 I had rather rail, and be confin'd to a boat-maker,
 Than live among such rascals. These are people
 Of such a clean discretion in their diet,
 Of such a moderate sustenance, that they sweat

^v [prayers] Has evidently dropt out from the old eds. Not one of the modern editors perceived any omission here.

^w cast] i. e. contrive.

^x a] So 4tos 1635, 1639, 1651. Omitted in other eds.—Cracking nuts was a common amusement of the audience at our early theatres.

^y is damnable] The modern editors print, for the metre, " is most damnable."

If they but smell hot meat ; porridge is poison ;
 They hate a kitchen as they hate a counter^z ;
 And shew 'em but a feather-bed, they swoond^a.
 Ale is their eating and their drinking surely^b,
 Which keeps their bodies clear and soluble.
 Bread is a binder, and for that abolish'd,
 Even in their ale, whose lost room fills an apple,
 Which is more airy^c, and of subtler nature.
 The rest they take is little, and that little
 As little easy^d ; for, like strict men of order,
 They do correct their bodies with a bench
 Or a poor stubborn table ; if a chimney
 Offer itself, with some few broken rushes,
 They are in down : when they are sick, that 's drunk,
 They may have fresh straw ; else they do despise
 These worldly pamperings. For their poor apparel,
 'Tis worn out to the diet ; new they seek none ;
 And if a man should offer, they are angry,
 Scarce to be reconcil'd again with him :
 You shall not hear 'em ask me^e a cast doublet
 Once in a year, which is a modesty
 Befitting my poor friends : you see their wardrobe,
 Though slender, competent ; for shirts, I take it,
 They are things worn out of their remembrance.
 Lousy they will be when they list, and mangy,
 Which shews a fine variety ; and then, to cure 'em,
 A tanner's lime-pit, which is little charge ;

^z *counter*] i. e. prison.

^a *swoond*] So all the old eds. Altered by the modern editors to "swoon" : see note, vol. i. 422.

^b *surely*] Seward (Postscript to vol. i. ed. 1750) proposed to read "solely," which was adopted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

^c *airy*] "All the quartos read—'air.' Corrected in the folio." WEBER.

^d *As little easy*] "So the first and second quarto. Subsequently corrupted to—'Is little easy' [which Theobald and the Editors of 1778 gave]." WEBER.

^e *me*] So 4to 1651, which, though of no authority, is evidently right here. Other eds. "one" ; and so the modern editors. The early printers very frequently put by mistake "one" for "me" : see note, p. 19.

Two dogs, and these two^f, may be cur'd for threepence.

Wid. You have half persuaded me ; pray, use your pleasure :—

And, my good friends, since I do know your diet,
I'll take an order meat shall not offend you ;
You shall have ale.

Capt. We ask no more ; let it be mighty, lady,
And, if we perish, then our own sins on us !

Y. Love. Come, forward, gentlemen ; to church, my boys !
When we have done, I'll give you cheer in bowls. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of the ELDER LOVELESS.*

Enter ELDER LOVELESS.

E. Love. This senseless woman vexes me to the heart ;
She will not from my memory : would she were
A man for one two hours, that I might beat her !
If I had been unhandsome, old, or jealous,
'T had been an even lay^g she might have scorn'd me ;
But to be young, and, by this light, I think,
As proper as the proudest ; made as clean,
As straight, and strong-back'd ; means and manners equal
With the best cloth-of-silver sir i' the kingdom—
But these are things, at some time of the moon,
Below the cut of canvass. Sure, she has
Some meeching^h rascal in her house, some hind,

^f *and these two*] Old eds., “*and these, these two.*” Theobald and Weber print “*and these too.*” Of Young Loveless's favourite companions, only two,—the Captain and the Poet,—are present in this scene : he has before said,

“ I will keep these fellows

Just in the competency of *two* hens.”

Compare act iii. sc. 2. p. 65, where, when the Elder Loveless says to his brother “dismiss these people,” Young Loveless desires the *Captain* to be gone and to take the *Poet* with him.

^g *lay*] i. e. wager.

^h *meeching*] i. e. lurking, skulking. (The word is variously written).

That she hath seen bear, like another Milo,
 Quarters of malt upon his back, and sing with 't ;
 Thrash all day, and i' th' evening, in his stockings,
 Strike up a hornpipe, and there stink two hours,
 And ne'er a whit the worse man : these are they,
 These steel-chin'd rascals, that undo us all.
 Would I had been a carter, or a coachman !
 I had done the deed ere this time.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there 's a gentleman without would speak with you.

E. Love. Bid him come in. [*Exit* Servant.]

Enter WELFORD.

Wel. By your leave, sir.

E. Love. You are welcome : what 's your will, sir ?

Wel. Have you forgotten me ?

E. Love. I do not much remember you.

Wel. You must, sir.

I am that gentleman you pleas'd to wrong
 In your disguise ; I have inquir'd you out.

E. Love. I was disguis'd indeed, sir, if I wrong'd you.
 Pray, where and when ?

Wel. In such a lady's house, sirⁱ,
 I need not name her.

E. Love. I do remember you :
 You seem'd to be a suitor to that lady.

Wel. If you remember this, do not forget
 How scurvily you usèd me : that was
 No place to quarrel in ; pray you, think of it :
 If you be honest, you dare fight with me,
 Without more urging ; else I must provoke you.

E. Love. Sir, I dare fight, but never for a woman ;
 I will not have her in my cause ; she 's mortal^j,
 And so is not my anger. If you have brought

ⁱ *sir*] So the two earliest 4tos. Omitted in other eds. ; and by the modern editors.

^j *mortal*] "In this passage, does not mean subject to death, but deadly, fatal." MASON.

A nobler subject for our swords, I am for you ;
 In this I would be loath to prick my finger :
 And where^k you say I wrong'd you, 'tis so far
 From my profession, that, amongst my fears,
 To do wrong is the greatest. Credit me,
 We have been both abus'd, not by ourselves
 (For that I hold a spleen, no sin of malice,
 And may, with man enough, be left^l forgotten),
 But by that wilful, scornful piece of hatred,
 That much-forgetful lady : for whose sake,
 If we should leave our reason, and run on
 Upon our sense, like rams, the little world
 Of good men would laugh at us, and despise us,
 Fixing upon our desperate memories
 The never-worn-out names of fools and fencers.
 Sir, 'tis not fear, but reason, makes me tell you,
 In this I had rather help you, sir, than hurt you.
 And you shall find it, though you throw yourself
 Into as many dangers as she offers,
 Though you redeem her lost name every day,
 And find her out new honours with your sword,
 You shall but be her mirth, as I have been.

Wel. I ask you mercy, sir ; you have ta'en my edge off ;
 Yet I would fain be even with this lady.

E. Love. In which I'll be your helper : we are two ;
 And they are two,—two sisters, rich alike^m,
 Only the elder has the prouder dowry.
 In troth, I pity this disgrace in you,
 Yet of mine own I am senseless. Do but
 Follow my counsel, and I'll pawn my spirit,
 We'll over-reach 'em yet : the means is this——

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there 's a gentlewoman will needs speak with you ;
 I cannot keep her out ; she 's enter'd, sir.

^k *where*] i. e. whereas.

^l *left*] Theobald gave, with the 4to of 1651 and folio 1679, "best."

^m *rich alike*] "Means, both of them rich, not, equally so." MASON.

E. Love. It is the waiting-woman : pray, be not seen.—
Sirrah, hold her in discourse a while. [*Exit* Servant.
Hark in your ear [*whispers*] : go, and despatch it quickly :
When I come in, I'll tell you all the project.

Wel. I care not which I have.

E. Love. Away ; 'tis done ; she must not see you.
[*Exit* WELFORD.]

Enter ABIGAIL.

Now, Lady Guineverⁿ, what news with you ?

Abig. Pray, leave these frumps^o, sir, and receive this letter.
[*Gives letter.*

E. Love. From whom, good Vanity ?

Abig. 'Tis from my lady, sir : alas, good soul,
She cries and takes on !

E. Love. Does she so, good soul ?
Would she not have a caudle ? Does she send you
With your fine oratory, goody Tully,
To tie me to belief again ?—Bring out the cat-hounds !—
I'll make you take a tree, whore ; then with my tiller^p
Bring down your gibship^q, and then have you cas'd^r,
And hung up i' the warren.

Abig. I am no beast, sir ; would you knew it !

E. Love. Would I did ! for I am yet very doubtful.
What will you say now ?

Abig. Nothing, not I.

E. Love. Art thou a woman, and say nothing ?

Abig. Unless you'll hear me with more moderation.
I can speak wise enough.

E. Love. And loud enough. Will your lady love me ?

Abig. It seems so by her letter and her lamentations ;
But you are such another man !

E. Love. Not such another as I was, mumps ;

ⁿ *Guinever*] "The well-known queen of King Arthur, celebrated for her
amour with Sir Lancelot of the Lake," &c. WEBER.

^o *frumps*] i. e. mocks, flouts.

^p *tiller*] i. e. steel bow, or cross bow ; see note, vol. i. 234.

^q *gibship*] i. e. catship.

^r *cas'd*] i. e. skinned, flayed.

Nor will not be. I'll read her fine epistle. [Reads.

Ha, ha, ha ! is not thy mistress mad ?

Abig. For you she will be. 'Tis a shame you should
Use a poor gentlewoman so untowardly :
She loves the ground you tread on ; and you, hard heart,
Because she jested with you, mean to kill her.

'Tis a fine conquest, as they say. [Weeps.

E. Love. Hast thou so much moisture
In thy whit-leather hide yet, that thou canst cry ?
I would have sworn thou hadst been touchwood five year since.
Nay, let it rain ; thy face chops for a shower,
Like a dry dunghill.

Abig. I'll not endure this ribaldry.
Farewell, i' the devil's name ! If my lady die,
I'll be sworn before a jury, thou art the cause on't.

E. Love. Do, maukin^s, do.
Deliver to your lady from me this :
I mean to see her, if I have no other business ;
Which before I'll want, to come to her, I mean
To go seek birds' nests. Yet I may come, too ;
But if I come,
From this door^t till I see her, will I think
How to rail vildly^u at her ; how to vex her,
And make her cry so much, that the physician,
If she fall sick upon it, shall want urine
To find the cause by^v, and she remediless
Die in her heresy. Farewell, old adage !
I hope to see the boys make pot-guns^w on^x thee.

^s *maukin*] "A dirty slovenly woman." Grose's *Prov. Gloss.* ed. 1839. This word, written also *malkin*, and used in several significations, is supposed to be the diminutive of *Mal*. See Nares's *Gloss.*

^t *door*] May be right : but qy. "hour" ? Compare p. 81, last line but four.

^u *vildly*] i. e. vilely : see note, vol. i. 331. So all the old eds., except 4to 1651, which has "vilely," and which is followed by the modern editors.

^v *shall want urine*

To find the cause by,] So all the old eds., except 4tos 1625, 1630, which have "shall want uryne finde the cause be," and folio 1679, which has "shall find the cause to be want of urine."

^w *pot-guns*] i. e. pop-guns.

^x *on*] i. e. of. The modern editors print "of."

Abig. Thou 'rt a vile man : God bless my issue from thee !

E. Love. Thou hast but one, and that 's in thy left crupper,
That makes thee hobble so : you must be ground
I' the breech like a top ; you 'll never spin well else.
Farewell, fytchock^y ! [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in the Lady's house.*

Enter LADY.

Lady. Is it not strange that every woman's will
Should track out new ways to disturb herself ?
If I should call my reason to account,
It cannot answer why I keep myself
From mine own wish, and stop the man I love
From his ; and every hour repent again,
Yet still go on. I know 'tis like a man
That wants his natural sleep, and, growing dull,
Would gladly give the remnant of his life
For two hours' rest ; yet, through his frowardness,
Will rather choose to watch another man,
Drowsy as he, than take his own repose.
All this I know ; yet a strange peevishness,
And anger not to have the power to do
Things unexpected, carries me away
To mine own ruin : I had rather die
Sometimes than not disgrace in public him
Whom people think I love ; and do 't with oaths,
And am in earnest then. Oh, what are we ?
Men, you must answer this, that dare obey
Such things as we command.

^y *fytchock*] "The same as *fitchew*, a pole-cat." WEBER. Perhaps so : we find, "*Fitchet*, a pole-cat. Warwicks. *Fitchole*, a pole-cat, fichet, or ficher. Exm." Grose's *Prov. Gloss.* ed. 1839. "*Fitch*, *Fitchet*, a pole-cat." Jennings's *West. Dial.* But we also find, "Fitchee, the fitch, *Viverra fœtida* of Linnæus." Palmer's *Devon. Dial.* ; see too Coles's *Dict.* in v. *Fitcher*, and Richardson's *Dict.* in v. *Fitchat* ; and it ought to be observed that the Elder Loveless has previously (p. 81) termed Abigail—a *ferret*.

Enter ABIGAIL.

How now ? what news ?

Abig. Faith, madam, none worth hearing.

Lady. Is he not come ?

Abig. No, truly.

Lady. Nor has he writ ?

Abig. Neither. I pray God you have not undone yourself.

Lady. Why, but what says he ?

Abig. Faith, he talks strangely.

Lady. How strangely ?

Abig. First, at your letter he laughed extremely.

Lady. What, in contempt ?

Abig. He laughed monstrous loud, as he would die ;—and when you wrote it, I think, you were in no such merry mood, to provoke him that way ;—and having done, he cried, “ Alas for her ! ” and violently laughed again.

Lady. Did he ?

Abig. Yes ; till I was angry.

Lady. Angry ! why ?

Why wert thou angry ? he did do but well ;
I did deserve it ; he had been a fool,
An unfit man for any one to love,
Had he not laugh'd thus at me. You were angry !
That shew'd your folly : I shall love him more
For that, than all that e'er he did before.
But said he nothing else ?

Abig. Many uncertain things. He said, though you had mocked him, because you were a woman, he could wish to do you so much favour as to see you : yet, he said, he knew you rash, and was loath to offend you with the sight of one whom now he was bound not to leave.

Lady. What one was that ?

Abig. I know not, but truly I do fear there is a making up there ; for I heard the servants, as I passed by some, whisper such a thing : and as I came back through the hall, there were two or three clerks writing great conveyances in haste, which, they said, were for their mistress' jointure.

Lady. 'Tis very like, and fit it should be so ;
For he does think, and reasonably think,
That I should keep him, with my idle tricks,
For ever ere he married ^z.

Abig. At last, he said it should go hard but he
Would see you, for your satisfaction.

Lady. All we, that are call'd women, know as well
As men, it were a far more noble thing
To grace where we are grac'd, and give respect
There where we are respected : yet we practise
A wilder course, and never bend our eyes
On men with pleasure, till they find the way
To give us a neglect ; then we, too late,
Perceive the loss of what we might have had,
And dote to death.

Enter MARTHA.

Mar. Sister, yonder 's your servant,
With a gentlewoman with him.

Lady. Where ?

Mar. Close at the door.

Lady. Alas, I am undone ! I fear he is betroth'd.
What kind of woman is she ?

Mar. A most ill-favour'd one, with her mask on ;
And how her face should mend the rest, I know not.

Lady. But yet her mind is ^a of a milder stuff
Than mine was.

Enter ELDER LOVELESS, and WELFORD in woman's apparel.

Now I see him, if my heart
Swell not again—away, thou woman's pride !—
So that I cannot speak a gentle word to him,
Let me not live.

[*Aside.*

E. Love. By your leave here.

Lady. How now ? what new trick invites you hither ?
Ha' you a fine device again ?

^z *he married*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "*he be married*;" and so the modern editors.

^a *is*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "*was*;" and so the modern editors.

E. Love. Faith, this is the finest device I have now.—
How dost thou, sweetheart?

Wel. Why, very well, so long as I may please
You, my dear lover: I nor can nor will
Be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

E. Love. Oh, thy sweet temper! What would I have
given,
That lady had been like thee! See'st thou her?
That face, my love, join'd with thy humble mind,
Had made a wench indeed.

Wel. Alas, my love,
What God hath done I dare not think to mend!
I use no paint nor any drugs of art;
My hands and face will shew it.

Lady. Why, what thing have you brought to shew us
there?
Do you take money for it?

E. Love. A godlike thing,
Not to be bought for money; 'tis my mistress,
In whom there is no passion, nor no scorn;
What I will is for law^b. Pray you, salute her.

Lady. Salute her! by this good light, I would not kiss
her
For half my wealth.

E. Love. Why? why, pray you?
You shall see me do 't afore you: look you.

[*Kisses* WELFORD.]

Lady. Now fie upon thee! a beast would not have
done 't.—
I would not kiss thee of a month, to gain
A kingdom.

E. Love. Marry, you shall not be troubled.

Lady. Why, was there ever such a Meg^c as this?
Sure, thou art mad.

^b *for law*] Theobald and the Editors of 1778 gave, with 4to 1651, "her law."

^c *such a Meg*] "An allusion to the celebrated Meg of Westminster. A ballad of Long Meg of Westminster was entered on the Stationers' books in

E. Love. I was mad once, when I lov'd pictures ;
For what are shape and colours else but pictures ?
In that tawny hide there lies an endless mass
Of virtues, when all your red and white ones want it.

Lady. And this is she you are to marry, is 't not ?

E. Love. Yes, indeed, is 't.

Lady. God give you joy !

E. Love. Amen.

Wel. I thank you, as unknown, for your good wish.
The like to you, whenever you shall wed.

E. Love. Oh, gentle spirit !

Lady. You thank me ! I pray,
Keep your breath nearer you ; I do not like it.

Wel. I would not willingly offend at all ;
Much less a lady of your worthy parts.

E. Love. Sweet, sweet !

Lady. I do not think this woman can by nature
Be thus, thus ugly : sure, she 's some common strumpet,
Deform'd with exercise of sin.

Wel. [*kneeling.*] Oh, sir,
Believe not this ! for Heaven so comfort me,
As I am free from foul pollution
With any man ! my honour ta'en away,
I am no woman.

E. Love. [*raising WEL.*] Arise, my dearest soul ;
I do not credit it. Alas, I fear
Her tender heart will break with this reproach !—
Fie, that you know no more civility

1594. The tune became a famous jig, and, as such, is mentioned in the excellent old comedy, *The Hog hath lost his Pearl.*' WEBER. *The Life of Long Meg of Westminster : containing the mad merry pranks she played in her life time, not onely in performing sundry quarrels with diuers ruffians about London ; but also how valiantly she behaued herselfe in the warres of Bolloingne*, reprinted from an edition dated 1635, may be found in *Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana*, 1816 : the tract is said to have originally appeared in 1582. Meg figured in a play called after her, in 1594 (see Malone's *Shakespeare* by Boswell, iii. 304) : she is introduced in an antimasque in B. Jonson's *Fortunate Isles* (*Works*, viii. 79. ed. Gifford) ; and is frequently mentioned by our early dramatists.

To a weak virgin!—'Tis no matter, sweet ;
 Let her say what she will, thou art not worse
 To me, and therefore not at all ; be careless.

Wel. For all things else I would ; but for mine honour,
 Methinks——

E. Love. Alas, thine honour is not stain'd !—
 Is this the business that you sent for me
 About ?

Mar. Faith, sister, you are much to blame.
 To use a woman, whatsoever she be,
 Thus. I'll salute her.—You are welcome hither.

[*Kisses WEL.*

Wel. I humbly thank you.

E. Love. Mild still^d as the dove,
 For all these injuries. Come, shall we go ?
 I love thee not so ill to keep thee here,
 A jesting-stock.—Adieu, to the world's end !

Lady. Why, whither now ?

E. Love. Nay, you shall never know,
 Because you shall not find me.

Lady. I pray, let me speak with you.

E. Love. 'Tis very well.—Come.

Lady. I pray you, let me speak with you.

E. Love. Yes, for another mock.

Lady. By heaven, I have no mocks : good sir, a word.

E. Love. Though you deserve not so much at my hands,
 yet, if you be in such earnest, I'll speak a word with you :
 but, I beseech you, be brief ; for, in good faith, there's a
 parson and a license stay for us i' the church all this while ;
 and, you know, 'tis night.

Lady. Sir, give me hearing patiently, and whatsoever
 I have heretofore spoke jestingly, forget ;
 For, as I hope for mercy any where,
 What I shall utter now is from my heart,
 And as I mean.

E. Love. Well, well, what do you mean ?

^d *still*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "yet" ; and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

Lady. Was not I once your mistress, and you my servant ?

E. Love. Oh, 'tis about the old matter. [Going.

Lady. Nay, good sir, stay me out :
I would but hear you excuse yourself,
Why you should take this woman, and leave me.

E. Love. Prithee, why not ? deserves she not as much
As you ?

Lady. I think not, if you will look^d
With an indifferency upon us both.

E. Love. Upon your faces, 'tis true ; but if judicially we shall cast our eyes upon your minds, you are a thousand women off her^e in worth. She cannot swoond^f in jest, nor set her lover tasks, to shew her peevishness and his affection ; nor cross what he says, though it be canonical. She's a good plain wench, that will do as I will have her, and bring me lusty boys, to throw the sledge, and lift at pigs of lead. And for a wife, she's far beyond you : what can you do in a household to provide for your issue, but lie a-bed^g and get 'em ? your business is to dress you, and at idle hours to eat ; when she can do a thousand profitable things ;—she can do pretty well in the pastry, and knows how pullen^h should be crammed ; she cuts cambric at a thread, weaves bone-lace, and quilts ballsⁱ : and what are you good for ?

Lady. Admit it true, that she were far beyond me in all respects, does that give you a license to forswear yourself ?

E. Love. Forswear myself ! how ?

Lady. Perhaps you have forgot the innumerable oaths you have uttered, in disclaiming all for wives but me : I'll not remember^j you. God give you joy !

^d *I think not, if you will look, &c.*] It ought to be observed that such is the arrangement of this speech in the old eds. Theobald, for the metre, printed, "*I think not, if you will but look,*" &c.

^e *off her*] Old eds. "of her." The Editors of 1778 printed "*off of her.*"

^f *swoond*] So all the old eds. Altered by the modern editors to "swoon" : see note, vol. i. 422.

^g *a-bed*] So all the old eds., except folio 1679, which has "*i' bed.*"

^h *pullen*] i. e. poultry.

ⁱ *quilts balls*] The 4to of 1651 "*quilts balls admirably*" ; and so Theobald and the Editors of 1778.

^j *remember*] "i. e. remind." WEBER.

E. Love. Nay, but conceive me ; the intent of oaths is ever understood. Admit I should protest to such a friend to see him at his lodging^k to-morrow ; divines would never hold me perjured, if I were struck blind, or he hid him where my diligent search could not find him, so there were no cross act of mine own in 't. Can it be imagined I meant^l to force you to marriage, and to have you, whether you will or no ?

Lady. Alas, you need not ! I make already tender^m of myself, and then you are forsworn.

E. Love. Some sin, I see, indeed, must necessarily fall upon me ; as whosoever deals with women shall never utterly avoid it. Yet I would choose the least ill, which is to forsake you, that have done me all the abuses of a malignant woman, contemn'd my service, and would have held me prating about marriage 'till I had been past getting of childrenⁿ, than her, that hath forsook her family, and put her tender body in my hand, upon my word^o.

Lady. Which of us swore you first to ?

E. Love. Why, to you.

Lady. Which oath is to be kept, then ?

E. Love. I prithee, do not urge my sins unto me, without I could amend 'em.

Lady. Why, you may, by wedding me.

E. Love. How will that satisfy my word to her ?

Lady. It is not to be kept, and needs no satisfaction : 'tis an error fit for repentance only.

^k *lodging*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "lodgings."

^l *meant*] So the two earliest 4tos and that of 1651. Other eds. "mean" ; and so the modern editors.

^m *already tender*] Altered by Theobald to "a ready tender."

ⁿ *children*] After this word, Theobald, for the metre, inserted "rather" ; which his successors, supposing it to be found in the old eds., retained.

^o *Upon my word*] "i. e. Depending on my word." MASON.

E. Love. Shall I live
To wrong that tender-hearted virgin so?
It may not be.

Lady. Why may it not be?

E. Love. I swear I had rather marry thee than her;
But yet mine honesty——

Lady. What honesty?

'Tis more preserv'd this way. Come, by this light,
Servant, thou shalt: I'll kiss thee on't.

E. Love. This kiss,
Indeed, is sweet: pray God, no sin lie under it!

Lady. There is no sin at all; try but another.

Wel. Oh, my heart!

Mar. Help, sister! this lady swoons.

E. Love. How do you?

Wel. Why, very well, if you be so.

E. Love. Such a quiet mind lives not in any woman. I shall
do a most ungodly thing.—

Hear me ^p one word more, which, by all my hopes,
I will not alter. I did make an oath,
When you delay'd me so, that this very night
I would be married: now if you will go
Without delay, suddenly, as late as it is,
With your own minister, to your own chapel,
I'll wed you, and to bed.

Lady. A match, dear servant.

E. Love. For if you should forsake me now, I care not:

^p *Wel.* *Why, very well, if you be so.*

E. Love. *Such a quiet mind lives not in any woman. I shall do a most ungodly thing.*

Hear me, &c.] The first 4to has

“*Wel.* *Why very well, if you be so.*”

El. Lo. *Such a quiet minde liues not in any woman: I shal doe a most vngodly thing. Heare me”, &c.*

The second and third 4tos, and folio 1679, differ from the first 4to only in having “*Since a quiet mind*”, &c.,—and so the modern editors. The fourth, fifth, and sixth 4tos have

“*Wel.* *Why very well, if you be so, a most ungodly thing.*”

El. Lo. *Heare me”, &c.*

She would not though, for all her injuries ;
Such is her spirit. If I be not asham'd
To kiss her now I part, may I not live !

Wel. I see you go, as sily as you think
To steal away ; yet I will pray for you :
All blessings of the world light on you two,
That you may live to be an agèd pair !
All curses on me, if I do not speak
What I do wish indeed !

E. Love. If I can speak
To purpose to her, I am a villain.

Lady. Servant, away !

Mar. Sister, will you marry that inconstant man ?
Think you he will not cast you off to-morrow ?
To wrong a lady thus, look'd she like dirt,
'Twas basely done. May you ne'er prosper with him !

Wel. Now God forbid !

Alas, I was unworthy ! so I told him.

Mar. That was your modesty ; too good for him.—
I would not see your wedding for a world.

Lady. Choose, choose.—Come, Younglove.

[*Exeunt* LADY, E. LOVE. and ABIG.]

Mar. Dry up your eyes, forsooth ; you shall not think
We are all uncivil, all such beasts as these.
Would I knew how to give you a revenge !

Wel. So would not I : no, let me suffer truly ;
That I desire.

Mar. Pray, walk in with me ;
'Tis very late, and you shall stay all night :
Your bed shall be no worse than mine. I wish
I could but do you right.

Wel. My humble thanks :
God grant I may but live to quit^q your love ! [*Exeunt.*

^q *quit*] i. e. requite.

SCENE III.—*A room in the house of the ELDER LOVELESS.*

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS and SAVIL.

Y. Love. Did your master send for me, Savil?

Sav. Yes, he did send for your worship, sir.

Y. Love. Do you know the business?

Sav. Alas, sir, I know nothing!

Nor am employ'd beyond my hours of eating.

My dancing days are done, sir.

Y. Love. What art thou now, then?

Sav. If you consider me in little, I

Am, with your worship's reverence, sir, a rascal;

One that, upon the next anger of your brother,

Must raise a sconce^r by the highway, and sell switches.

My wife is learning now, sir, to weave inkle^s.

Y. Love. What dost thou mean to do with thy children,
Savil?

Sav. My eldest boy is half a rogue already;

He was born bursten^t; and, your worship knows,

That is a pretty step to men's compassions.

My youngest boy I purpose, sir, to bind

For ten years to a gaoler, to draw under him,

That he may shew us mercy in his function.

Y. Love. Your family is quarter'd with discretion.

You are resolved to cant^u, then? where, Savil,

Shall your scene lie?

Sav. Beggars must be no choosers;

In every place, I take it, but the stocks.

^r *sconce*] Brockett gives, "*Sconce*, a seat at one side of the fire-place in the old large open chimney,—a short partition near the fire upon which all the bright utensils in a cottage are suspended." *Gloss. of North Country Words*. In our text, "*sconce*" seems to mean some sort of stall on which the "switches" were to be displayed.

^s *inkle*] "*Inkle* (tape)." Coles's *Dict.* In *The Rates of the Custome house, &c.*, 1582, we find, "*Inkle* vnwrought called white thred single or double."—"*Inkle* wrought," &c. Sig. C vii.

^t *My eldest boy is half a rogue already*;

He was born bursten] "By a *rogue* Savil means a beggar; a profession for which, he says, his son is half qualified by his natural deformity." MASON.

^u *cant*] i. e. turn beggar, vagrant (properly—use the jargon peculiar to beggars.)

Y. Love. This is your drinking and your whoring, Savil ;
I told you of it ; but your heart was harden'd.

Sav. 'Tis true, you were the first that told me of it^v ;
I do remember yet in tears, you told me,
You would have whores ; and in that passion, sir,
You broke out thus ; " Thou miserable man,
Repent, and brew three strikes more in a hogshead :
'Tis noon ere we be drunk now, and the time
Can tarry for no man."

Y. Love. You're grown a bitter gentleman. I see,
Misery can clear your head better than mustard.
I'll be a suitor for your keys again, sir.

Sav. Will you but be so gracious to me, sir,
I shall be bound——

Y. Love. You shall, sir, to your bunch again ;
Or I'll miss foully.

Enter MORECRAFT.

More. Save you, gentlemen, save you !

Y. Love. Now, polecat, what young rabbit's nest have you
to draw ?

More. Come, prithee, be familiar, knight.

Y. Love. Away, fox !

I'll send for terriers for you.

More. Thou art wide yet :

I'll keep thee company.

Y. Love. I am about some business.

Indentures, if you follow me, I'll beat you :
Take heed ; as I live, I'll cancel your coxcomb.

More. Thou art cozen'd now ; I am no usurer.
What poor fellow's this ?

Sav. I am poor indeed, sir.

More. Give him money, knight.

Y. Love. Do you begin the offering.

More. There, poor fellow ; here's an angel^x for thee.

Y. Love. Art thou in earnest, Morecraft ?

^v of it] "The sixth quarto, and the modern editors, add the word *indeed* to this line, and thereby destroy the metre." WEBER. Theobald does not.

^x angel] See note, p. 59.

More. Yes, faith, knight; I'll follow thy example;
 Thou hadst land and thousands; thou ^y spent'st,
 And flung'st away, and yet it flows in double:
 I purchas'd, wrung, and wire-draw'd for my wealth,
 Lost, and was cozen'd; for which I make a vow,
 To try all the ^z ways above ground, but I'll find
 A constant means to riches without curses.

Y. Love. I am glad of your conversion, Master More-
 craft:

You're in a fair course; pray, pursue it still.

More. Come, we are all gallants now; I'll keep thee
 company.—

Here, honest fellow, for this gentleman's sake,
 There's two angels more for thee.

Sav. God quit ^a you, sir, and keep you long in this mind!

Y. Love. Wilt thou perséver ^b?

More. Till ^c I have a penny.

I have brave clothes a-making, and two horses:
 Canst thou not help me to a match, knight ^d?
 I'll lay a thousand pound upon my crop-ear.

Y. Love. 'Foot, this is stranger than an Afric monster!
 There will be no more talk of the Cleve wars ^e
 Whilst this lasts. Come, I'll put thee into blood.

Sav. Would all his damn'd tribe were as tender-hearted!—
 [*Aside.*]

^y *thousands; thou*] The Editors of 1778 printed "*thousands, which thou.*"
 Something has doubtless dropt out here. Weber (after Mason) asserts that
 "no verse was ever thought of"!

^z *the*] Omitted by the modern editors.

^a *quit*] i. e. requite.

^b *perséver*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "persevere;" and so the
 modern editors.

^c *Till*] "i. e. whilst." MASON.

^d *knight*] Theobald gave "good *knight*,"—an addition which he doubtless
 made for the sake of the verse, though his printer left the latter part of this
 speech as prose.

^e *Cleve wars*] "The wars here alluded to were caused by the death of John
 William, duke of Cleves, without heirs, in the year 1609. Juliers, a fortress
 in his dominions, was taken in 1622, by the marquis of Espinola; and the
 final settlement of the dispute was not concluded till the peace of the Pyrenees
 in 1659." WEBER.

I beseech you, let this gentleman join with you
 In the recovery of my keys ; I like
 His good beginning, sir : the whilst, I'll pray
 For both your worships.

Y. Love. He shall, sir.

More. Shall we go, noble knight ? I would fain be acquainted.

Y. Love. I'll be your servant, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A room in the Lady's house.*

Enter ELDER LOVELESS and LADY.

E. Love. Faith, my sweet lady, I have caught you now,
 Maugre your subtilties and fine devices.
 Be coy again now.

Lady. Prithee, sweetheart, tell true.

E. Love. By this light,
 By all the pleasures I have had this night,
 By your lost maiden-head, you are cozen'd merely^f ;
 I have cast^g beyond your wit : that gentlewoman^h
 Is your retainer Welford.

Lady. It cannot be so.

E. Love. Your sister has found it so, or I mistake :
 Mark how she blushes when you see her next.
 Ha, ha, ha ! I shall not travel now ; ha, ha, ha !

Lady. Prithee, sweetheart,
 Be quiet ; thou hast anger'd me at heart.

E. Love. I'll please you soon again.

Lady. Welford !

E. Love. Ay, Welford. He's a young handsome fellow,
 Well-bred, and landed : your sister can instruct you
 In his good parts better than I, by this time.

Lady. Ud's foot, am I fetch'd over thus ?

^f *merely*] i. e. absolutely, completely.

^g *cast*] i. e. devised, plotted.

^h *gentlewoman*] The first 4to "gent." Other eds. (the abbreviation having been misunderstood) "gentleman."

E. Love. Yes, i' faith ;
And over shall be fetch'd again, never fear it.

Lady. I must be patient, though it torture me.
You have got the sun, sir.

E. Love. And the moon too ; in which I'll be the man.

Lady. But had I known this, had I but surmis'd it,
You should have hunted three trains more, before
You had come to the course ;
You should have hank'd o' the bridle, sir, i' faith.

E. Love. I knew it, and min'd with you, and so blew you up.
Now you may see the gentlewoman : stand close.

[*They retire.*

Enter WELFORD in his own apparel, and MARTHA.

Mar. For God's sake, sir, be private in this business ;
You have undone me else. Oh, God, what have I done ?

Wel. No harm, I warrant thee.

Mar. How shall I look upon my friends again ?
With what face ?

Wel. Why, e'en with that ;
'Tis a good one, thou canst not find a better.
Look upon all the faces thou shalt see there,
And you shall find 'em smooth still, fair still, sweet still,
And, to your thinking, honest : those have done
As much as you have yet, or dare do, mistress ;
And yet they keep no stir.

Mar. Good sir, go in, and put your woman's clothes on :
If you be seen thus, I am lost for ever.

Wel. I'll watch you for that, mistress ; I am no fool :
Here will I tarry till the house be up,
And witness with me.

Mar. Good dear friend, go in !

Wel. To bed again, if you please, else I am fix'd here
Till there be notice taken what I am,
And what I have done.
If you could juggle me into my womanhood again,
And so cogⁱ me out of your company,

ⁱ cog] i. e. cheat.

All this would be forsworn, and I again
 An asinego^j, as your sister left me.
 No ; I'll have it known and publish'd : then,
 If you'll be a whore, forsake me, and be sham'd ;
 And, when you can hold out no longer, marry
 Some cast Cleve captain^k, and sell bottle-ale.

Mar. I dare not stay, sir : use me modestly ;
 I am your wife.

Wel. Go in ; I'll make up all.

E. Love. [*coming forward with Lady.*] I'll be a witness of
 your naked truth, sir.—

This is the gentlewoman ; prithee, look upon him ;
 This is he that made me break my faith, sweet ;
 But thank your sister, she hath solder'd it.

Lady. What a dull ass was I, I could not see
 This wench from a wench ! Twenty to one,
 If I had been but tender, like my sister,
 He had served me such a slippery trick too.

Wel. Twenty to one I had.

E. Love. I would have watch'd you, sir, by your good
 patience,
 For ferreting in my ground.

Lady. You have been with my sister ?

Wel. Yes ; to bring^l.

E. Love. An heir into the world, he means.

Lady. There is no chafing now.

Wel. I have had my part on 't ;
 I have been chaf'd this three hours, that's the least :
 I am reasonable cool now.

Lady. Cannot you fare well, but you must cry roast meat ?

Wel. He that fares well, and will not bless the founders^m,

^j *asinego*] i. e. silly fellow, fool. (Referred by lexicographers to *Portug.*)

^k *Cleve captain*] See note, p. 104

^l *Yes ; to bring*] See note, vol. ii. 419. (The modern editors print these words thus, " *Yes ; to bring —*")

^m *bless the founders*] " An allusion to the prayers usually said in catholic countries for the souls of the founders of charities, monasteries, and colleges."

Is either surfeited, or ill taught, lady.
 For mine own part, I have found so sweet a diet,
 I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.

E. Love. How like you this dish, Welford? I made a
 supper on 't,
 And fed so heartily, I could not sleep.

Lady. By this light, had I but scented out your train,
 You had slept with a bare pillow in your arms,
 And kiss'd that, or else the bed-post, for any wife
 You had got this twelvemonth yet: I would have vex'd you
 More than a tir'd post-horse, and been longer bearing
 Than ever after-game at Irish was ⁿ.
 Lord, that I were unmarried again!

E. Love. Lady, I would not undertake you, were you
 Again a haggard ^o, for the best cast ^p of
 Sore ladies ^q i' the kingdom: you were ever
 Tickle-footed, and would not truss ^r round.

Wel. Is she fast?

E. Love. She was all night lock'd here, boy.

ⁿ and been longer bearing

Than ever after-game at Irish was] Irish was a game differing but very little from backgammon: for an account of it, see *The Compleat Gamester*, where we are informed that it "requires a great deal of skill to play it well, especially the *After-game*," p. 109, ed. 1680: "*bearing*," a term of the game, was frequently, as in the present passage, used with a quibble; see Middleton's *Works*, ii. 528, ed. Dyce.

^o a haggard] Means properly a distinct species of hawk: but here, as in other passages of our early writers, it is used merely in the sense of,—a hawk unreclaimed, a wild hawk: "A *Haggard Hawk*, accipiter immansuetus, agrestis." Coles's *Dict.*

^p cast] i. e. couple. The word is common enough in this sense; but I may just notice that the expression "a cast of falcons," meaning—a pair of falcons, occurs in a little poem by Scott, appended to his *Philomythie*, p. 89, ed. 1616.

^q Sore ladies] So the three earliest 4tos. The later 4tos omit "*Sore*;" and are followed by the modern editors. Folio 1679 has "four *ladys*."—"Sore-Hawk is from the first taking of her from the eiry, till she have mewed her feathers." Latham's *Falconry* (*Explan. of Words of Art*), 1658.

^r truss] "*Trussing* is when a Hawk raseth a fowl aloft, and so descendeth down with it to the ground." *Id. ibid.* "To *truss* (in hawking), prædam pennis exuere." Coles's *Dict.* "*Truss the Wing* is when the Hawk keeps them close to her Body." R. Holme's *Ac. of Armory*, 1688, B. ii. p. 241.

Wel. Then you may lure ^s her, without fear of losing :
 Take off her creance ^t.—
 You have a delicate gentlewoman to your sister :
 Lord, what a pretty fury she was in,
 When she perceived I was a man !
 But, I thank God, I satisfied her scruple,
 Without the parson o' the town.

E. Love. What did ye ?

Wel. Madam, can you tell what we did ?

E. Love. She has a shrewd guess at it, I see by her ^u.

Lady. Well, you may mock us : but, my large gentle-
 woman,
 My Mary Ambree ^v, had I but seen into you,
 You should have had another bed-fellow,
 Fitter a great deal for your itch.

Wel. I thank you, lady ;

Methought it was well. You are so curious !

E. Love. Get on your doublet ; here comes my brother.

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS, his Wife, MORECRAFT, SAVIL, and
 Serving-men ^w.

Y. Love. Good morrow, brother ; and all good to your lady !

More. God save you, and good morrow to you all !

E. Love. Good morrow.—Here 's a poor brother of yours.

Lady. Fie, how this shames me !

^s *lure*] “*Lure* is that whereto Faulconers call their young Hawks, by casting it up in the aire, being made of feathers and leather, in such wise that in the motion it looks not unlike a fowl.” Latham’s *Faulconry* (*Explan. of Words of Art*).

^t *creance*] Old eds. “cranes.”—“*Creance* is a fine small long line of strong and even twound Packthread, which is fastened to the Hawks Leash, when shee is first lured.” *Id. ibid.*

^u *I see by her*] So the first 4to. Other eds. “*I see it by her ;*” and so the modern editors,—Weber absurdly giving the words thus, “*I see it by her—*”

^v *Mary Ambree*] See in Percy’s *Rel. of An. Engl. Poet.*, vol. ii., the ballad entitled “*The valorous acts performed at Gaunt [i. e. Ghent] by the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lovers death did play her part most gallantly.*” This exploit, not recorded in history, appears to have been performed about 1584. She is several times mentioned by B. Jonson.

^w *Serving-men*] Old eds. “two *Serving-men*” : but Morecraft presently gives money to more than two.

More. Prithee, good fellow, help me to a cup of beer.

First Serv. I will, sir. [Exit.

Y. Love. Brother, what make^v you here? will this lady do?
Will she? is she not nettled still?

E. Love. No, I have cur'd her.—

Master Welford, pray, know this gentleman; he's^w my brother.

Wel. Sir, I shall long to love him.

Y. Love. I shall not be your debtor, sir.—But how is't
with you?

E. Love. As well as may be, man: I am married.

Your new acquaintance hath her sister; and all 's well.

Y. Love. I am glad on't.—Now, my pretty lady sister,
How do you find my brother?

Lady. Almost as wild as you are.

Y. Love. He'll make the better husband: you have tried
him?

Lady. Against my will, sir.

Y. Love. He'll make your will amends soon, do not doubt it.—
But, sir, I must intreat you to be better known
To this converted Jew here.

Re-enter First Serving-man, with beer.

First Serv. Here 's beer for you, sir.

More. And here 's for you an angel^x.

Pray, buy no land; 'twill never prosper, sir.

E. Love. How 's this?

Y. Love. Bless you^y, and then I'll tell. He 's turn'd
gallant.

E. Love. Gallant!

Y. Love. Ay, gallant, and is now call'd Cutting^z Morecraft:
The reason I'll inform you at more leisure.

Wel. Oh, good sir, let me know him presently.

^v *make*] Theobald gave the misprint of folio 1679, "makes": see note, p. 73.

^w *he's*] The first five 4tos have "is" with a comma preceding it. Folio 1679 has "is" without the comma. The 4to of 1651 reads "he is;" and so Theobald.

^x *angel*] See note, p. 59.

^y *Bless you*] "Means, Bless yourself." MASON.

^z *Cutting*] i. e. Swaggering, Ruffling.

Y. Love. You shall hug one another.

More. Sir, I must keep you company.

E. Love. And reason.

Y. Love. Cutting Morecraft,

Faces about^a; I must present another.

More. As many as you will, sir; I am for 'em.

Wel. Sir, I shall do you service.

More. I shall look for 't, in good faith, sir.

E. Love. Prithee, good sweetheart, kiss him.

Lady. Who? that fellow!

Sav. Sir, will it please you to remember me?

My keys, good sir!

Y. Love. I'll do it presently.

E. Love. Come, thou shalt kiss him for our sport-sake.

Lady. Let him come on, then; and, do you hear, do not
Instruct me in these tricks, for you may repent it.

E. Love. That at my peril.—Lusty Master Morecraft,
Here is a lady would salute you.

More. She shall not lose her longing, sir. What is she?

E. Love. My wife, sir.

More. She must be, then, my mistress.

[*Kisses her.*]

Lady. Must I, sir?

E. Love. Oh, yes, you must.

More. And you must take

This ring, a poor pawn of some fifty pound.

E. Love. Take it, by any means; 'tis lawful prize.

Lady. Sir, I shall call you servant.

More. I shall be proud on 't.—What fellow's that?

Y. Love. My lady's coachman.

More. There's something, my friend, for you to buy whips;
And for you, sir; and you, sir.

[*Gives money to the Servants.*]

E. Love. Under a miracle, this is the strangest
I ever heard of.

More. What, shall we play, or drink? what shall we do?
Who will hunt with me for a hundred pounds?

^a *Faces about*] i. e. wheel, turn round: see note, vol. ii. 220.

Wel. Stranger and stranger !—Sir, you shall find sport
After a day or two.

Y. Love. Sir, I have a suit unto you,
Concerning your old servant Savil.

E. Love. Oh, for his keys ; I know it.

Sav. Now, sir, strike in.

More. Sir, I must have you grant me.

E. Love. 'Tis done, sir.—Take your keys again :
But hark you, Savil ; leave off the motions
Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze again :
I'll try you once more.

Sav. If ever I be taken drunk or whoring,
Take off the biggest key i' the bunch, and open
My head with it, sir.—I humbly thank your worships.

E. Love. Nay, then, I see we must keep holiday :

Enter ROGER and ABIGAIL.

Here's the last couple in hell^b.

Rog. Joy be amongst you all !

Lady. Why, how now, sir,
What is the meaning of this emblem ?

Rog. Marriage,
An't like your worship.

Lady. Are you married ?

Rog. As well as the next priest could do it, madam.

E. Love. I think the sign's in Gemini, here's such coupling.

^b *the last couple in hell*] “An allusion to the game of barley-break. The following description is from Mr. Gifford's valuable edition of Massinger. ‘It was played by six people, (three of each sex,) who were coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the middle one was called hell. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division, to catch the others who advanced from the two extremities ; in which case a change of situation took place, and hell was filled by the couple who were excluded, by pre-occupation, from the other places : in this ‘catching,’ however, there was some difficulty, as, by the regulations of the game, the middle couple were not to separate before they had succeeded, while the others might break hands whenever they found themselves hard pressed. When all had been taken in turn, the last couple was said *to be in hell*, and the game ended.’ Vol. i. 104. ed. 1813.” WEBER. The above description of the game is chiefly derived from a poem in Sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia*.

Wel. Sir Roger, what will you take to lie from your sweetheart to-night ?

Rog. Not the best benefice in your worship's gift, sir.

Wel. A whoreson, how he swells !

Y. Love. How many times to-night, Sir Roger ?

Rog. Sir, you grow scurrilous. What I shall do, I shall do : I shall not need your help.

Y. Love. For horse-flesh, Roger.

E. Love. Come, prithee, be not angry ; 'tis a day Given wholly to our mirth.

Lady. It shall be so, sir. Sir Roger and his bride, We shall intreat to be at our charge.

E. Love. Welford, get you to the church : by this light, You shall not lie with her again till you 're married.

Wel. I am gone.

More. To every bride I dedicate, this day,
Six healths a-piece ; and, it shall go hard,
But every one a jewel. Come, be mad, boys !

E. Love. Thou 'rt in a good beginning.—Come, who leads ?—
Sir Roger, you shall have the van : lead^c the way.—
Would every dogged wench had such a day ! [*Exeunt.*

^c *van : lead*] The two latest 4tos, "*van*, and *lead*" ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.



THE COXCOMB.



THE COXCOMB.

The Coxcombe.

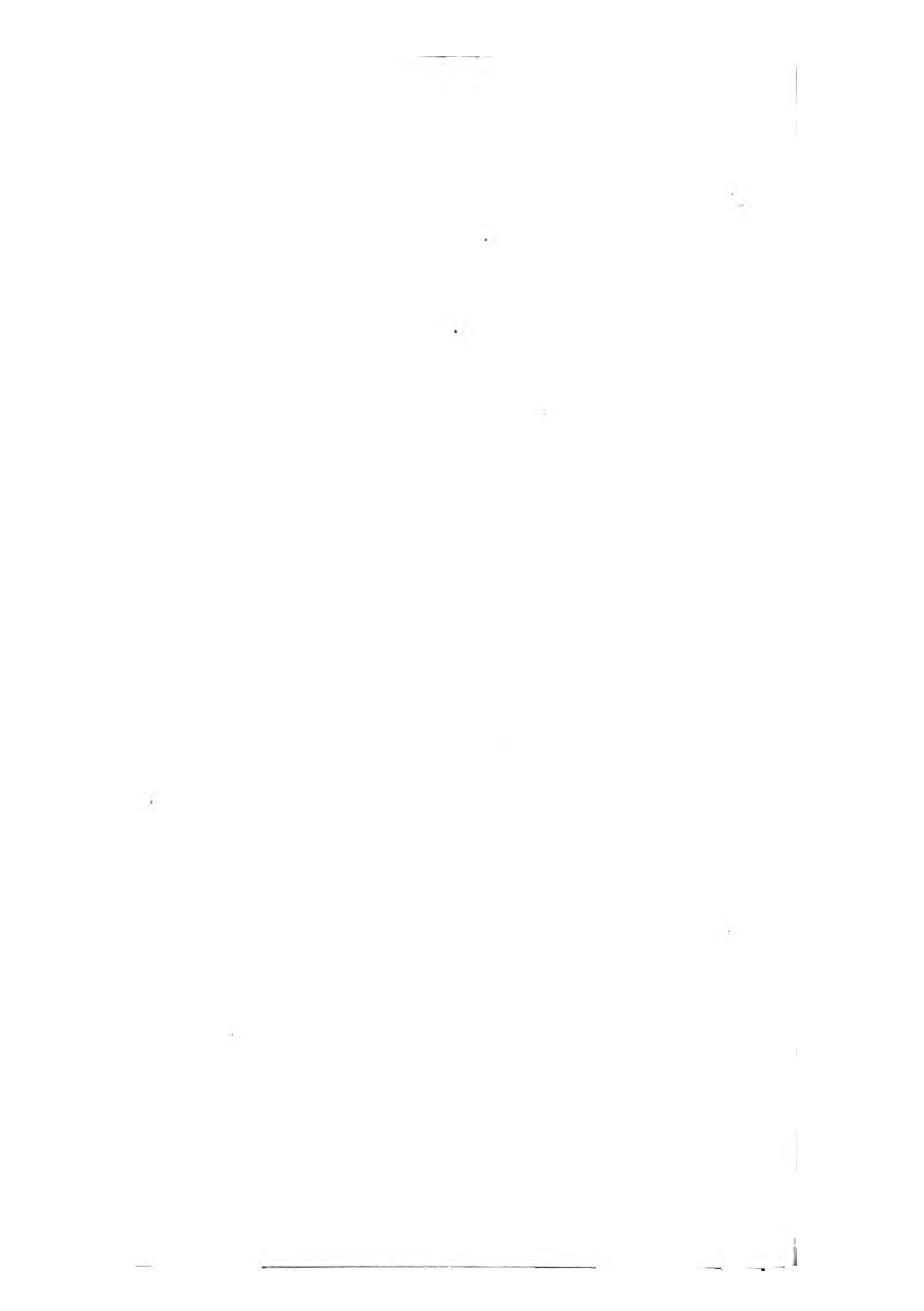
In the folios, 1647, 1679.

ACCORDING to Oldys (MS. note in Langbaine's *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 208), *The Coxcomb* was "Acted by Philip Rosseter & the Children of the Queens Revells in 1613 [altered from "1612"] for w^{ch} they had Ten Pounds." This statement is doubtless made on good authority: but that it refers to the original production of the play, as Weber and others seem to suppose, appears to me by no means certain.

There is every reason to believe that this comedy was the joint-work of Beaumont and Fletcher.

From the prologue spoken at a revival of the play, long after its original appearance on the stage, we learn that when it was first produced, "in the opinion of men of worth it was well received and favoured, though some among the ignorant multitude condemned it for its length." The revival in question is, I presume, that mentioned in a list of "Playes acted before the Kinge and Queene" in 1636; "The 17th of November at Hampton Courte *the Coxcombe*": see Mr. P. Cunningham's *Introd. to Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court, &c.* (printed for the Shakespeare Society), p. xxiv.

This comedy, says Langbaine, "was reviv'd at the Theatre Royal, the Prologue being spoken by Jo. Haines." *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 208. The Editors of 1778 remark, "We do not know of any performance of it since that time."

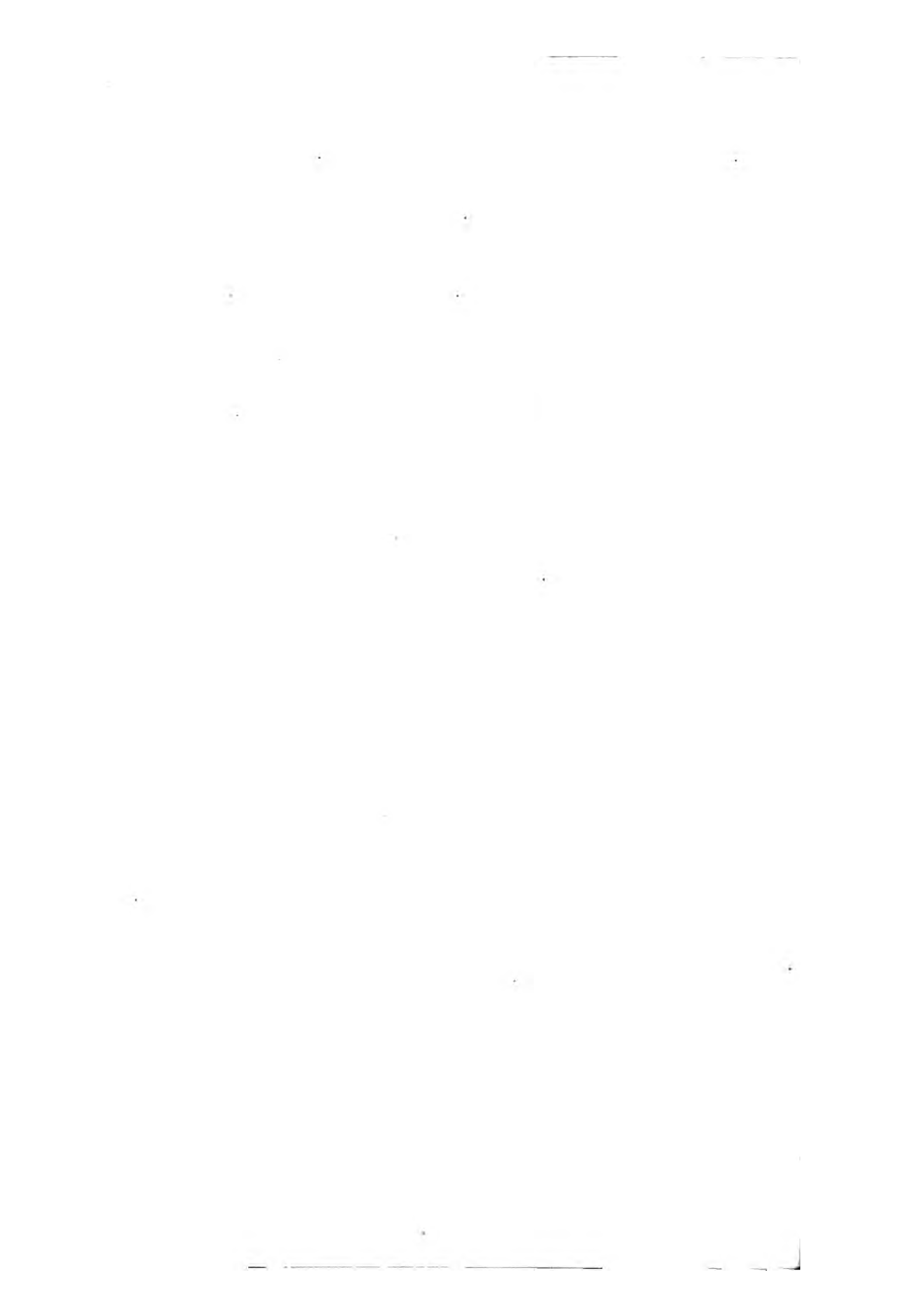


PROLOGUE^a.

THIS comedy, long forgot, by some thought dead,
By us preserv'd, once more doth raise her head,
And to your noble censures^b does present
Her outward form and inward ornament.
Nor let this smell of arrogance, since 'tis known,
The makers, that confess'd it for their own,
Were this way skilful, and, without the crime
Of flatteries, I may say did please the time.
The work itself too, when it first came forth,
In the opinion of men of worth,
Was well receiv'd and favour'd, though some rude
And harsh among the ignorant multitude
(That relish gross food better than a dish
That's cook'd with care, and serv'd in to the wish
Of curious palates), wanting wit and strength
Truly to judge, condemn'd it for the length.
That fault's reform'd; and now 'tis to be tried
Before such judges, 'twill not be denied
A free and noble hearing; nor fear I
But 'twill deserve to have free liberty,
And give you cause (and with content) to say,
Their care was good that did revive this play.

^a *Prologue*] Found only in the second folio.—What is presently said about the play having been curtailed, must not be understood as applying to the text of it which we now possess in the two folios, and which there is no reason to suppose has been mutilated; but to the copy which was prepared for the revival at which this Prologue was spoken (see prefatory remarks), after the decease of the authors.

^b *censures*] i. e. opinions, judgments.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<p>ANTONIO.</p> <p>MERCURY, his friend and fellow-traveller.</p> <p>RICARDO.</p> <p>UBERTO, } PEDRO, } his friends. SILVIO, }</p> <p>ANDRUGIO, father to VIOLA.</p> <p>VALERIO.</p> <p>CURIO.</p> <p>Justice.</p> <p>ALEXANDER.</p> <p>MARK.</p> <p>ROWLAND.</p>	<p>Tinker.</p> <p>Drawer.</p> <p>Constable.</p> <p>Watchmen.</p> <p>Musicians.</p> <p>Gentlemen, Servants.</p> <p>MARIA, wife to ANTONIO.</p> <p>VIOLA, daughter to ANDRUGIO.</p> <p>Mother to MERCURY.</p> <p>NAN.</p> <p>MADGE.</p> <p>DOROTHY.</p> <p>PORTIA, and Ladies.</p>
--	---

The principal actors were—

Nathan Field,	Joseph Taylor,
Giles Gary,	Emanuel Read,
Rich. Allen,	Hugh Atawell,
Robert Benfeild,	Will. Barcksted.

Fol. 1679^a.

* In the folio of 1679 (which alone has the *Dramatis Personæ* of this play), the list of actors is preceded by "*The Scene, England, France.*" Sympson printed "*Scene, England,*" with the following note; "As the scene never changes from England through the whole play, and, as I remember, the word *France* does not occur above once in this piece, I have made no scruple to expel and explode what never possibly could have stood in the authors' manuscript." So too the Editors of 1778. Weber gave, "*Scene, London, and the Country.*"

To make England the scene of this comedy, while (to say nothing of other names) the personage from whom it derives its title is in one place called "*Don Antonio*" (Act ii. sc. 3), seems not a little absurd. In spite of the confusion of names and manners, I should have been inclined to fix the scene in Spain, had I not found that MERCURY, when questioned by his mother "what countries have you travell'd?" replies,

"Why, many, mother, as they lay before me ;
 France, Spain, Italy, and Germany," &c.—Act iv. sc. 4.

After all, however, the authors may have intended the scene to lie in England : perhaps they borrowed a portion of this play from some Spanish drama, and neglected to substitute English names for the foreign ones of the original,

THE COXCOMB^a.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Before the house of ANTONIO.*

Enter RICARDO and VIOLA.

Ric. Let us make use of this stoln privacy,
And not lose time in protestation, mistress ;
For 'twere in me a kind of breach of faith
To say again, I love you.

Viola. Sweet, speak softly ;
For, though the venture of your love to me
Meets with a willing and a full return,
Should it arrive unto my father's knowledge,
This were our last discourse.

Ric. How shall he know it ?

Viola. His watching cares are such for my advancement,
That every where his eye is fix'd upon me :
This night, that does afford us some small freedom,
At the request and much entreaty of
The mistress of the house, was hardly given me ;
For I am never suffer'd to stir out,
But he hath spies upon me. Yet, I know not,—
You have so won upon me, that, could I think

^a *The Coxcomb*] "The title of this play should not be understood in the sense the word coxcomb now bears, but simply in that of *fool* ; the term being derived from the cock's comb, which generally surmounted the caps of domestic fools, and which was one of their principal insignia." WEBER.

You would love faithfully, (though to entertain
Another thought of you would be my death,)
I should adventure on his utmost anger.

Ric. Why, do you think I can be false?

Viola. No, faith,

You have an honest face ; but, if you should—

Ric. Let all the storèd vengeance of Heaven's justice—

Viola. No more ; I do believe you. The dance ended,
Which this free woman's guests have vow'd to have
Ere they depart, I will make home, and store me
With all the jewels, chains, and gold are trusted
Unto my custody ; and at the next corner
To my father's house, before one, at the farthest,
Be ready to receive me.

Ric. I desire

No bond beyond your promise. Let's go in :
To talk thus much before the door may breed
Suspicion.

Enter MERCURY and ANTONIO.

Viola. Here are company too.

Ric. Away !

Those powers that prosper true and honest loves
Will bless our undertakings.

Viola. 'Tis my wish, sir.

[*Exeunt RICARDO and VIOLA.*

Merc. Nay, sir, excuse me. I have drawn you to
Too much expense already in my travel ;
And you have been too forward in your love,
To make my wants your own : allow me manners ;
Which you must grant I want, should I increase
The bond in which your courtesies have tied me,
By still consuming you^b. Give me leave
To take mine own ways now ; and I shall often
With willingness come to visit you, and then thank you.

Ant. By this hand, I could be angry. What do you think me?
Must we, that have so long time been as one,

^b *consuming you*] The modern editors print "*consuming of you.*"

Seen cities, countries, kingdoms, and their wonders,
 Been bed-fellows, and in our various journey
 Mix'd all our observations, part (as if
 We were two carriers at two several ways,
 And, as the fore-horse guides, cry, God be with you!)
 Without or compliment or ceremony?
 In travellers that know transalpine garbs,
 Though our designs are ne'er so serious, friend,
 It were a capital crime; it must not be;
 Nay, what is more, you shall not: you, ere long,
 Shall see my house, and find what I call mine
 Is wholly at your service.

Merc. 'Tis this tires me.—

[*Aside.*

Sir, I were easily woo'd, if nothing else
 But my will lay in the choice; but 'tis not so:
 My friends and kindred, that have part of me,
 And such on whom my chiefest hopes depend,
 Justly expect the tender of my love
 After my travel; then mine own honesty
 Tells me 'tis poor, having indifferent means
 To keep me in my quality and rank,
 At my return, to tire another's bounty,
 And let mine own grow lusty. Pardon me.

Ant. I will not, cannot; to conclude, I dare not:
 Can any thing conferr'd upon my friend
 Be burthensome to me? For this excuse,
 Had I no reason else, you should not leave me;
 By a traveller's faith, you should not. I have said;
 And then, you know my humour, there's no contending.

Merc. Is there no way to scape this inundation?
 I shall be drown'd with folly, if I go;
 And, after nine days, men may take me up
 With my gall broken.

[*Aside.*

Ant. Are you yet resolv'd?

Merc. Would you would spare me!

Ant. By this light, I cannot;
 By all that may be sworn by.

Merc. Patience help me,
 And Heaven grant his folly be not catching !
 If it be, the town 's undone. I now would give
 A reasonable sum of gold to any sheriff
 That would but lay an execution on me,
 And free me from his company. While he was abroad,
 His want of wit and language kept him dumb ;
 But Balaam's ass will speak now without spurring. [*Aside.*
Ant. Speak, have I won you ?
Merc. You are not to be resisted.

Enter Servant and Musicians.

Serv. Be ready, I entreat you. The dance done,
 Besides a liberal reward, I have
 A bottle of sherry in my power shall beget
 New crotchets in your heads.

First Mus. Tush, fear not us ;
 We 'll do our parts.

Serv. Go in.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

Ant. I know this fellow.—
 Belong you to the house ?

Serv. I serve the mistress.

Ant. Pretty and short.—Pray you, sir, then inform her
 Two gentlemen are covetous to be honour'd
 With her fair presence.

Serv. She shall know so much.
 This is a merry night with us, and forbid[s] not
 Welcome to any that looks like a man :
 I 'll guide you the way.

Ant. Nay, follow ; I have a trick in 't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An apartment in ANTONIO'S house.*

Enter UBERTO, SILVIO, RICARDO, MARIA, PEDRO, PORTIA, VIOLA,
and other Ladies and Gentlemen ; Musicians, and Attendants.

Uber. Come, where 's this masque^c? Fairest, for our cheer,
Our thanks and service: may you long survive
To joy in many of these nights !

Maria. I thank you.

Uber. We must have music too ; or else you give us
But half a welcome.

Maria. Pray you, sir, excuse me.

Silvio. By no means, lady.

Uber. We 'll crown your^d liberal feast
With some delightful strain, fitting your love
And this good company.

Maria. Since you enforce it,
I will not plead the excuse of want of skill,

^c *where 's this masque?*] From these words Sympson concludes that a masque was exhibited here, which "the curtailer" of the comedy has omitted : he also supposes that the song, which Maria presently consents to sing, has been left out ; and remarks that we have afterwards a dance without music, though it is clear that the musicians were in the house. The Editors of 1778 think that we possess the scene entire ; that the masque was "only an antic dance ;" that Maria, when about to sing, is stopt by the entrance of the Servant ; and that the dance must have been without music, otherwise the dialogue, which takes place during it, could not have been heard. Mason observes that the masque here intended is not a dramatic performance, but a masqued ball ; that Maria's song is prevented by the announcement of the two gentlemen ; and that music does not hinder conversation between those who are not engaged in the dance. Weber is inclined to suppose that Maria's song was actually sung, and that "according to the usual practice of the first folio," it has been omitted.

A speech of Viola in the preceding scene,—

" The dance ended,
Which this free woman's guests have vow'd to have
Ere they depart, I will make home," &c.,

shews that no dramatic entertainment was thought of here. That a song sung by Maria has been omitted, is not unlikely.

^d *your*] The second folio "our ;" and so Sympson. A friend proposes to read "Well, crown," &c. ;—wrongly, I think.

Or be or nice or curious^c : every year
I celebrate my marriage-night, and will
Till I see my absent husband.

Uber. 'Tis fit freedom.

Silvio. Ricardo, thou art dull.

Enter First Servant.

Ric. I shall be lighter
When I have had a heat.

Maria. Now, sir, the news ?

First Serv. Mistress,
There are two gentlemen——

Maria. Where ?

First Serv. Complimenting
Who should first enter.

Maria. What are they ?

First Serv. Heaven knows :
But for their strangeness—have you never seen
A cat wash her face ?

Uber. Yes.

First Serv. Just such a stir they keep :
If you make but haste, you may see 'em yet
Before they enter.

Maria. Let 'em be what they will,
We'll give^f them fair entertain and gentle welcome. [*A dance.*]

Enter ANTONIO and MERCURY.

Ant. It shall be so.

Merc. Then let it be your pleasure.

Ant. Let 's stand aside, and you shall see us have
Fine sport anon.

Merc. A fair society.

Do you know these gentlewomen ?

Ant. Yes.

Merc. What are they ?

^c *curious*] i. e. scrupulous.

^f *We'll give*] The second folio "I'll keep." Both folios, by mistake, prefix
"Mer." to this speech ; and so Sympson.

Ant. The second is a neighbour's daughter, her name's
Viola:

There is my kinsman's wife, Portia her name,
And a friend too.

Merc. Let her—^ε.

What's she that leads the dance?

First Serv. A gentlewoman.

Merc. I see that.

First Serv. Indeed!

Merc. What?

First Serv. A gentlewoman.

Merc. 'Udsfoot!—Good sir, what's she that leads the
dance?

Sec. Serv. My mistress.

Merc. What else?

Sec. Serv. My mistress, sir.

Merc. Your mistress! a pox on you!—

What a fry of fools are here! I see 'tis treason
To understand in this house: if nature were not
Better to them than they can be to themselves,
They would scant hit their mouths. My mistress!
Is there any one with so much wit in's head,
That can tell me at the first sight what gentlewoman
That is that leads the dance?

Ant. 'Tis my wife.

Merc. Hum.

Ant. How dost thou like her?

Merc. Well; a pretty gentlewoman.

Ant. Prithee, be quiet.

Merc. I would I could!

Let never any hereafter that's a man,
That has affections in him and free passions,
Receive the least tie from such a fool as this is,
That holds so sweet a wife!
'Tis lamentable to consider, truly,

^ε *Let her—*] This break in the old eds. indicates certainly the omission of some words. The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "Let her."

What right he robs himself of, and what wrong
 He doth the youth of such a gentlewoman,
 That knows her beauty is no longer hers
 Than men will please to make it so, and use it,
 Neither of which lies freely in a husband.
 Oh, what have I done, what have I done? Coxcomb!
 If I had never seen, or never tasted,
 The goodness of this kix^h, I had been a made manⁱ;
 But now to make [him] a^k cuckold is a sin
 Against all forgiveness, worse than a^l murder:
 I have a wolf by the ears, and am bitten both ways. [Aside.]

Ant. How now, friend? what are you thinking of?

Merc. Nothing concerning you: I must be gone.

Ant. Pardon me, I'll have no going, sir.

Merc. Then, good sir, give me leave to go to bed;

I am very weary and ill tempered.

Ant. You shall presently; the dance is done.

First Serv. Mistress, these are the gentlemen.

Maria. My husband! welcome home^m, dear sir!

Merc. She's fair still:

Oh, that I were a knave, or durst be one,

For thy sake, coxcomb!

He that invented honesty undid me. [Aside.]

Ant. I thought you had not known me. You're merry:
 'tis well thought.—

And how is't with these worthy gentlemen?

Uber. and Silvio. We are glad to see you here again.

Ant. Oh, gentlemen, what ha' you lost?

But get you into travels; there you may learn,—

I cannot say what hidden virtues.

^h *kix*]—Written also *kex*, see vol. ii. 329,—is a dry stalk (properly of hemlock).

ⁱ *a made man*] i. e. a fortunate man,—a man whose fortune is made.

^k *a*] Altered by the modern editors to "him:" but the latter word has evidently dropt out.

^l *a*] The modern editors print "any."

^m *My husband! welcome home*] The first folio, "*My husband will come home.*" The second folio, "*My husband's welcome home.*"

Merc. Hidden from you, I am sure.
My blood boils like a furnace : she's a fair one. [*Aside.*

Ant. Pray, entertain this gentleman with all
The courtesy fitting my most especial friend.

Maria. What this poor house may yield, to make you
welcome,

Dear sir, command, without more compliment.

Merc. I thank you.—She is wise, and speaks well too :
Oh, what a blessing is gone by me, ne'er
To be recover'd ! Well, 'twas an old shame
The devil laid up for me, and now h'as hit me home.
If there be any ways to be dishonest,
And save myself yet—no, it must not be :
Why should I be a fool too ?—yet those eyes
Would tempt another Adam : how they call to me,
And tell me—'sfoot, they shall not tell me any thing !—
[*Aside.*

Sir, will you walk in ?

Ant. How is't, signior ?

Merc. Crazy a little.

Maria. What ail you, sir ? what's in my power, pray,
Make use of, sir.

Merc. 'Tis that must do me good :
She does not mock me, sure. [*Aside.*] —An't please you,
nothing ;

My disease is only weariness.

Uber. Come, gentlemen ;—

We will not keep you from your beds too long.

Ric. I ha' some business, and 'tis late, and you
Far from your lodging.

Silvio. Well.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONIO, MARIA, and MERCURY.*

Ant. Come, my dear Mercury,
I'll bring you to your chamber :—and then I am
For you, Maria ; thou art a new wife to me now,
And thou shalt find it ere I sleep.

Merc. And I
An old ass to myself ; mine own rod whips me.— [*Aside.*

Good sir, no more of this; 'tis tedious :
You are the best guide in your own house ; go, sir.

[*Exeunt* ANTONIO and MARIA.]

This fool and his fair wife have made me frantic :
From two such physicks for the soul, deliver me ! [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*A street.*

Enter RICARDO, UBERTO, PEDRO, and SILVIO.

Uber. Well, you must have this wench, then ?

Ric. I hope so ;

I am much o' the bow-hand else^m.

Pedro. Would I were hang'd,

'Tis a good loving little fool, that dares venture
Herself upon a coast she never knew yet !

But these women,

When they are once thirteen, God speed the plough !

Silvio. Faith, they'll venture further for their lading than
a merchantⁿ,

And through as many storms, but they'll be fraughted ;
They are made like carracks^o, only strength and storage^p.

Ric. Come, come, you talk, you talk !

Silvio. We do so. But,

Tell me, Ricardo, wo't thou marry her ?

Ric. Marry her ! why, what should I do with her ?

Pedro. Pox, I thought we should have had all shares in her,
Like lawful prize.

Ric. No, by my faith, sir ; you shall pardon me :
I launch'd her at my own charge, without partners,
And so I'll keep her.

^m *I am much o' the bow-hand.*] "That is, on the left hand, in which the bow was held." WEBER The *bow-hand* was, as Weber says, the left hand ; but *to be much o' the bow-hand* means, to have your arrow fall much on the left hand of the mark at which you shoot,—an expression often used, as here, metaphorically.

ⁿ *merchant*] i. e. merchant-man, ship of trade.

^o *carracks*] i. e. large ships of burden, galleons.

^p *storage*] Altered by the modern editors to "stowage."

Uber. What's the hour?

Ric. Twelve.

Uber. What shall we do the while? 'tis yet scarce eleven.

Silvio. There's no standing here; is not this the place?

Ric. Yes.

Pedro. And to go back

Unto her father's house may breed suspicion :

Let's slip into a tavern for an hour ;

'Tis very cold.

Uber. Content; there is one hard by.

A quart of burnt sack^a will recover us ;

I am as cold as Christmas. This stealing flesh

In the frosty weather may be sweet i' the eating,

But sure the woodmen^r have no great catch on 't.

Shall 's go ?

Ric. Thou art the strangest lover of

A tavern : what shall we do there now ? lose

The hour and ourselves too ?

Uber. Lose a pudding !

What dost thou talk of the hour ? will one quart muzzle us ?

Have we not ears to hear, and tongues to ask

The drawers, but we must stand here like bawds

To watch the minutes ?

Silvio. Prithee, content thyself^s.

We shall scout here, as though we went a-haying^t,

And have some mangy 'prentice, that cannot sleep

For scratching, overhear us.—Come, will you go, sirs ?—

When your love-fury is a little frozen,

You 'll come to us.

Ric. Will you drink but one quart, then ?

Pedro. No more, i' faith.

^a *burnt sack*] " We should now say *mulled sack*," &c. WEBER.

^r *woodmen*] Compare a passage, vol. ii. 32.

^s *Prithee, content thyself*] " Probably this belongs to Ricardo, and ' *We shall scout here*,' &c. to Silvio." SYMPSON.

^t *went a-haying*] i. e. went rabbit-snaring : the net used for that purpose was called a *hay*. In Richardson's *Dict.* the present passage is improperly cited under *Hay*—dried grass.

Silvio. Content.

Ric. Why, then, have with you : but let 's be very watchful.

Uber. As watchful as the bellman. Come ; I 'll lead,
Because I hate good manners ; they are too tedious. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Entrance-hall in ANDRUGIO's house.*

Enter VIOLA with a key and a little casket.

Vio. The night is terrible, and I enclos'd
With that my virtue and myself hate most,
Darkness ; yet must I fear that which I wish,
Some company ; and every step I take
Sounds louder in my fearful ears to-night
Than ever did the shrill and sacred bell
That rang me to my prayers. The house will rise
When I unlock the door. Were it by day,
I am bold enough ; but then a thousand eyes
Warn me from going. Might not God have made
A time for envious prying folk to sleep,
Whilst lovers met, and yet the sun have shone ?
Yet I was bold enough to steal this key
Out of my father's chamber ; and dare yet
Venture upon mine enemy, the night,
Arm'd only with my love, to meet my friend.
Alas, how valiant and how 'fraid at once
Love makes a virgin ! I will throw this key
Back through a window. I had^s wealth enough
In jewels with me, if I hold his love
I steal 'em for. Farewell my place of birth !
I never make account to look on thee again ;
And if there be, as I have heard men say,
These household gods, I do beseech them look
To this, my charge ; bless it from thieves and fire,
And keep, till happily my love I win,
Me from thy door, and hold my father in !

[*Unlocks the door and exit.*]

^s *had*] The modern editors print "have."

SCENE V.—*A room in a tavern.*

Enter RICARDO, PEDRO, UBERTO, SILVIO, and Drawer with a candle.

Ric. No more, for God-sake!—How is the night, boy?

Drawer. Faith, sir, 'tis very late.

Uber. Faith, sir, you lie: is this your Jack i' the clock-house^t?

Will you strike, sir? gi'e's some more sack, you varlet.

Ric. Nay, if you love me, good Uber, go:

I am monstrous-hot with wine.

Uber. Quench it again with love.

Gentlemen, I will drink one health more, and then,

If my legs say me not shamefully nay,

I will go with you.—Give me a singular quart.

Drawer. Of what wine, sir?

Uber. Of sack, you that speak confusion at the bar,
Of sack, I say, and every one his quart!

What a devil, let's be merry!

Drawer. You shall, sir.

Pedro. We will, sir; and a dried tongue.

Silvio. And an olive, boy, and a whole bunch of fiddlers.—
[*Exit Drawer.*

My head swims plaguily! 'uds precious, I shall be claw'd.

Re-enter Drawer with four quarts of wine

Ric. Pray, go; I can drink no more: think on your promise;
'Tis midnight, gentlemen.

Uber. Oh, that it were dumb midnight now! not a word more; every man on 's knees^u, and betake himself to his saint. Here 's to your wench, signior. All this, and then away.

^t *Jack i' the clock-house*] Means—the figure that in old public clocks struck the bell on the outside. The “Jacks” at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-Street have been removed only within these few years.

^u *every man on 's knees, &c.*] To kneel while they drank the healths of their mistresses, was a common custom among gallants, and is alluded to in innumerable passages of our early dramas.

Ric. I cannot drink it.

Pedro. 'Tis a toy, a toy; away wi't^v.

Uber. Now dare I speak any thing to any body living. Come, where 's the fault? off with it.

Ric. I have broke my wind. Call you this sack? I wonder who made it: he was a sure workman, for 'tis plaguy strong work. Is it gone round?

Uber. 'Tis at the last.—Out of my way, good boy: is the moon up yet?

Drawer. Yes, sir.

Uber. Where is she, boy?

Drawer. There, sir.

Uber. We shall have rain and thunder, boy.

Drawer. When, sir?

Uber. I cannot tell; but sure we shall, boy.

Drawer. The gentleman is wine-wise.

[*Aside.*

Uber. Drawer!

Drawer. Here, sir.

Uber. Can you procure?

Drawer. What, sir?

Uber. A whore, or two, or three, as need shall serve, boy?

Silvio. Ay, a good whore were worth money, boy.

Drawer. I protest, sir, we are altogether unprovided.

Ric. The more 's the pity, boy; can you not 'vise us where, my child?

Drawer. Neither, in troth, sir^w.

Pedro. Why, where were you brought up, boy?

No inkling^x of a whore? no aim, my boy?

Uber. It cannot sink in my head now that thou shouldst marry; why shouldst thou marry, tell me?

Ric. I marry! I'll be hang'd first.—Some more wine, boy!

Silvio. Is she not a whore translated? an she be, let's repair to her.

Ric. I cannot tell; she may be an offender:

^v *wi't*] Both the folios "wo't."

^w *Drawer. Neither, in troth, sir.*] So the second folio. Not in the first folio.

^x *inkling*] So the second folio. The first folio "jugling."

But, signior Silvio, I shall scratch your head;
Indeed I shall.

Silvio. Judge me, I do
But^y jest with thee. What an she were inverted,
With her heels upward like a traitor's coat,
What care I?

Uber. Ay, hang her! shall we fall out for her?

Ric. I am a little angry. But these wenches,—
Did you not talk of wenches?

Silvio. Boy, lend me your candle.

Drawer. Why, sir?

Silvio. To set fire to your rotten ceiling: you'll keep no
whores, rogue, no good members!

Drawer. Whores, sir!

Silvio. Ay, whores, sir; do you think we come to lie with
your hogsheads?

Ric. I must beat the watch; I have longed for't any time
this three weeks.

Silvio. We'll beat the town too, an thou wilt; we are
proof, boy. Shall we kill any body?

Ric. No; but we'll hurt 'em dangerously.

Uber. Silvio^z, now must I kill one; I cannot avoid it.—Boy,
easily afore there with your candle. Where's your mistress?

Drawer. A-bed, sir.

Silvio. With whom?

Drawer. With my master.

Uber. You lie, boy; she's better brought up than to lie
with her husband: has he not cast his head yet? next year
he will be a velvet-headed cuckold^a.

Drawer. You are a merry gentleman. There, sir; take
hold. [*Exeunt.*

^y *But*] So the second folio. The first folio "most."

^z *Silvio*] Is printed in both the folios as if it were a second prefix to the
speech; and perhaps was rightly omitted by Sympson.

^a *a velvet-headed cuckold.*] "I suppose this has a twofold allusion; to the
down upon the horns of deer, and to the velvet caps formerly worn by aldermen
and other magistrates." WEBER.—See note, vol. i. p. 267.

SCENE VI.—*A Street.**Enter VIOLA.*

Viola. This is the place : I have out-told the clock
 For haste ; he is not here.—Ricardo !—No.
 Now, every power that loves and is belov'd
 Keep me from shame to-night ! for all you know
 Each thought of mine is innocent and pure,
 As flesh and blood can hold. I cannot back ;
 I threw the key within : and, ere I raise
 My father up to see his daughter's shame,
 I'll set me down, and tell the northern wind
 That it is gentler than the curling west,
 If it will blow me dead. But he will come.
 I' faith, 'tis cold. If he deceive me thus,
 A woman will not easily trust a man.
 Hark ! what's that ?

Silvio. [*within.*] *Thou'rt over long at thy pot, Tom, Tom ;
 Thou art over long at the pot, Tom.* [*Singing.*]

Viola. Bless me, who's that ?

Pedro. [*within.*] Whoo !

Uber. [*within.*] There, boys !

Viola. Darkness, be thou my cover !—I must fly,—
 To thee I haste for help. They have a light :

Enter RICARDO, PEDRO, UBERTO, SILVIO, and Drawer with a torch.

Wind, if thou lov'st a virgin, blow it out !
 And I will never shut a window more,
 To keep thee from me.

Ric. Boy !

Drawer. Sir ?

Ric. Why, boy !

Drawer. What say you, sir ?

Ric. Why, boy ! art thou drunk, boy ?

Drawer. What would you, sir ?

Ric. Why, very good ; where are we ?

Uber. Ay, that 's the point.

Drawer. Why, sir, you will be at your lodging presently.

Ric. I 'll go to no lodging, boy.

Drawer. Whither will you go, then, sir ?

Ric. I 'll go no farther.

Drawer. For God's sake, sir, do not stay here all night.

Ric. No more I will not, boy ; lay me down, and roll me to
a whore.

Uber. And me.

Pedro. There spoke an—— a

Silvio. *Then set your foot to my foot, and up tails all*^b !

[*Singing.*

Viola. That is Ricardo. What a noise they make !

'Tis ill done on^c 'em [*Aside*].—Here, sirs ! Ricardo !

Ric. What 's that, boy ?

Drawer. 'Tis a wench, sir. Pray, gentlemen, come away.

Viola. Oh, my dear love, how doest thou ?

Ric. Faith^d, sweetheart, even as thou seest.

Pedro. Where 's thy wench ?

Uber. Where 's this bed-worm ?

Viola. Speak softly, for the love of heaven !

Drawer. Mistress, get you gone, and do not entice the gentlemen, now you see they 're drunk, or I 'll call the watch, and lay you fast enough.

Viola. Alas, what are you ? or what do you mean ?—

Sweet love, where 's the place ?

Ric. Marry, sweet love, e'en here: lie down; I 'll feese you.

Viola. Good God, what mean you ?

Pedro. I 'll have the wench.

Uber. If you can get her.

a ——] Some word, or words omitted.

^b *Then set your foot to my foot, and up tails all !*] Is the burthen of the song known by the title of *Up tails all*. It is mentioned in several old plays ; as in Sharpham's *Fleire*,—"Shee euerie day sings *John for the king*, and at *Vp-tailes all* shees perfect." Act iii. sig. F ed. 1610. "The words," says Mr. Chappell, "are in Durfey's *Pills*, vol. iv. p. 177, (edit. of 1719,) where, by a singular mistake, the title and tune of *The Fryer and the Nun*, to which this has no reference, are printed with it." *Nat. English Airs*, ii. 118.

^c on] Altered by the modern editors to "of."

^d *Faith*] So the second folio. The first folio "My."

Silvio. No, I'll lie with the wench to-night, and she shall be yours to-morrow.

Pedro. Let go the wench!

Silvio. Let you go the wench!

Viola. Oh, gentlemen, as you had mothers——

Uber. They had no mothers; they are the sons of bitches.

Ric. Let that be maintained!

Silvio. Marry, then——

Viola. Oh, bless me, heaven!

Uber. How many is there on 's?

Ric. About five.

Uber. Why, then, let's fight, three to three.

Silvio. Content.

[*They draw their swords, thrust at each other, and presently fall down.*]

Drawer. The watch! the watch! the watch! where are you? [Exit.]

Ric. Where are these cowards?

Pedro. There's the whore.

Viola. I never saw a drunken man before;

But these I think are so. [Aside.]

Silvio. Oh!

Pedro. I missed you narrowly there.

Viola. My state is such, I know not how to think

A prayer fit for me; only I could move,

That never maiden more might be in love! [Aside and exit.]

Re-enter Drawer, with Constable, and Watchmen.

First W. Where are they, boy?

Drawer. Make no such haste, sir; they are no runners.

Uber. I am hurt; but that's all one; I shall light upon some of ye. Pedro, thou art a tall gentleman; let me kiss thee.

First W. My friend——

Uber. Your friend! you lie.

Ric. Stand further off! The watch! you are full of fleas.

Const. Gentlemen, either be quiet, or we must make you quiet.

Ric. Nay, good master constable, be not so rigorous!

Uber. Master constable, lend me thy hand of justice.

Const. That I will, sir.

Uber. Fie, master constable, what golls^e you have! Is Justice so blind you cannot^f see to wash your hands? I cry you mercy, sir; your gloves are on.

Drawer. Now you are up, sir, will you go to bed?

Pedro. I'll truckle here, boy; give me another pillow.

Drawer. Will you stand up, and let me lay it on, then?

Pedro. Yes.

Drawer. There; hold him, two of ye. Now they are up, be going, master constable.

Ric. *And this way, and that way, Tom.* [Singing.

Uber. *And here away, and there away, Tom.*

Silvio. *This is the right way, the other's the wrong.*

Pedro. *Th' other's the wrong.*

All Four. *Thou art over long at the pot, Tom, Tom.*

Ric. Lead valiantly, sweet constable!—Whoop! ha, boys!

Const. This wine hunts in their heads.

Ric. Give me the bill^g, for I'll be the sergeant.

Const. Look to him, sirs.

Ric. Keep your ranks, you rascals, keep your ranks!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A hall in ANTONIO'S house, with a gallery.*

Enter MERCURY.

Merc. I cannot sleep for thinking of this ass's wife. I'll be gone presently; there's no staying here, with this devil about me.—Ho!—This is the house of Sleep.—Ho, again, there!—'Sfoot, the darkness and this love together will make me lunatic.—Ho!

^e *golls*] "Was a cant expression for hands." MASON.—Fists, paws.

^f *you cannot*] The first folio "she cannot." The second folio "y' cannot."

^g *bill*] i. e. a sort of pike or halberd with a hooked point, which was the weapon of watchmen in our authors' time, and which had been formerly carried by the English infantry.

Enter Servingman above, unready^h.

Serv. Who calls there ?

Merc. Pray, take the pains to rise, and light a candle.

Serv. Presently. [Exit above.]

Merc. Was ever man but I in such a stocks ?

Well, this shall be a warning to me, and
A fair one too, how I betray myself
To such a dunce, by way of benefit.

Enter Servingman.

Serv. Did you call ?

Merc. Yes : pray, do me the kindness, sir, to let me out,
And not to inquireⁱ why, for I must needs be gone.

Serv. Not to-night, I hope, sir.

Merc. Good sir, to-night ;

I would not have troubled you else : pray, let it be so.

Serv. Alas, sir, my master will be offended !

Merc. That I have business ? no, I warrant you.

Serv. Good sir, take your rest.

Merc. Pray, my good friend, let me appoint my own rest.

Serv. Yes, sir.

Merc. Then shew me the way out ; I'll consider you.

Serv. Good Lord, sir——

Merc. If I had not

An excellent-temper'd patience, now should I break
This fellow's head, and make him understand
'Twere necessary. The only plague
Of this house is the unhandsome love of servants,
That never do their duty in the right place,
But when they muster before dinner,
And sweep the table with a wooden dagger^j,

^h *unready*] " Means undressed." MASON.

ⁱ *not to inquire*] So the first folio. The second folio " *not inquire* " ; and so the modern editors.

^j *But when they muster before dinner,*

And sweep the table with a wooden dagger] " The Editors of 1750 and 1778 despair of explaining this allusion, which is by no means an uncommon

And then they are troublesome, too, to all men's shoulders.—
The woodcock's flush'd again^k; now I shall have
A new stir.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Why, how now, friend? what do you up so late?
Are you well? do you want any thing? pray, speak.

Merc. Only the cause I rise for.

Ant. What knaves are these!—
What do you want?—Why, sirrah!

Merc. Nothing i' the world,
But the keys to let me out of doors; I must be gone:
Be not against it, for you cannot stay me.

Ant. Be gone at this time! that were a merry jest.

Merc. If there be any mirth in 't, make you use on 't;
But I must go.

Ant. Why, for love's sake?

Merc. 'Twill benefit
Your understanding nothing to know the cause.
Pray, go to bed; I'll trouble your man only.

Ant. Nay, sir, you have rais'd more that has reason
To curse you, an you knew all: my wife's up,
And coming down too.

Merc. Alas, it will be a trouble!
Pray, go up to her, and let me disturb no more;
'Tis unmannerly.

one, referring to the ancient custom of scraping away the fragments with a wooden dagger or piece of lath, after meals." WEBER.—The allusion in the second line is doubtless to the sweeping away the relics of the dinner into the voider (see note, vol. i. 27); but there seems to be something wrong, or wanting, in the preceding line. Mason explains the passage—"except when they muster before dinner, and when they clean the table after dinner, &c."—an interpretation which, I think, it will hardly bear. In a MS. note in ed. 1778, Gifford has written, "'before dinner' should be 'after dinner.'"

^k *The woodcock's flush'd again*—*woodcock's*, see note, vol. ii. 421: *flush'd*, i. e. started, sprung. Both the folios have "flesht," which Weber chose to retain. Even in a modern sporting song, we find,

"When a woodcock I flush, or a pheasant I spring."

Enter MARIA, as out of bed.

Ant. She's here already.—

Sweetheart, how say you by this gentleman?
He would away at midnight.

Maria. That I am sure he will not.

Merc. Indeed I must.

Maria. Good sir,

Let not your homely entertainment press you
To leave your bed at midnight: if you want
What my house, or our town^k, may afford you,
Make it your own fault if you call not for it.
Pray, go to bed again; let me compel you:
I am sure you have no power to deny a woman.
The air is piercing;
And to a body beaten with long travel
'Twill prove an ill physician.

Merc. If she speak longer, I shall be a knave,
As rank as ever sweat for 't. [*Aside.*—Sir, if you will send
Your wife up presently, I will either stay
With you,—d'ye mark me?—or deliver you
So just a cause, that you yourself shall thrust me
Out of doors, both suddenly and willingly.

Ant. I would fain hear that, faith.—Pray thee, go up,
sweetheart:

I have half persuaded him; besides, he hath
Some private business with me.

Maria. Good night, sir;

And what content you would have, I wish with you. [*Exit.*

Merc. Could any man that had a back ask more?

Oh, me! oh, me! [*Aside.*

Ant. Now deal directly with me: why should you go?

Merc. If you be wise, do not inquire the cause;
'Twill trouble you.

Ant. Why? prithee, why?

Merc. Faith, I would not have you know it: let me go;
'Twill be far better for you. [*Knocking within.*

^k *our town*] Sympson printed "*our whole town*,"—one of his numerous interpolations.

Ant. Who 's that that knocks there? is 't not at the street-door?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Ant. Who 's there? cannot you speak?

Viola [*within*]. A poor distress'd maid; for God's sake, let me in!

Merc. Let her in and me out together; 'tis but one labour: 'Tis pity she should stand i' the street. It seems she knows you.

Ant. There she shall stand, for me. You are ignorant; This is a common custom of the rogues That lie about the loose parts of the city.

Merc. As how?

Ant. To knock at doors in dead time of night, And use some feignèd voice to raise compassion; And when the doors are open, in they rush, And cut the throats of all, and take the booty: We cannot be too careful.

Viola [*within*]. As ever you had pity, let me in! I am undone else.

Ant. Who are you?

Viola [*within*]. My name is Viola, a gentlewoman That ill chance hath distress'd; you know my father.

Merc. Alas of God, we 'll let her in! 'tis one Of the gentlewomen were here i' the evening; I know her by her name: poor soul, she's cold, I warrant her; let her have my warm bed, And I will take her fortune: come, pray, come.

Ant. It is not Viola, that's certain; She went home to her father's, I am sure.

Viola [*within*]. Will not you be so good to let me in?

Ant. I'll be so good to have you whipt away, If you stay a little longer.—She is gone, I warrant her. Now let me know your cause, For I will hear it, and not repent the knowing.

Merc. Since you are so importunate, I'll tell you: I love your wife extremely.

Ant. Very well.

Merc. And so well that I dare not stay.

Ant. Why?

Merc. For wronging you^m: I know I am flesh and blood,
And you have done me friendships infinite and often,
That must require me honest and a true man;
And I will be so, or I'll break my heart.

Ant. Why, you may stay for all this, methinks.

Merc. No; though I would be good, I am no saint,
Nor is it safe to try me: I deal plainly.

Ant. Come, I dare try you; do the best you can.

Merc. You shall not:

When I am right again, I'll come and see you;
Till when, I'll use all countries and all means,
But I will lose this folly; 'tis a devil.

Ant. Is there no way to stay you?

Merc. No; unless

You will have me such a villain to you, as
All men shall spit at me.

Ant. Does she know you love her?

Merc. No, I hope not: that were recompense
Fit for a rogue to render her.

Ant. If ever any had a faithful friend,
I am that man, and I may glory in 't:
This is he, that *ipse*, he that passes
All Christendom for goodness.
He shall not overgo me in his friendship;
'Twere recreant and base, and I'll be hang'd first:
I am resolvèd [*Aside*].—Go thy ways; a wife
Shall never part us: I have consider'd, and
I find her nothing to such a friend as thou art.
I'll speak a bold word: take your time and woo her,
(You have overcome me clearly,
And do what's fitting with her—you conceive me.
I am glad at heart you love her, by this light:
Ne'er stare upon me, for I will not fly from it.
If you had spoken sooner, sure you had been serv'd;

^m *For wronging you.*] “i. e. lest I should wrong you.” MASON. See Richardson's Dict. in v. *For*.

Sir, you are not every man. Now to your task :
I give you free leave ; and the sin is mine,
If there be any in it.

Merc. He will be hang'd before he makes this good :
He cannot be so innocentⁿ a coxcomb ;
He can tell^o ten, sure.—

[*Aside.*

If I had never known you as I have done,
I might be one as others, perhaps sooner ;
But now 'tis impossible, there 's too much good
Between us.

Ant. Well, thou art e'en the best man—
I can say no more, I am so overjoy'd.
You must stay this night, and in the morning go
As early as you please ; I have a toy for you.

Merc. I thought this pill would make you sick.

Ant. But where you mean to be, I must have notice,
And it must be hard by too : do you mark me ?

Merc. Why, what 's the matter ?

Ant. There is a thing in hand.

Merc. Why, what thing ?

Ant. A sound one, if it take right, and you be not
Peevish. We two will be (you would little think it)
As famous for our friendship—

Merc. How ?

Ant. If God please,
As ever Damon was and Pythias ;
Or Pylades and Orestes ; or any two
That ever were : do you conceive me yet ?

Merc. No, by my troth, sir.—He will not help me up, sure ?

[*Aside.*

Ant. You shall anon ; and for our names, I think
They shall live after us, and be remember'd
While there is a story, or I lose my aim.

Merc. What a vengeance ails he ? [*Aside.*—How do you ?

ⁿ *innocent*] i. e. idiotic, silly.

^o *tell*] i. e. count. So again in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* ;

“ You are a fool. *Tell ten.* I have pos'd him.”—Act iii. sc. 5.

^p *I*] The second folio “ I'll ;” and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

Ant. Yes, faith,
We two will be such friends as the world shall ring of.

Merc. And why is all this ?

Ant. You shall enjoy my wife.

Merc. Away, away !

Ant. The wonder must begin,—
So I have cast^p it, 'twill be scurvy else,—
You shall not stir a foot in 't: pray, be quiet
Till I have made it perfect.

Merc. What shall a man do with this wretched fellow ?
There is no mercy to be us'd towards him ;
He is not capable of any pity ;
He will, in spite of course, be a cuckold,
And who can help it ?—

[*Aside.*

Must it begin so, needs, sir^q ? think again.

Ant. Yes, marry, must it ;
And I myself will woo this woman for you :
Do you perceive it now, ha ?

Merc. Yes, now I have a little sight i' the matter.—
Oh, that thy head should be so monstrous,
That all thy servants' hats may hang upon 't !—

[*Aside.*

But do you mean to do this ?

Ant. Yes, certain ; I will woo her, and for you.
Strive not against it ; 'tis the overthrow
Of the best plot that ever was, then.

Merc. Nay, I 'll assure you, sir, I 'll do no harm ;—
You have too much about you of your own.

[*Aside.*

Ant. Have you thought of a place yet ?

Merc. A place !

Ant. Ay, a place where you will bide :
Prithee, no more of this modesty ; 'tis foolish.
An we were not determinèd to be
Absolute friends indeed, 'twere tolerable.

Merc. I have thought, and you shall hear from me.

Ant. Why, this will gain me everlasting glory :

^p cast] i. e. plotted, devised.

^q Must it begin so, needs, sir ? "] "i. e. must it necessarily begin so, sir ?"

I have the better of him, that 's my comfort.— [Aside.
Good night.

Merc. Good night.— [Exit ANTONIO.

Well, go thy ways; thou art the tidiest wittol^r
This day, I think, above ground;
And yet thy end, for all this, must be motley. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*A field adjoining to the suburbs.*

Enter Tinker^s and DOROTHY.

Tinker. 'Tis bitter cold. A plague upon these rogues,
How wary they are grown! not a door open now,
But double-barred; not a window,
But up with a case of wood, like a spice-box;
And their locks unpickable,—the very smiths,
That were half venturers, drink penitent single ale:
This is the iron age the ballad sings of.
Well, I shall meet with some of [y]our loose linen yet;
Good fellows must not starve; here 's he shall shew
You God A'mighty's dog-bolts^t, if this hold.

Dor. Faith, thou art but too merciful, that 's thy fault;
Thou art as sweet a thief, that sin excepted,
As ever suffer'd; that 's a proud word, and I 'll maintain it.

^r *thou art the tidiest wittol*] "A *wittol* means one who is conscious of being a cuckold. *Tidy* is not used in a very definite sense in old writings, meaning sometimes *timely*; at others, *neat*, and frequently *fat*. In the text it seems to be used ironically with the second of these meanings. *Motley*, at the end of this speech, is well known to mean party-coloured, and alludes to the usual dress of fools." WEBER. *Tidy* sometimes signifies—adroit; and that such is its meaning here, is rendered probable by what has just passed between Antonio and Mercury.

^s *Enter Tinker*] Both the folios add, "*with a cord*,"—a direction intended for the player who acted the Tinker,—the cord being afterwards required for the purpose of binding Viola.

^t *dog-bolts*] Though not an uncommon word, is one of which the exact meaning has not been ascertained. It generally (as in other of these plays) is a term of reproach; but here it would seem to be equivalent to—dog-tricks.

Tinker. Come, prithee, let 's shog off, and bouse^t an hour or two ;

There 's ale will make a cat speak at the Harrow :
We shall get nothing now, without we batter ;
'Tis grown too near morning ; the rogues
Sleep sober, and are watchful.

Dor. We want a boy extremely for this function,
Kept under for a year with milk and knot-grass^u.
In my time I have seen a boy do wonders :
Robin the red tinker had a boy,
(Rest^v his soul, he suffer'd this time four years
For two spoons and a pewter candlestick,)
That sweet man had a boy, as I am cursten'd^w whore,
Would have run through a cat-hole ; he would have bouted
Such a piece of linen in an evening—

Tinker. Well, we will have a boy.

Prithee, let 's go : I am vengeance cold, I tell thee.

Dor. I 'll be hang'd before I stir without some purchase^x :
By these ten bones^y, I 'll turn she-ape, and untile
A house, but I 'll have it ! It may be I have
An humour to be hang'd, I cannot tell.

Tinker. Peace, you flay'd whore ; thou hast a mouth like
a blood-hound :

Here comes a night-shade^z.

Enter VIOLA.

Dor. A gentlewoman-whore ;
By this darkness, I 'll case^a her to the skin.

Tinker. Peace, I say !

^t *bouse*] The folios "brouze" and "browze." The obvious correction was made by Theobald.

^u *knot-grass.*] See note, vol. ii. 157.

^v *Rest*] Sympson and the Editors of 1778 printed, "God rest !"

^w *cursten'd*] "A corruption of *christened.*" WEBER.

^x *purchase*] "Was a common term for stolen goods." WEBER.

^y *bones*] "i. e. fingers." WEBER.—Of this speech Weber gave an arrangement which certainly reads somewhat better than the present one; but in order to effect it he was obliged twice to alter "I 'll" to "I will," a process highly objectionable here, considering the style both of the dialogue and the verse.

^z *night-shade*] "A cant word for a prostitute." WEBER.

^a *case*] i. e. strip.

Viola. What fear have I endur'd this dismal night !
 And what disgrace, if I were seen and known !
 In which this darkness only is my friend,
 That only has undone me. A thousand curses
 Light on my easy, foolish, childish love,
 That durst so lightly lay a confidence
 Upon a man, so many being false !
 My weariness, and weeping, makes me sleepy ;
 I must lie down.

Tinker. What 's this ? a prayer, or a homily,
 Or a ballad of good counsel ? She has a gown, I am sure.

Dor. Knock out her brains, and then she 'll ne'er bite.

Tinker. Yes, I will knock her, but not yet.—You, woman !

Viola. For God's sake, what are you ?

Tinker. One of the grooms of your wardrobe. Come,
 Uncase, uncase !—By 'r lady, a good kersey !

Viola. Pray, do not hurt me, sir.

Dor. Let 's have no pity^b ;
 For if you do, here 's that shall cut your whistle.

Viola. Alas, what would you have ? I am as miserable
 As you can make me any way.

Dor. That shall be tried.

Viola. Here, take my gown, if that will do you pleasure.

Tinker. Yes, marry, will it.—Look in the pockets, Doll ;
 There may be birds.

Dor. They are flown, a pox go with them !
 I 'll have this hat, and this ruff too,—I like it :
 Now will I flourish like a lady brave,
 I 'faith, boy.

Viola. Ye are so gentle people to my seeming,
 That, by my truth, I could live with you.

Tinker. Could you so ?—

A pretty young round wench, well blooded ; I
 Am for her, thieves^c !

Dor. But, by this, I am not ! Cool

^b *no pity*] "i. e. no crying out for pity." SYMPSON.

^c *thieves*] Sympson threw out this word from the text ; and so his successors,
 I can only understand it as an apostrophe to the Tinker's absent comrades.

Your codpiece, rogue ! or I 'll clap a spell upon 't,
Shall take your edge off with a very vengeance.

Tinker. Peace, horse-flesh, peace !—I 'll cast off my Amazon ;
She has walk'd too long, and is indeed notorious,
She 'll fight and scold and drink, like one of the worthies.

Dor. 'Uds precious, [*Aside.*
You young contagious whore, must you be 'ticing ?—
And is your flesh so rank, sir, that two may live upon 't ?
I am glad to hear your curtal's^c grown so lusty ;
He was dry-founder'd t'other day ; weehee,
My pamper'd jade of Asia^d !

Viola. Good woman, do not hurt me ! I am sorry
That I have given any cause of anger.

Dor. Either bind her quickly, and come away, or, by
This steel, I 'll tell, though I truss for company !
Now could I eat her broil'd, or any way,
Without vinegar : I must have her nose. [*Draws a knife.*

Viola. By any thing you love best, good sir ! good woman !

Tinker. Why her nose, Dorothy ?

Dor. If I have it not, and presently, and warm,
I lose that I go withal.

Tinker. Would the devil had that thou goest withal,
And thee together ! for sure he got thy whelps,
If thou hast any ; he's^e thy dear dad. Whore,
Put up your cut-purse !—an I take my switch up—
'Twill be a black time with you else ; sheathe your bung^f,
whore !

^c *curtal's*] *Curtal* is horse,—properly, a docked horse. (Douce, cited here by Weber, derives the word from the French *tailleur court*,—wrongly, beyond a doubt.)

^d *My pamper'd jade of Asia*] An allusion (as Reed observes) to a line in the Second Part of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* (act iv. sc. 4),

“Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia !”

where it is addressed to the captive kings, who, with bits in their mouths, are drawing the chariot of that conqueror. The line is ridiculed by Shakespeare (Second Part of *Henry the Fourth*, act ii. sc. 4), and by many of our early dramatists.

^e *he's*] Both the folios, “shees.”—Mason would read, “*he's* their dear dad.”

^f *Put up your cut-purse*—

— *sheathe your bung*] “In the cant language of the time, a *bung* was

Dor. Will you bind her? we shall stand here prating, and
be hang'd both.

Tinker. Come, I must bind you: not a word; no crying!
[*They bind her to a tree.*]

Viola. Do what you will, indeed I will not cry.

Tinker. Hurt her not: if thou dost, by ale and beer,
I'll clout thy old bald brain-pan with a piece
Of brass, you bitch incarnate. [*Exeunt Tinker and DOROTHY.*]

Viola. Oh, God, to what am I reserv'd! that knew not,
Through all my childish hours and actions,
More sin than poor imagination,
And too much loving of a faithless man,
For which I am paid; and so, that not the day
That now is rising to protect the harmless,
And give the innocent a sanctuary
From thieves and spoilers, can deliver me
From shame, at least suspicion!

Enter VALERIO.

Val. [*to a servant within*]. Sirrah, lead down the horses easily:
I'll walk a-foot till I be down the hill;
'Tis very early; I shall reach home betimes.—
How now! who's there?

Viola. Night, that was ever friend to lovers yet,
Has rais'd some weary soul, that hates his bed,
To come and see me blush, and then laugh at me. [*Aside.*]

Val. H'ad a rude heart that did this.

Viola. Gentle sir,
If you have that which honest men call pity,
And be as far from evil as you shew,
Help a poor maid, that this night by bad fortune
Has been thus us'd by robbers.

Val. A pox upon his heart that would not help thee!
This thief was half a lawyer, by his bands^s.
How long have you been tied here? [*Unbinds her.*]

a purse or a pocket; and to *nip a bung* signified to cut a purse. The Tinker evidently applies both this word and *cut-purse* to the knife of his female co-partner." WEBER.

^s *bands*] i. e. bonds: the words were formerly synonymous.

Viola. Alas, this hour^h ! and with cold and fear
Am almost perish'd.

Val. Where were the watch the while ? Good sober gentlemen,
They were, like careful members of the city,
Drawing in diligent aleⁱ and singing catches,
While master constable contriv'd the toasts :
These fellows would^j be more severely punish'd
Than wandering gipsies, that every statute whips ;
For if they had every one two eyes a-piece more,
Three pots would put them out.

Viola. I cannot tell ;
I found no Christian to give me succour.

Val. When they take a thief, I'll take Ostend^k again : the
whoresons
Drink opium in their ale, and then they sleep
Like tops ; as for their bills^l, they only serve
To reach down bacon to make rashers on.
Now let me know whom I have done this courtesy to,
That I may thank my early rising for it.

Viola. Sir, all I am, you see.

Val. You have a name, I am sure, and a kindred,
A father, friend, or something that must own you.—
She's a handsome young wench : what rogues were these, to
rob her !

[*Aside.*

Viola. Sir, you see all I dare reveal ; and, as
You are a gentleman, press me no further ;
For there begins a grief, whose bitterness
Will break a stronger heart than I have in me ;

^h *this hour*] "This is a very strange inadvertency, as there is no change of scene between Viola's being bound and the entrance of Valerio." WEBER. It is no inadvertency : the authors intended the audience to suppose that an hour had elapsed since Viola was tied to the tree.

ⁱ *Drawing in diligent ale*] Heath (*MS. Notes*) would read "*Diligent in drawing ale.*"

^j *would*] The modern editors print "should."

^k *Ostend*] Was taken in 1604 by the Marquis Spinola, after a siege of three years and ten weeks, which was attended with immense slaughter on both sides. Allusions to this event are frequent in our early dramatists.

^l *bills*] See note, p. 141.

And 'twill but make you heavy with the hearing :
For your own goodness-sake, desire it not.

Val. If you would not have me inquire that,
How do you live, then ?

Viola. How I have liv'd, is still
One question which must not be resolv'd :
How I desire to live, is in your liking ;
So worthy an opinion I have of you.

Val. Is in my liking ! how, I pray thee, tell me :
I' faith, I'll do you any good lies in my power.—
She has an eye would raise a bed-rid man.— [*Aside.*
Come, leave your fear, and tell me ; that's a good wench !

Viola. Sir, I would serve——

Val. Who wouldst thou serve ? do not weep,
And tell me.

Viola. Faith, sir, even some good woman ;
And such a wife, if you be married,
I do imagine yours.

Val. Alas, thou art young and tender !
Let me see thy hand : this was ne'er made to wash,
Or wind up water, beat clothes, or rub a floor.—
By this light, for one use, that shall be nameless,
'Tis the best wanton hand that e'er I look'd on. [*Aside*

Viola. Dare you accept me, sir ? my heart is honest :
Among your virtuous charitable deeds,
This will not be the least.

Val. Thou canst in a chamber ?

Viola. In a chamber, sir !

Val. I mean, wait there upon a gentlewoman.—
How quick she is ! I like that mainly too :
I'll have her, though I keep her with main strength,
Like a besieg'd town ; for I know I shall have
The enemy afore me within a week. [*Aside.*

Viola. Sir, I can sew too, and make pretty laces,
Dress a head handsome, teach young gentlewomen ;
For in all these I have a little knowledge.

Val. 'Tis well ;—no doubt I shall increase that knowledge.
I like her better still ; how she provokes me !— [*Aside.*

Pretty young maid, you shall serve a good gentlewoman,
Though I say 't, that will not be unwilling you
Should please me, nor I forgetful if you do.

Viola. I am the happier.

Val. My man shall make some shift
To carry you behind him: can you ride well?

Viola. But I'll hold fast, for catching of a fall.

Val. That's the next way to pull another on you.—
I'll work her as I go; I know she's wax.

Now, now, at this time

Could I beget a worthy on this wench. [*Aside.*]

Viola. Sir, for this gentleness, may Heaven requite you
tenfold!

Val. 'Tis a good wench! however others use thee,
Be sure I'll be a loving master to thee.

Come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Before ANTONIO's house.*

Enter ANTONIO, disguised as an Irish footman^m, with a letter.

Ant. I hope I am wild enough for being known.
I have writ a letter here,
And in it have abus'd myself most bitterly,
Yet, all my fear is, not enough,
For that must do it, that must lay it on:
I'll win her out o' theⁿ flint; 'twill be more famous.
Now for my language.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Now, sir; who would you speak with?

^m *an Irish footman*] When this play was written, Irish running footmen were kept by many persons of distinction in England. They are often mentioned by our early dramatists; and in the Second Part of Dekker and Middleton's *Honest Whore*, where the scene lies at Milan, one of the characters is Bryan an Irish footman.

ⁿ *o' the*] Both the folios "i' th."

Ant. Where be thy mastres, man? I would speak^o with her :
I have a letter.

Serv. Cannot I deliver it?

Ant. No, by my trot and fait, canst thou not, man.

Serv. Well, sir, I'll call her to you; pray, shake your ears
Without a little.

Ant. Cran a cree, do it quickly. [Exit Servant.
This rebel tongue^p sticks in my teeth worse than
A tough hen: sure, it was ne'er known at Babel;
For they sold no apples, and this was made for certain
At the first planting of orchards, 'tis so crabbed.

Enter MARIA and Servant.

Maria. What 's he would speak with me?

Serv. A Kilkenny ring^q;
There he stands, madam.

Maria. What would you have with me, friend?

Ant. He has a letter for other women; wilt thou read it?

Maria. From whence?

Ant. De crosse Creest, from my master.

Maria. Who is your master?

Ant. I pray, do you look.

Maria. Do you know this fellow?

Serv. No, madam, not I, more than an Irish footman.—
Stand further, friend; I do not like your rope-runners.
What stallion-rogues are these, to wear such dowcets^r!
The very cotton may commit adultery.

Maria. I cannot find whose hand this should be; I'll read.
To the beauteous wife of Don Antonio.
Sure this is some blind scribe: well, now what follows?

[Reads the letter.

^o *speak*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber thought it necessary to print "spake."

^p *rebel tongue*] An allusion to the frequent disturbances in Ireland.

^q *ring*] Weber conjectures that the right reading is "rung," which in Scotland signifies a coarse heavy staff.

^r *dowcets*]—for which Sympton and the Editors of 1778 substituted "trowsers,"—is a term for the testes of the deer (see note, vol. i. 267). Antonio is supposed to have on a pair of tight *trossers*; see note, p. 159.

Ant. Pray God it take ! I have given her that
Will stir her conscience : how it works with her !
Hope, if it be thy will, let the flesh have it ! [*Aside.*

Maria. This is the most abhorred, intolerable knavery, that
ever slave entertained : sure there is more than thine own
head in this villainy ; it goes like practised mischief. Dis-
abled in his body ! oh, good God, as I live, he lies fearfully
and basely !

Ha ! I should know that jewel : 'tis my husband !— [*Aside.*
Come hither, sirrah^s ; are you an Irishman ?

Ant. Sweet woman, a cree, I am an Irishman.

Maria. Now I know it perfectly : is this your trick, sir ?
I'll trick you for it. [*Aside.*]—How long have you serv'd
This gentleman ?

Ant. Please thee, a little day,
O, my^t Mac Dermond put me to my mastree.—
'Tis done, I know. [*Aside.*

Maria. By my faith, he speaks as well
As if he had been lousy for the language
A year or two. Well, sir, you had been^u better
Have kept your^v own shape, as I will use you.
What have I done that should deserve this trial ?
I never made him cuckold, to my knowledge.— [*Aside.*
Sirrah, come hither.

Ant. Now will she send some jewel or some letter ;
I know her mind as well ! I shall be famous. [*Aside.*

Maria. Take this Irish bawd here——

Ant. How !

Maria. And kick him till his breeches and breech be of one
colour, a bright blue both.

Ant. I may be well swinge'd thus, for I dare not
Reveal myself : I hope she does not mean it. [*Aside.*
[*Serv. kicks him.*

^s *sirrah*] Both the folios “shat.” But compare the conclusion of *Maria*'s second speech after this.

^t *O, my*] Mason conjectures “Owen.”

^u *been*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to throw out this word.

^v *kept your*] Altered by the modern editors to “kept in your.”

Oh, hone, oh, hone! oh, St. Patrick! oh, a cree!—Oh, sweet woman!

Maria. No[w] turn him, and kick him o' t' other side. That 's well. [Serv. kicks him again.

Ant. Oh, good waiting-man! I beseech thee, good waiting-man!—A pox fire your legs!

Maria. You rogue,
You enemy to all, but little breeches,
How dar'st thou come to me with such a letter?

Ant. Prithee, pity the poor Irishman!—All this makes for me:

If I win her yet, I am still more glorious. [Aside.

Maria. Now could I weep at what I have done; but I'll harden my heart again. [Aside.]—Go, shut him up till my husband comes home.—

Yet thus much ere you go, sirrah Thatch'd-head^w!
Wouldst not thou be whipt, and think it justice?
Well, *aquavitæ* barrel, I will bounce you^x.

Ant. I pray do, I beseech you, be not angry!

Maria. Oh, you hobby-headed^y rascal, I'll have you flay'd,
And trossers^z made of thy skin, to tumble in!—

Go, away with him! let him see no sun, till my husband come home.—Sir, I shall meet with you for your knavery, I fear it not. [Aside.

Ant. Wilt thou not let me go?—I do not like this.

[Aside.

Maria. Away with him!

^w *sirrah Thatch'd-head*] “This alludes to the *glibbe*, or high platted hair of the Irish wood-kerne, hanging over their eyes. See the fac similes of the wood cuts of Derrick's Image of Ireland, in Mr. Scott's edition of Somers's Tracts, vol. i.” WEBER.

^x *Well, aquavitæ barrel, I will bounce you.*] “This line shews that the propensity of the Irish to the use of spirits was not of modern date.” MASON. “Derrick, Morrison, and Lithgow, join in describing the drunkenness of the native Irish as excessive.” WEBER.

^y *hobby-headed*] “i. e. shag-headed, as an Irish hobby or small pony. See the preceding note but one.” WEBER.

^z *trossers*]—A word variously written,—means a sort of trowsers or drawers closely fitted to the shape, which were worn by the Irish kernes, and are frequently alluded to in early dramas.

Serv. Come, I'll lead you in by your Jack-a-lent hair^z.
Go quietly, or I'll make your crupper crack.

Maria. And, do you hear me, sirrah? and^a when you have done,

Make my coach ready.

Serv. Yes, forsooth.

Maria. Lock him up safe enough.—

[*Exit* Servant with ANTONIO.]

I'll to this gentleman, and^b know the reason

Of all this business, for I do suspect it.

If he have this plot^c, I'll ring him such a peal

Shall make his ears deaf for a month at least.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Before RICARDO'S house.*

Enter RICARDO.

Ric. Am I not mad? can this weak-temper'd head,
That will be mad with drink, endure the wrong
That I have done a virgin, and my love?
Be mad, for so thou ought'st, or I will beat
The walls and trees down with thee, and will let
Either thy memory out, or madness in!
But sure I never lov'd fair Viola,
I never lov'd my father, nor my mother,
Or any thing but drink. Had I had love,
Nay, had I known so much charity^d
As would have sav'd an infant from the fire,
I had been naked, raving in the street,
With half a face, gashing myself with knives,
Two hours ere this time.

^z *Jack-a-lent hair*] *Jack-a-lent* was a stuffed puppet which used to be thrown at during Lent, as cocks were thrown at on Shrove-tuesday. "O ye pittiful Simpletons, who spend your days in throwing Cudgels at *Jack-a-Lents* or Shrove-Cocks." *Lady Alimony*, 1659, sig. I 4.

^a *and*] Omitted by the modern editors.

^b *and*] Both the folios "I." (Perhaps the right reading is "I [ay,] and.")

^c *this plot*] The modern editors print "laid *this plot*," without informing the reader that "laid" is not found in the folios: it may perhaps have dropt out, but it is not absolutely necessary to the sense.

^d *so much charity*] Sympson, at Seward's suggestion, printed "*so much of charity*."

Enter PEDRO, SILVIO, and UBERTO.

Pedro. Good morrow, sir.

Ric. Good morrow, gentlemen.

Shall we go drink again? I have my wits.

Pedro. So have I, but they are unsettled ones :
Would I had some porridge !

Ric. The tavern-boy was here this morning with me,
And told me that there was a gentlewoman,
Which he took for a whore, that hung on me,
For whom we quarrell'd, and I know not what.

Pedro. I'faith, nor I.

Uber. I have a glimmering
Of some such thing.

Ric. Was it you, Silvio,
That made me drink so much? 'twas you, or Pedro.

Pedro. I know not who.

Silvio. We were^e all apt enough.

Ric. But I will lay the fault on none but me,
That I would be so entreated. Come, Silvio,
Shall we go drink again? Come, gentlemen ;
Why do you stay? Let's never leave off now,
Whilst we have wine and throats : I'll practise it,
Till I have made it my best quality ;
For what is best for me to do but that ?
For God's sake, come and drink ! When I am nam'd,
Men shall make answer, " Which Ricardo mean you ?
The excellent drinker ?" I will have it so.
Will you go drink ?

Silvio. We drunk too much too lately.

Ric. Why, there is, then, the less behind to drink ;
Let's end it all ; despatch that, we'll send abroad,
And purchase all the wine the world can yield,
And then drink it off ; then take the fruits o' the earth,
Distil the juice from them, and drink that off ;
We'll catch the rain before it fall to ground,

^e were] The second folio "are" ; and so Symphon.

And drink off that, that never more may grow^f;
 We'll set our mouths to springs, and drink them off;
 And all this while we'll never think of those
 That love us best, more than we did last night.
 We will not give unto the poor a drop
 Of all this drink; but when we see them weep,
 We'll run to them, and drink their tears off too:
 We'll never leave whilst there is heat or moisture
 In this large globe; but suck it cold and dry,
 Till we have made it elemental earth,
 Merely by drinking.

Pedro. Is it flattery
 To tell you you are mad?

Ric. If it be false,
 There's no such way to bind me to a man;
 He that will have me lay my goods and lands,
 My life down for him, need no more but say,
 "Ricardo, thou art mad!" and then all these
 Are at his service; then he pleases me,
 And makes me think that I had virtue in me,
 That I had love and tenderness of heart;
 That though I have committed such a fault
 As never creature did, yet, running mad,
 As honest men should do for such a crime,
 I have express'd some worth, though it be late:
 But I, alas, have none of these in me!
 But keep my wits still, like a frozen man,
 That had no fire within him.

Silvio. Nay, good Ricardo,
 Leave this wild talk, and send a letter to her:
 I will deliver it.

Ric. 'Tis to no purpose:
 Perhaps she's lost last night; or, [if] she [is]
 Got home again, she's now so strictly look'd to,
 The wind can scarce come to her; or admit

^f *that never more may grow*] "That is, that no more fruits of the earth may be produced. Seward mistakes the construction of this passage." MASON.

She were herself ^g, if she would hear from me,
 From me unworthy, that have us'd her thus,
 She were so foolish that she were no more
 To be belov'd.

Enter ANDRUGIO, and Servant with a night-gown.

Serv. Sir, we have found this night-gown she took with her.

Andr. Where ^h?

Ric. Where? where? speak quickly.

Serv. Searching in the suburbs ⁱ, we found a tinker and his whore that had it in a tap-house, whom we apprehended, and they confessed they stole it from her.

Ric. And murdered her? [Grasps his sword.

Silvio. What ail you, man?

Ric. Why, all this doth not make
 Me mad.

Silvio. It does; you would not offer this else.—

Good Pedro, look to his sword. [PEDRO takes his sword.

Serv. They do deny the killing of her, but swore they left her tied to a tree, in the fields next those suburbs that are without Our Lady's Gate, near day, and by the road, so that some passenger must needs untie her quickly.

Andr. The will of Heaven be done! Sir, I will only entreat you this,—that as you were the greatest occasion of her loss, that you will be pleased to urge your friends, and be yourself earnest in the search of her: if she be found, she is yours, if she please. I myself only [will] see these people better examined, and, after, follow some way in search. God keep you, gentlemen! [Exit with Servant.

Silvio. Alas, good man!

^g—or admit

She were herself.] "That is, admit that she were mistress of her own actions."
 MASON.

^h *Andr.* *Where?*] Omitted in the second folio; and by Sympson. Andrugio must be supposed to have just met the servant with whom he enters: still, I felt strongly inclined to omit this speech.

ⁱ *suburbs.*] "Were particularly the abode of knaves and whores in the days of our authors," &c. WEBER,—who has an unnecessarily long note on this passage.

Ric. What think you now of me? I think this lump
Is nothing but a piece of phlegm congeal'd,
Without a soul; for were there ^k so much spirit
As would but warm a flea, those faults of mine
Would make it glow and flame in this dull heart,
And run like molten gold through every vein ^l,
Till it could burst these walls, and fly away.—
Shall I entreat you all to take your horses,
And search this innocent?

Pedro. With all our hearts.

Ric. Do not divide yourselves till you come there
Where they say she was tied: I'll follow too,
But never to return till she be found.
Give me my sword, good Pedro; I will do
No harm, believe me, with it: I am now
Far better temper'd; if I were not so,
I have enow besides. God keep you all,
And send us good success!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—MERCURY'S lodging.

Enter MERCURY and Servant.

Merc. Who is it? can you tell?

Serv. By my troth, sir, I know not; but 'tis a gentlewoman.

Merc. A gentlewoman ^m! I'll lay my life, yon ⁿ puppy
Has sent his wife to me: if he have, fling up the bed.

Serv. Here she is, sir.

^k *were there*] The correction of Heath, *MS. Notes*. Both the folios, "where there's;" and so the modern editors. The misprint of *where* for *were* is very common.

^l *vein*] Both the folios, "sin;" and so the modern editors. Mason remarks, "The sense requires that we should read 'vein,'"—an obviously necessary correction, which had been previously made by Heath, *MS. Notes*. Early printers (why, I know not) frequently blundered in words beginning with the letter *v*.

^m *gentlewoman*] Both the folios, "gentleman."

ⁿ *yon*] Both the folios, "you."

Enter MARIA.

Maria. I am glad I found you, sir. There, take your letter,
[*Gives him letter.*

And keep it till you have another friend to wrong :
'Tis too malicious false to make me sin.
You have provok'd me to be that I love not,
A talker, and you shall hear me.
Why should you dare to imagine me
So light a huswife, that, from four hours' knowledge,
You might presume to offer to my credit
This rude and ruffian trial? I am sure
I never courted you, nor gave you tokens
That might concern assurance°. You are a fool.

Merc. I cannot blame you, now I see this letter,
Though you be angry ; yet with me you must not,
Unless you'll make me guilty of a wrong
My worst affections hate^p.

Maria. Did not you send it ?

Merc. No, upon my faith ;
Which^q is more, I understand it not : the hand
Is as far from my knowledge as the malice.

Maria. This is strange.

Merc. It is so ;
And had been stranger, and indeed more hateful,
Had I, that have receiv'd such courtesies,
And owe so many thanks, done this base office.

Maria. Your name is at it.

Merc. Yes, but not my nature ;
And I shall hate my name worse than the manner^r,

° *That might concern assurance*] Means perhaps—that might be considered as relating to a love-contract,—for *assurance* was formerly often used in the sense of affiancing, betrothing.

^p *hate*] After this word, in both the folios, is a break, as if something were omitted.

^q *Which*] Sympson and the Editors of 1778 chose to print “ And *which*.”

^r *manner*] Sympson printed “ matter.” “ But,” says Mason, “ it is of no consequence which we read, as the *matter* would mean the substance, and the *manner* the style, of the letter.”

For this base broking^s. You are wise and virtuous,
Remove this fault from me ;
For, on the love I bear to truth and goodness,
This letter dare not name me for the author.

Maria. Now I perceive my husband's knavery.
If my man can but find where he has been,
I will go with this gentleman, whatsoever
Comes on 't ; and, as I mean to carry it,
Both he and all the world shall think it fit,
And thank me for it.

[*Aside.*]

Merc. I must confess I loved you at first^t ;
However this made me leave your house unmannerly,
That might provoke me to do something ill
Both to your honour and my faith,
And not to write this letter, which I hold
So truly wicked, that I will not think on 't.

Maria. I do believe you, and since I see you are free,
My words were not meant to you. But this is not
The half of my affliction.

Merc. 'Tis pity
You should know more vexation : may I inquire ?

Maria. Faith, sir, I fear I have lost my husband.

Merc. Your husband ! it cannot be.—I pity her ; how
she's vex'd !

[*Aside.*]

Enter Servant, *with clothes.*

Maria. How now ! what news ? nay, speak, for we must
know.

Serv. Faith, I have found at length, by chance, where he
has been.

Maria. Where ?

Serv. In a blind out-house in the suburbs : pray God all be
well with him !

Maria. Why ?

Serv. There are his clothes ; but what's become of him,
I cannot yet inquire^v.

^s *broking*] i. e. procuring, pandaring.

^t *at first*] Mason has no doubt that we ought to read "*at first sight*."

^v *inquire*] "Means here *find out*." SYMPSON.

Maria. I am glad of this.—

[*Aside.*

Sure they have murder'd him ! what shall I do ?

Merc. Be not so griev'd before you know the truth :
You have time enough to weep.—This is the sudden'st
Mischief !—Did you not bring an officer

To search there, where you say you found his clothes ?

Serv. Yes ; and we search'd it, and charg'd the fellow
with him ;

But he, like a rogue, [a] stubborn rogue, made answer,
He knew not where he was ; he had been there,

But where he was now, he could not tell :

I tell you true, I fear him^w.

Maria. Are all my hopes and longings to enjoy him,
After this three years' travel, come to this ?

Serv. It is the rankest house in all the city,
The most curs'd roguish bawdy-house,—hell fire it !

Merc. This is the worst I heard yet. Will you go home ?
I'll bear you company, and give you the
Best help I may : this being here will wrong you.

Maria. As you are a gentleman, and as you lov'd
Your dead friend, let me not go home !
That will but heap one sorrow on another.

Merc. Why, propose any thing, and I'll perform 't :
I am at my wits' end too.

Serv. So am I. Oh, my dear master !

Merc. Peace, you great fool !

Maria. Then, good sir, carry me to some retir'd place,
Far from the sight of this unhappy city ;
Whither you will indeed, so it be far enough.

Merc. If I might counsel you, I think 'twere better
To go home, and try what may be done yet ; he
May be at home afore you ; who can tell ?

Maria. Oh, no ! I know he 's dead, I know he 's murder'd.
Tell me not of going home ; you murder me too.

Merc. Well, since it pleases you to have it so,
I will no more persuade you to go home ;

^w *fear him*] i. e. fear for him (as several times already).

I'll be your guide in the country, as your grief
Doth command me. I have a mother, dwelling from
This place some twenty miles; the house though homely,
Yet able to shew something like a welcome:
Thither I'll see you safe with all your sorrows.

Maria. With all the speed that may be thought upon!
I have a coach here ready; good sir, quickly.—
I'll fit you, my fine husband. [*Aside.*

Merc. It shall be so:
If this fellow be dead, I see no band
Of any other man to tie me from my will;
And I will follow her with such careful service,
That she shall either be my love or wife.—
Will you walk in?

Maria. I thank you, sir; but one word with my man,
And I am ready.—Keep the Irish fellow
Safe, as you love your life, for he, I fear,
Has a deep hand in this; then search again,
And get out warrants for that naughty man
That keeps the bad house, that he may answer it:
If you find the body, give it due burial.
Farewell; you shall hear from me: keep all safe.

Serv. Oh, my sweet master! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A hall in ANTONIO'S house.*

Ant. [*knocking within*]. Man a cree,
The devil take thee, wilt thou kill me here?
I prithee, now let me go seek my master;
I shall be very cheel else.

Enter First Servant.

First Serv. Do you hear, man a cree?
I'll cree your coxcomb, an you keep not still;
Down, you rogue!

Ant. [*within*]. Good sweet-fac'd serving-man^x,

^x *serving-man*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "sarving-man."

Let me out, I beseech de, and, by my trot,
I will give dy worship two shillings in good argot ^y,
To buy dy worship pippins.

First Serv. This rogue thinks
All the worth of man consists in pippins. By this light,
I'll beat rebellion out of you for ever ^z.

Ant. [*within*] Wilt thou not hear me, man?
Is fet, I'll give thee all I have about me.

First Serv. I thank you, sir; so I may have picking work ^a.

Ant. [*within*] Here is five shillings, man.

First Serv. Here is a cudgel,
A very good one.

Enter Second Servant ^b.

Sec. Serv. How now! what's the matter?
Where's the Irishman?

First Serv. There, a with take him ^c!
He makes more noise alone there, than ten lawyers
Can do with double [*fees* ^d] and a scurvy case.

Sec. Serv. Let him out; I must talk with him.

[*First Servant unlocks a door.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Wilt thou give me some drink? oh, hone, I am very
dry, man!

^y *argot*] "Probably [certainly] a purposed corruption of *argent*, silver."
WEBER.

^z *I'll beat rebellion out of you for ever*] "A second slur this upon the rebellious Irish." SYMPSON. See p. 157.

^a *may have picking work*] "Meaning he was *lousy*." SYMPSON.

^b *Enter Second Servant*] Both the folios "*Enter two Serving-men*"; which, strangely enough, the modern editors did not perceive to be an error. The "*Servant*," who has previously entered, certainly remains on the stage; and, in the last speech of this scene, Antonio says, "you are knaves *both*."

^c *a with take him*] A *with*, *withe*, or *wyth* is a willow-twig. The editors have written to little purpose about this passage, which is excellently illustrated by the following quotation from Bacon in Johnson's *Dict.* (in v. *Withe*): "An Irish rebel put up a petition, that he might be *hanged in a with*, and not a halter, because it had been so used with former rebels."

^d [*fees*] Inserted by Sympson.

Sec. Serv. You shall have that shall quench your thirst, my friend.

Ant. Fate^e dost thou mean, man?

Sec. Serv. Even a good tough halter.

Ant. A halter! oh, hone!

Sec. Serv. Sirrah,

You are a mischievous rogue, that's the truth.

Ant. No, fet, I am not.

First Serv. Shall I knock out his brains? I have kill'd dogs
Have been worth three of him for all uses.

Sec. Serv. Sirrah,

The truth on 't is, you must with me to a justice.—

Oh, Roger, Roger!

First Serv. Why, what's the matter, William?

Sec. Serv. Heavy news, Roger, heavy news; God comfort us!

First Serv. What is 't, man?

Ant. What's the matter now?—I am e'en weary of this
way:

Would I were out on 't!

[*Aside.*

Sec. Serv. My master sure

Is murder'd, Roger, and this cursed rogue,

I fear has had a hand in 't.

Ant. No, fet, not!

First Serv. Stand away; I'll kick 't out of him.—Come,
sirrah, mount;

I'll make you dance, you rascal: kill my master!

If thy breech were cannon-proof, having this good

Cause on my side, I would encounter it:

Hold fair, shamrock!

Ant. Why, how now, sirs! you will not murder me, indeed?

[*Throws off his disguise.*

Sec. Serv. Bless us, Roger!

Ant. Nay, I am no spirit.

Sec. Serv. How do you, sir?—

This is my very master.

Ant. Why, well enough yet;

But you have a heavy foot of your own. Where's my wife?

^e *Fate*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "Wat."

First Serv. Alas, poor sorrowful gentlewoman ! she
Thinks you are dead, and has given o'er house-keeping.

Ant. Whither is she gone, then?

First Serv. Into the country with the gentleman, your
friend, sir,

To see if she can wear her sorrows out there ;
She weeps and takes on too, too^f—

Ant. This falls out pat ;

I shall be everlasting for a name.—

[*Aside.*

Do you hear ? upon your lives and faiths to me,
Not one word I am living ;

But let the same report pass along,

That I am murder'd still^g.—I am made for ever.

[*Aside.*

First Serv. Why, sir ?

Ant. I have a cause, sir ; that 's enough for you.—

Well, if I be not famous, I am wrong'd much :

For any thing I know, I will not trouble 'em^h

This week at least ; no, let them take their way

One of another.

[*Aside.*

First Serv. Sir, will you be still an Irishman ?

Ant. Yes, a while.

Sec. Serv. But your worship will be beaten no more ?

Ant. No, I thank you, William.

First Serv. In truth, sir, if it must be so, I'll do it
Better than a stranger.

Ant. Go, you are knaves both ;

But I forgive you.—I am almost mad

With the apprehensionⁱ of what I shall be.—

[*Aside.*

Not a word, I charge you.

[*Exeunt.*

^f *takes on too, too—*] Altered by the modern editors to "*takes on too—*"

^g *But let the same report pass along,*

That I am murder'd still] Sympson (who took the most extraordinary liberties with the text of this play) remodelled the present passage thus ;

" *But let the same report, that I am murder'd,
Still pass along.*"

^h *'em*] Both the folios "*him*;" and so the modern editors. This misprint, which is frequent in early dramas, has occurred before ; see vol. i. 401.

ⁱ *apprehension*] "*Does not here mean fear, but imagination.*" MASON.

SCENE III.—*The country.**Enter VALERIO and VIOLA.*

Val. Come, pretty soul, we now are near our home,
 And, whilst our horses are walk'd down the hill,
 Let thou and I walk here over this close ;
 The footway is more pleasant. 'Tis a time,
 My pretty one, not to be wept away,
 For every living thing is full of love ;
 Art not thou so too, ha?

Viola. Nay, there are living things^j empty of love,
 Or I had not been here ; but, for myself,
 Alas, I have too much !

Val. It cannot be,
 That so much beauty, so much youth and grace,
 Should have too much of love.

Viola. Pray, what is love ?
 For I am full of that I do not know.

Val. Why, love, fair maid, is an extreme desire,
 That 's not to be examin'd, but fulfill'd :
 To ask the reason why thou art in love,
 Or what might be the noblest end in love,
 Would overthrow that kindly rising warmth
 That many times slides gently o'er the heart ;
 'Twould make thee grave and staid, thy thoughts would be,
 Like a thrice-married widow, full of ends,
 And void of all compassion ; and, to fright thee
 From such inquiry, whereas thou art now
 Living in ignorance, mild, fresh, and sweet,
 And but sixteen, the knowing what love is,
 Would make thee six-and-forty.

Viola. Would it would make me nothing ! I have heard
 Scholars affirm, the world 's upheld by love ;

^j *Nay, there are living things, &c.*] In order to make the metre run on regularly from the preceding speech, the Editors of 1778 and Weber alter here the arrangement of the folios ; but, as they consequently do away with the hemistich at the close of the present speech, they gain nothing by the alteration.

But I believe women maintain all this,
For there 's no love in men.

Val. Yes, in some men.

Viola. I know them not.

Val. Why, there is love in me.

Viola. There 's charity, I am sure, towards me.

Val. And love,

Which I will now express. My pretty maid,
I dare not bring thee home : my wife is foul^k,
And therefore envious ; she is very old,
And therefore jealous ; thou art fair and young,
A subject fit for her unlucky vices
To work upon ; she never will endure thee.

Viola. She may endure,
If she be aught but devil, all the friendship
That I will hold with you. Can she endure
I should be thankful to you ? may I pray
For you and her ? will she be brought to think
That all the honest industry I have
Deserves brown bread ? if this may be endur'd,
She 'll pick a quarrel with a sleeping child,
Ere she fall out with me.

Val. But, trust me, she does hate all handsomeness.

Viola. How fell you in^l love with such a creature ?

Val. I never lov'd her.

Viola. And yet married her ?

Val. She was a rich one.

Viola. And you swore, I warrant you,
She was a fair one then too ?

Val. Or, believe me,
I think I had not had her.

Viola. Are you men
All such ? Would you would wall us in a place,
Where all we women that are innocent
Might live together !

Val. Do not weep at this :

^k *foul*] i. e. ugly.

^l *you in*] Sympson, for the metre, printed "you then in."

Although I dare not, for some weighty reason,
Displease my wife, yet I [’ll] forget not thee.

Viola. What will you do with me ?

Val. Thou shalt be plac’d

At my man’s house, and have such food and raiment
As can be bought with money : these white hands
Shall never learn to work ; but they shall play,
As thou sayst they were wont, teaching the strings
To move in order ; or what else thou wilt.

Viola. I thank you, sir ; but, pray you, clothe me poorly,
And let my labour get me means to live.

Val. But, fair one, you, I know, do so much hate
A foul ingratitude, you will not look
I should do this for nothing.

Viola. I will work

As much out as I can, and take as little^m :
Thatⁿ you shall have as duly paid to you
As ever servant did.

Val. But give me now a trial on ’t, I may believe^o :
We are alone ; shew me how thou wilt kiss
And hug me hard, when I have stoln away
From my too-clamorous wife, that watches me,
To spend a blessèd hour or two with thee.

Viola. Is this the love you mean ? you would have that
Is not in me to give ; you would have lust.

Val. Not to dissemble, or to mince the word,
’Tis lust I wish indeed.

Viola. And, by my troth,
I have it not. For Heaven’s sake, use me kindly,
Though I be good, and shew perhaps a monster,
As this world goes.

^m *little*] The modern editors print “ *little, and* ” !

ⁿ *That*] “ i. e. the proceeds of her labour.” MASON.

^o *But give me now a trial on ’t, I may believe*] The modern editors print,—

“ But give me now

A trial of it, that I may believe.”

The irregularity of the metre in other parts of this scene makes against the alteration.

Val. I do but speak to thee ;
Thy answers are thy own ; I compel none :
But if thou refuse this motion,
Thou art not then for me. Alas, good soul,
What profit can thy work bring me ?

Viola. But I fear : I pray, go ; for lust, they say, will grow
Outrageous, being denied. I give you thanks
For all your courtesies, and there 's a jewel
That 's worth the taking, that I did preserve
Safe from the robbers. Pray you, leave me here
Just as you found me, a poor innocent,
And Heaven will bless you for it.

Val. Pretty maid,
I am no robber nor no ravisher.
I pray thee, keep thy jewel. I have done
No wrong to thee. Though thou be'st virtuous,
And in extremity, I do not know
That I am bound to keep thee.

Viola. No, sir :
For God's sake, if you know an honest man
In all these countries, give me some directions
To find him out.

Val. More honest than myself,
Good sooth, I do not know : I would have lain
With thee, with thy consent ; and who would not
In all these parts, is past my memory.
I am sorry for thee. Farewell, gentle maid ;
God keep thee safe !

Viola. I thank you, sir, and you !— [Exit VALERIO.]
Woman, they say, was only made of man :
Methinks 'tis strange they should be so unlike ;
It may be, all the best was cut away
To make the woman, and the naught was left
Behind with him.—I'll sit me down and weep :
All things have cast me from 'em but the earth.
The evening comes, and every little flower
Droops now, as well as I.

Enter NAN and MADGE with milk-pails.

Nan. Good Madge, let's rest a little; by my troth, I am weary. This new pail is a plaguy heavy one: would Tom were hanged for choosing it! 'tis the untowardest fool in a country.

Madge. With all my heart, and I thank you too, Nan.

Viola. What true contented happiness dwells here,
More than in cities! Would to God my father
Had liv'd like one of these, and bred me up
To milk, and do as they do! methinks 'tis
A life that I would choose, if I were now
To tell my time again, above a prince's.— [Aside.
Maids, for charity, give a poor wench one draught of milk,
That weariness and hunger have nigh famish'd!

Nan. If I had but one cow's milk in all the world,
You should have some on 't. There: drink more; the cheese
Shall pay for it.—Alas, poor heart, she's dry!

Madge. Do you dwell hereabouts?

Viola. No; would I did!

Nan. Madge, if she do not look like my cousin Sue o' the
Moor-lane, as one thing can look like another!

Madge. Nay, Sue has a hazel eye,—I know Sue well,—and,
by your leave, not so trim a body neither; this is a feat-
bodied⁹ thing, I tell you.

Nan. She laces close, by the mass, I warrant you; and so
does Sue too.

Viola. I thank you for your gentleness, fair maids.

Nan. Drink again, pray thee.

Viola. I am satisfied; and Heaven reward thee for't!
Yet thus far I will compel you, to accept
These trifles, toys only that express my thanks,
For greater worth I'm sure they have not in them:
Indeed you shall; I found 'em as I came.

Nan. Madge, look you here, Madge!

Madge. Nay, I have as fine a one as you; mine's all gold,

⁹ *feat-bodied*] i. e. neat-bodied.

and painted, and a precious stone in 't: I-warrant, it cost a crown, wench.

Nan. But mine is the most sumptuous one that e'er I saw.

Viola. One favour you must do me more; for you
Are well acquainted here.

Nan. Indeed, we'll do you any kindness, sister.

Viola. Only to send me to some honest place,
Where I may find a service.

Nan. 'Uds me, our Dorothy went away but last week, and I know my mistress wants a maid, and why may she not be placed there? This is a likely wench, I tell you truly, and a good wench, I warrant her.

Madge. And 'tis a hard case, if we, that have served four years a-piece, cannot bring in one servant: we will prefer her.—Hark you, sister; pray, what's your name?

Viola. Melvia.

Nan. A feat name, i'faith: and can you milk a cow?
And make a merry-bush? that's nothing.

Viola. I shall learn quickly.

Nan. And dress a house with flowers? and serve a pig?
(This you must do, for we deal in the dairy,)
And make a bed or two?

Viola. I hope I shall.

Nan. But be sure to keep the men out; they will mar
All that you make else; I know that by myself,
For I have been so touz'd among 'em in my days!
Come, you shall e'en home with us, and be our fellow;
Our house is so honest!
And we serve a very good woman, and a gentlewoman;
And we live as merrily, and dance o' good days
After even-song. Our wake shall be on Sunday:
Do you know what a wake is? we have mighty cheer then,
And such a coil, 'twould bless ye!
You must not be so bashful, you'll spoil all.

Madge. Let's home, for God's sake!
My mistress thinks by this time we are lost.
Come, we'll have a care of you, I warrant you:
But you must tell my mistress where you were born,

And every thing that belongs to you, and the strangest things
 You can devise, for she loves those extremely;
 'Tis no matter whether they be true or no,
 She's not so scrupulous. You must be our sister,
 And love us best, and tell us every thing;
 And, when cold weather comes, we'll lie together.
 Will you do this?

Viola. Yes.

Nan. Then home again, o' God's name! can you go apace?

Viola. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The country.*

Enter PEDRO and SILVIO P, severally.

Pedro. How now? any good news yet?

Silvio. Faith, not any yet.

Pedro. This comes o' tippling. Would 't were treason, an't
 pleased^a God, to drink more than three draughts at a meal!

Silvio. When did you see Ricardo?

Pedro. I crossed him twice to-day.

Silvio. You have heard of a young wench that was seen last
 night?

Pedro. Yes.

Silvio. Has Ricardo heard of this?

Pedro. Yes; and I think he's ridden after. Farewell: I'll
 have another round.

Silvio. If you hear any thing, pray, spare no horse-flesh.
 I'll do the like.

Pedro. Do.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

^P *Pedro and Silvio*] Here both the folios have "*Pedro and Uberto*," though to the speeches in this scene they prefix "*Pedro*" and "*Silvio*."

^a *pleased*] The modern editors give, with the second folio, "please."

SCENE II.—*A hall in the house of VALERIO.**Enter RICARDO and VALERIO.**Ric.* Sir, I did think 'twas you, by all descriptions.*Val.* 'Tis so,

I took her up indeed ; the manner how,
 You have heard already, and what she had about her,
 (As jewels, gold, and other trifling things,)
 And what my end was, which because she slighted,
 I left her there i' the fields.

Ric. Left i' the fields ! Could any but a rogue,
 That had despis'd humanity and goodness,
 God, law, and credit, and had set himself
 To lose his noblest part, and be a beast,
 Have left so innocent unmatch'd a virtue
 To the rude mercy of a wilderness ?

Val. Sir, if you come to rail, pray, quit my house ;
 I do not use to have such language given
 Within my doors to me. For^r your wench,
 You may go seek her with more patience ;
 She 's tame enough, I warrant you.

Ric. Pray, forgive me,
 (I do confess my much forgetfulness,)
 And weigh my words no farther, I beseech you,
 Than a mere madness ; for such a grief has seiz'd me,
 So strong and deadly, as a punishment,
 And a just one too,
 That 'tis a greater wonder I am living,
 Than any thing I utter. Yet, let me tell you
 Thus much ; it was a fault for leaving her
 So in the fields.

Val. Sir, I will think so now^s ; and, credit me,
 You have so wrought me with your grief, that I
 Do both forgive and pity you :
 And if you 'll please to take a bed this night here,
 To-morrow I will bring you where I left her.

^r *For*] Sympson and the Editors of 1778 print, "As for."

^s *Sir, I will think so now, &c.*] I follow here the arrangement of both the folios. The modern editors divide the lines differently, that the metre may run on regularly from the preceding speech.

Ric. I thank you ; no. Shall I be so unworthy
 To think upon a bed, or ease, or comfort,
 And have my heart stray from me, God knows where,
 Cold and forsaken, destitute of friends,
 And all good comforts else, unless some tree,
 Whose speechless charity must better ours,
 With which the bitter east winds made their sport
 And sung through hourly, hath invited her
 To keep off half a day^r? Shall she be thus,
 And I draw in soft slumbers? God forbid!
 No, night and bitter coldness, I provoke thee,
 And all the dews that hang upon thy locks,
 Showers, hails, snows, frosts, and two-edg'd winds that prime^s
 The maiden blossoms ; I provoke you all,
 And dare expose this body to your sharpness,
 Till I be made a land-mark !

Val. Will you, then, stay and eat with me ?

Ric. You are angry with me, I know you 're angry ;
 You would not bid me eat else.—My poor mistress!
 For aught I know, thou art famish'd ; for what else
 Can the fields yield thee, and the stubborn season
 That yet holds in the fruit?—Good gentle sir,
 Think not ill manners in me for denying
 Your offer'd meat ; for, sure, I cannot eat
 While I do think she wants. Well, I'm a rascal,
 A villain, slave, that only was begotten
 To murder women, and of them the best.

Val. This is a strange affliction. If you will
 Accept no greater courtesy, yet drink, sir.

Ric. Now I am sure you hate me : an you knew

^r *To keep off half a day*] Is rightly explained by the Editors of 1778—to keep off the weather during half a day. Mason, very unnecessarily, would read “*To sleep off half a day.*”

^s *prime*] Sympson printed “*pine*” ; and also conjectured (*probante* Seward) that the right reading might be “*prune*.” The Editors of 1778 retained the old reading : so did Weber, who was, however, “*strongly inclined*” to print “*prune*.” No alteration is required. The poet describes the cutting off the blossoms of a tree by a word which is properly applied to the pruning of its boughs : “*Priming* a tree, pruning it. Norf. and Suff.” Grose's *Prov. Gloss.* ed. 1839. “*Priming*. Pruning the lower, or *wash-boughs* of a tree.” Moor's *Suffolk Words.*

What kind of man I am—as indeed 'tis fit
That every man should know me, to avoid me—
If you have peace within you, sir, or goodness,
Name that abhorr'd word *drink* no more unto me ;
You had safer strike me :

I pray you, do not ; if you love me, do not !

Val. Sir, I mean no ill by it.

Ric. It may be so ;

Nor let me see none, sir, if you love Heaven ;
You know not what offence it is unto me ;
Nor, good now, do not ask me why : and I warn
You once again, let no man else speak of 't ;
I fear your servants will be prating to me.

Val. Why, sir, what ail you ?

Ric. I hate drink, there 's the end on 't ;
And that man that drinks with meat is damn'd^t,
Without an age of prayers and repentance,—
And there 's a hazard too. Good sir, no more :
If you will do me a free courtesy,
That I shall know for one, go take your horse,
And bring me to the place where^v you left her.

Val. Since you are so importunate, I will :
But I will wish, sir, you had stay'd to-night ;
Upon my credit, you shall see no drink.

Ric. Be gone ! the hearing of it makes me giddy :
Sir, will you be entreated to forbear it ?
I shall be mad else.

Val. I pray, no more of that ; I am quiet :
I'll but walk in, and away straight.

Ric. Now I thank you :
But what you do, do in a twinkling, sir.

Val. As soon as may be.

[*Exeunt.*]

^t *And that man that drinks with meat is damn'd*] “As the line is deficient by a syllable, why may we not preserve the sentiment, and restore the measure, by reading thus :

'And that man that drinks without meat is damn'd.'” SYMPSON.

“If we adopt Sympson's amendment, the metre will be equally defective ; and it is a stronger expression to say, that he who drinks even with his meat is damned.” MASON. ^v *where*] Sympson printed “whereat.”

SCENE III.—*A room in the house of MERCURY'S Mother.*

Enter Mother, VIOLA, NAN, and MADGE.

Mother. Is this the wench? you have brought me some catch, I warrant :

How daringly^v she looks upon the matter !

Madge. Yes, forsooth, this is the maiden.

Mother. Come hither : would you serve ?

Viola. If it shall please you to accept my service, I hope I shall do something that shall like you, Though it be but truth, and often praying for you.

Mother. You are very curious of your hand, methinks, You preserve it so with gloves : let me see it.—

Ay, marry, here's a hand of marchpane^w, wenches !
This pretty palm never knew sorrow yet ;
How soft it is, I warrant you, and supple !

O' my word, this is fitter for a pocket,
To filch withal, than to work : I fear me, little one,
You are no better than you should be ; go to !

Viola. My conscience yet is but one witness to me,
And that, Heaven knows, is of mine innocence :
'Tis true, I must confess with shame enough,
The time that I have led yet never taught me
What 'twas to break a sleep, or to be weary.

Mother. You can say well ; if you be mine, wench, you
Must do well too, for words are but slow workers :
Yet, so much hope I have of you, that I'll take you,
So you'll be diligent, and do your duty.

Enter ALEXANDER.

How now ?

Alex. There is a messenger come from your son,
That brings you word he is return'd from travel,
And will be here this night.

^v *daringly*] So the second folio. The first folio, "injuringly."

^w *marchpane*] A confection, made generally of almonds and sugar, pounded and baked together. It constantly formed part of the *banquets* (desserts) of our ancestors. See Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

Mother. Now joy upon thee for it! thou art ever
A bringer of good tidings; there, drink that.

[*Gives him money.*]

In troth, thou hast much contented me—my son!—
Lord, how thou hast pleas'd me!—shall I see my son
Yet, ere I die?—Take care my house be handsome,
And the new stools set out, and boughs and rushes^x,
And flowers for the window, and the Turkey carpet^y,
And the great parcel salt^z, Nan, with the cruets!
And, prithee, Alexander, go to the cook,
And bid him spare for nothing,—my son's come home!
Who's come with him?

Alex. I hear of none yet, but a gentlewoman.

Mother. A gentlewoman! what gentlewoman?

Alex. I know not; but such a one there is, he says.

Mother. Pray God, he have not cast away himself
Upon some snout-fair^a piece! I do not like it.

Alex. No, sure, my master has more discretion.

Mother. Well, be it how it will, he shall be welcome.—
Sirs^b, to your tasks, and shew this little novice
How to bestir herself: I'll sort out things.

^x *rushes*] With which, before the introduction of carpets, the floors used to be strewn.

^y *the Turkey carpet*] For covering the table. Many old pictures shew that Turkey-carpets used to be spread on tables; and *carpet* in the sense of table-cover is common in our early writers.

^z *the great parcel salt*] Here, as Weber rightly explains it, "*parcel*" is equivalent to—*parcel-gilt*, i. e. partly gilt: "*salt*" is salt-cellar,—which formerly was made very large, and placed about the middle of the table, the guests of higher rank sitting "above the salt," their inferiors "below the salt."

^a *snout-fair*] Is a word found occasionally in our early writers.

"But Estrild, *snout-faire* Estrild, she was sparde, forsooth to traine
With whorish tricks a vicious King."

Warner's *Albions England*, B. iii., chap. 14, p. 64, ed. 1612.

"Nor to your Mopsey without: though shee be *snout-faire*, and has some wit,
shee's too little for me."

Brome's *Court Begger*, sig. P.—*Five New Playes*, 1653.

^b *Sirs*] Was not unfrequently, as we have already seen, employed in addressing women. So, presently, Nan and Madge call each other "*Sirrah*."

Madge. We will, forsooth. [*Exit Mother.*—I can tell you, my mistress is

A stirring woman.

Nan. Lord, how she'll talk sometimes!

'Tis the maddest cricket—

Viola. Methinks she talks well,

And shews a great deal of good huswifery.

Pray, let me deck the chambers; shall I?

Nan. Yes,

You shall; but do not scorn to be advised, sister,

For there belongs more to that than you are aware on:

Why would you venture so fondly upon the strowings?

There's mighty matters in them, I'll assure you,

And in the spreading of a bough-pot; you may miss,

If you were ten years elder, if you take not

A special care before you.

Viola. I will learn willingly, if that be all.

Nan. Sirrah, where is't they say my young master hath been?

Madge. Faith, I know not; beyond the sea, where they are born without noses^c.

Nan. Jesse bless us, without noses! how do they do for handkerchers?

Madge. So Richard says: and, sirrah, their feet stand in their foreheads.

Nan. That's fine, by my troth: these men have pestilent running heads, then. Do they speak as we do?

Madge. No, they never speak.

Nan. Are they cursened^d?

Madge. No, they call them infidels; I know not what they are.

^c *where they are born without noses*] "This, and the ensuing descriptions of men wonderfully made, are in ridicule of the strange relations of Sir Walter Raleigh, and other contemporary travellers. Shakespeare, too, alludes to similar monsters in a more serious manner, where Othello is said to have told Desdemona—

—— 'Of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.' " WEBER.

^d *cursened*] A corruption of—*christened*, which has occurred before.

Nan. Sirrah, we shall have fine courting, now my young master is come home.—Were you never courted, sister?

Viola. Alas, I know it not.

Madge. What is that courting, sirrah?

Nan. I can tell, for I was once courted in the matted chamber: you know the party, Madge; faith, he courted finely.

Madge. Pray thee, what is 't?

Nan. Faith, nothing, but he was somewhat figent^e with me; faith, 'tis fine sport, this courting.

Alex. [*within.*] Where be the maids there?

Madge. We shall be hang'd anon! Away, good wenches!
And have a care you dight things handsomely:
I will look over you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A hall in the same.*

Enter MERCURY and MARIA.

Merc. If your sorrow
Will give you so far leave, pray, think yourself
Most welcome to this place, for so, upon
My life, you are; and for your own fair sake,
Take truce a while with these immoderate mournings.

Maria. I thank you, sir; I shall do what I may.
Pray, lead me to a chamber.

Enter Mother and ALEXANDER.

Merc. Presently.—
Before your blessing, mother, I entreat you
To know this gentlewoman, and bid her welcome,—
The virtuous wife of him that was myself
In all my travels.

Mother. Indeed, she is most welcome; so are you, son:

[*MERC. kneels.*]

Now, all my blessing on thee! thou hast made me
Younger by twenty years than I was yesterday.

^e *figent*] i. e. fidgetty, restless, or (as Weber explains it) troublesome, meddling.

Will you walk in? What ails this gentlewoman?
Alas, I fear she is not well, good gentlewoman!

Merc. You fear right.

Mother. She has fasted over long;
You shall have supper presently o' the board.

Merc. She will not eat, I can assure you, mother:
For God's sake, let your maid conduct her up
Into some fair becoming chamber, fit for
A woman of her being, and as soon as may be;
I know she's very ill, and would have rest.

Mother. There is one ready for her, the blue chamber.

Merc. 'Tis well.—I'll lead you to your chamber-door,
And there I'll leave you to your quiet^f, mistress.

Maria. I thank you, sir.—Good rest to every one!—
You'll see me once again to-night, I hope.

Merc. When you shall please, I'll wait upon you, lady.

Mother. Where are these maids? Attend upon the gentle-
woman, [To Maids within.]
And see she want no good thing in the house!—
Good night with all my heart, forsooth. [Exit MARIA.]

Good Lord,

How you are grown!—Is he not, Alexander?

Alex. Yes, truly, he's shot up finely, God be thanked!

Merc. An ill weed, mother, will do so.

Alex. You say true, sir; an ill weed grows apace.

Merc. Alexander the sharp, you take me very quickly.

Mother. Nay, I can tell you, Alexander will do it.—

Do you read *Madcap* still?

Alex. Sometimes, forsooth^g.

^f *your quiet*] Weber prints "*your own quiet*"!

^g *Alex. Sometimes, forsooth*] "It is evident," says Mason, "that this reply belongs to Mercury, not to Alexander, who knew nothing of Mercury's conduct during his travels; and it is to Mercury that the question is addressed." Weber accordingly transferred this speech to Mercury. But Mason altogether misunderstood the passage. The Mother, after remarking that Alexander is indeed a very acute personage, asks him if he still continues to sharpen his intellect by reading *Madcap*. And here our authors have another fling at Nicholas Breton (see p. 28, and note), one of whose pamphlets is certainly alluded to,—either, as Weber supposes, *Pasquils Mad-cap, and Mad-cappes Message*, 1600,

Mother. But, faith, son, what countries have you travell'd?

Merc. Why, many, mother, as they lay before me;
France, Spain, Italy, and Germany,
And other provinces, that I am sure
You are not better'd by, when you hear of them.

Mother. And can you^h these tongues perfectly?

Merc. Of some
A little, mother.

Mother. Pray, spout some French, son.

Merc. You understand it not; and to your ears
'Twill go like an unshod cart upon the stones,
Only a rough unhandsome sound.

Mother. Faith, I would fain hear some French.

Alex. Good sir, speak some French to my mistress.

Merc. At your entreaty, Alexander, I will.
Who shall I speak to?

Alex. If your worship will do me the favour, sir, to me.

Merc. *Monsieur poltron*ⁱ, *cocu*, *couillon*, *baisez mon cû!*

Alex. *Oui, monsieur.*

Mother. Ha, ha, ha!

This [is] fine, indeed! God's blessing on thy heart, son!

By my troth, thou art grown a proper gentleman.

Cullen and *pullen*,—good God,

What sawcy^j words they use beyond the seas!

Ha, ha, ha!

Alex. Did not I answer right^k?

of which a Second Part appeared during the same year, or, as I am more inclined to think, *Old Mad-cappes new Gallymaufry, made into a merrie messe of mingle-mangle out of these three idle conceited humours following*: 1. *I will not*; 2. *Oh the merrie time*; 3. *Out of Money*, 1602. (I give the titles of these rare pieces from Ritson's *Bibliog. Poet.*)

^h *can you*] i. e. know you.

ⁱ *Monsieur poltron*, &c.] Printed thus in both the folios;

“*Mounseir, Poultron, Coukeur, Cullione, Besay, Man cur.*
Alex. Awe Mounseir.”

^j *sawcy*] The first folio has “*aucey*.” The second reads “*awkeward* ;” and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778.

^k *Did not I answer right*] So the second folio. The first folio has “*Did not you sweare right?*” (“*you sweare*” being most probably a typographical error for “*I answeare you*”); and so Weber, who, when he adopted such a reading, could not have understood the joke in Mercury's reply to this question.

Merc. Yes, good Alexander,
If you had done so too.—But, good mother,
I am very hungry, and have rid far to-day,
And am fasting.

Mother. You shall have your supper presently, my sweet son.

Merc. As soon as you please; which once ended,
I'll go and visit you sick gentlewoman.

Mother. Come, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Before the house of MERCURY'S Mother.*

Enter ANTONIO, disguised as a post, with a letter.

Ant. I have ridden like a fury, to make up this work;
And I will do it bravely ere I leave it.
This is the house, I am sure. [*Knocks.*

Enter ALEXANDER.

Alex. Who would you speak with, sir?

Ant. Marry, sir, I would speak with
A gentlewoman came this night late here from the city;
I have some letters of importance to her.
I am a post, sir, and would be despatch'd
In haste.

Alex. Sir, cannot I deliver 'em?
For the truth is, she's ill, and in her chamber.

Ant. Pray, pardon me; I must needs speak with her,
My business is so weighty.

Alex. I'll tell her so, and bring you present word.

Ant. Pray, do so, and I'll attend her.

[*Exit ALEXANDER.*

Pray God, the grief of my imagin'd death
Spoil not what I intend! I hope it will not.

Re-enter ALEXANDER.

Alex. Though she be very ill, and desires no trouble,
Yet, if your business be so urgent, you may
Come up and speak with her.

Ant. I thank you, sir; I follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A bed-chamber in the same.**Enter MARIA.*

Maria. What should this fellow be, i' the name of Heaven,
That comes with such post business? Sure, my husband
Hath reveal'd himself, and in this haste sent after me.

Enter ANTONIO.

Are you the post, my friend?

Ant. Yes, forsooth, mistress.

Maria. What good news hast thou brought me, gentle post?
For I have woe and grief too much already.

Ant. I would you had less, mistress, I could wish it.—
Beshrew my heart, she moves me cruelly. [*Aside.*]

Maria. Have I found you once more, juggler?
Well, jewel, thou hast only virtue in thee,
Of all I read of yet: what ears has this ass
To betray him with! [*Aside.*—Well, what's your business,
then?

Ant. I have brought a letter from your servant, mistress,
In haste.

Maria. Pray, give it me; I hope the best still.

[*Takes letter.*]

Ant. This is the upshot, and I know I have hit it.
Well, if the spirits of the dead do walk,
I shall hear more of this one¹ hundred years hence. [*Aside.*]

Maria. [*reads.*] *By any means, you must have special care;
For now the^m city is possess'dⁿ for certain,
My master is made away;
Which, for aught I know, is a truth indeed.
Good mistress, leave your grief, and see your danger,
And let that wise and noble gentleman
With whom you are, be your right hand in all things.*

Ant. Now do I know I have the better on 't

¹ *one*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "an."

^m *the*] Altered by Weber to "this."

ⁿ *possess'd*] "i. e. informed." WEBER.

By the languishing of her eye at this near instant ;
'Tis still simmingⁿ in her blood, in coining
Somewhat to turn Mercury, I know it.

[*Aside.*]

Maria. He is my husband, and 'tis reasonable
He should command in all things : since he will be
An ass against the hair^o, at his own peril
Be it. [*Aside*].—In the morn you shall have a packet ;
Till when, I must entreat you, stay ; you shall
Not lose by it.

Ant. I do not doubt it, mistress :
I'll leave you to your rest, and wait your pleasure.

Maria. Do ; and seek out the gentleman of the house ;
Bid him come to me presently.

Ant. Who ? Master Mercury ?

Maria. Do you know him, post ?

Ant. Only by sight, forsooth :

Now I remember your servant willèd me
To let you know he is the only man
You and your fortunes are now to rest upon.

Maria. Prithee, no more ; I know all this already.

Ant. I'll take my leave now.—I am made for ever. [*Aside.*]

Maria. Good night.— [*Exit ANTONIO.*]

I am provided for you, my fine youth. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*A room in the same.*

Enter Mother, beating VIOLA, and ALEXANDER with a broken glass.

Mother. I'll make thee have more care.

Viola. Good mistress, pardon me !

Mother. Thou't^p ne'er be good, I warrant thee : can your
fine fingers hold no faster ?

Viola. Indeed, it was against my will.

Mother. Alexander, let's see the glass. As I am true

ⁿ *simming*] i. e. simmering.

^o *against the hair*]. Equivalent to—against the grain, contrary to nature.

^p *Thou't*] Here the second folio has "Thou'lt" ; but in a subsequent speech of the Mother (p. 192) it reads, with the first folio, "Thou't."

kirsome⁹ woman, it is one of the crystal glasses my cousin sent me! and the baggage hath broke it where it cannot be mended. Alexander, can Humphry mend this, think you?

Alex. No, truly, this will ne'er be mended.

Viola. Truly, I meant but to wash it for the gentlewoman that is sick above; and, shaking out the water, knocked it against the pail-side.

Mother. Did you so? Be sure I'll stop it: 't will make a good gap in your quarter's wages, I can tell you.

Viola. I pray, forgive me, and let me have no wages this first quarter.

Mother. Go, whimling, and fetch two or three grating-loaves out of the kitchen, to make gingerbread of. 'Tis such an untoward thing! [Exit VIOLA.]

Alex. She's somewhat simple, indeed; she knew not what a kimmel^r was; she wants good nurture mightily.

Mother. My son tells me, Alexander, that this young widow means to sojourn here: she offers largely for her board; I may offer her good cheer. Prithee, make a step i' the morning down to the parsonage for some pigeons.—[Noise within.]—What, are you mad there? what noise is that? are you at bowls within?

Re-enter VIOLA, weeping.

Why do you whine?

Viola. I have done another fault; I beseech you, sweet mistress, forgive me!

Mother. What's the matter?

Viola. As I was reaching for the bread that lay upon the shelf, I have thrown down the minced meat, that should have made the pies to-morrow.

Mother. Get thee out of my house, thou filthy destroying harlot, thou! I'll not keep thee an hour longer.

Viola. Good mistress, beat me rather for my fault, As much as it deserves! I do not know Whither to go.

⁹ *kirsome*] i. e. Christian (corrupted from *chrysom*).

^r *kimmel*] "Or *kemlin*, is a powdering-tub." SYMPSON.

Mother. No, I warrant thee ; out of my doors !

Viola. Indeed I'll mend.—I pray, speak you for me !

Alex. If thou hadst hurled down any thing but the pie-meat, I would have spoke for thee ; but I cannot find in my heart now^a.

Mother. Art thou here yet ? I think I must have an officer to thrust thee out of my doors, must I ?

Viola. Why, you may stop this in my wages too ;
For God's sake, do !—I'll find myself this year,—
And let me stay.

Mother. Thou't spoil ten times as much. I'll cudgel thee out of my doors.

Viola. I am assur'd you are more merciful
Than thus to beat me and discharge me too.

Mother. Dost thou dispute with me ?—Alexander, carry the prating hilding^t forth.

Viola. Good mistress, hear me ! I have here a jewel

[*Kneels.*

My mother left me, and 'tis something worth :
Receive it ; and when all my faults together
Come to the worth of that, then turn me forth ;
Till then, I pray you, keep me.

Mother. What jiggumbob have we here ? Pray God, you have not pilfered this somewhere. Thou'rt such a puling thing ! wipe your eyes, and rise ; go your ways.—Alexander, bid the cook mince some more meat.—Come, and get you to bed quickly, that you may up betime i' the morning a-milking, or you and I shall fall out worse yet.

[*Exeunt* Mother and ALEXANDER.]

Viola. She has hurt my arm : I am afraid she is
A very angry woman ;

^a *but I cannot find in my heart now*] Sympson (that the words might run more easily into verse) printed "*but now I cannot find in my heart*"; and so the Editors of 1778.

^t *hilding*] "i. e. base baggage, slut." SYMPSON. This term of reproach, applied both to men and women, is common in our early writers. Its etymology is doubtful : see Todd's *Johnson's Dict.*, Richardson's *Dict.*, and Nares's *Gloss.*

But bless him, Heaven, that did me the most wrong !
 I am afraid Antonio's wife should see me ;
 She will know me.

Mother [within]. Melvia !

Viola. I am coming !—she's not angry again, I hope. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII.—*A gallery in the same.*

Enter MERCURY.

Merc. Now what am I the better for enjoying
 This woman that I lov'd so ? All I find,
 That I before imagin'd to be happy,
 Now I have done it, turns to nothing else
 But a poor, pitied, and a base repentance.
 'Udsfoot, I am monstrous angry with myself !
 Why should a man, that has discourse and reason",
 And knows how near he loses all in these things,
 Covet to have his wishes satisfied ?
 Which, when they are, are nothing but the shame.
 I do begin to loathe this woman strangely,
 And, I think, justly too, that durst adventure,
 Flinging away her modesty, to take
 A stranger to her bed, (her husband's body
 Being scarce cold in the earth,) for her content.
 It was no more to take my senses with,
 Than if I had had an idle dream in sleep ^v :
 Yet I have made her promises, which grieves me,
 And I must keep 'em too.—I think she hunts me :
 The devil cannot keep these women off,
 When they are flesh'd ^w once.

Enter MARIA, in night-attire.

Maria. To bed, for God's sake, sir !

^u *discourse and reason*] See note, vol. i. 213.

^v *Than if I had had an idle dream in sleep*] The first folio has,

“ *Then if I had an idle dream had in sleep.* ”

The second folio, instead of restoring “ had ” to its right place, omits it ; and so the modern editors.

^w *flesh'd*] Both the folios, “ fletched.”

Why do you stay here? some are up i' the house ;
I heard the wife^w. Good dear sweetheart, to bed.

Merc. Why, I am going. Why do you follow me?
You would not have it known, I hope: pray, get you
Back to your chamber; the door's hard by. For me,
Let me alone, I warrant you.—This it is
To thresh well; I have got a customer.— [*Aside.*
Will you go to bed?

Maria. Will you?

Merc. Yes, I am going.

Maria. Then remember your promise you made to marry me.

Merc. I will; but it was your fault that it came
To this pinch now, that it must need remembrance;
For, out of honesty, I offer'd you
To marry you first: why did you slack that offer?

Maria. Alas, I told you th' inconvenience of it,
And what wrong it would appear to the world,
If I had married you in such post-haste
After his death! Beside, the foolish people
Would have been bold to have thought we had lain^x
Together in his time, and like enough
Imaginèd we two had murder'd him.

Merc. I love her tongue yet. If I were a saint,
A gilded saint, and such a thing as this
Should prate thus wittily and feelingly
Unto my holiness, I cannot tell,
But I fear shrewdly I should do something
That would quite scratch me out o' the calendar;
And if I stay longer^y talking with her,
Though I am mad at what I have done already,
Yet I shall forget myself again;
I feel the devil ready to hold my stirrup.— [*Aside.*
Pray, to bed: good night.

^w *the wife*] i. e. (as Weber rightly explains it) the *goodwife*, the mistress of the house.

^x *lain*] The first folio, "lyen"; and so probably the author wrote.

^y *stay longer*] Symson, for the metre, printed, "*stay here longer.*" In this part of the speech I give the arrangement of the folios, which the Editors of 1778 and Weber vainly attempted to improve. The text, as in many other places, appears to be somewhat corrupted.

Maria. This kiss, good night, sweet love,
And peace go with thee !—[*Exit MERCURY.*] Thou hast prov'd
thyself

The honestest man that ever was entic'd
To that sweet sin, as people please to call it,
Of lying with another's wife ; and I,
I think, the honestest woman, without blushing,
That ever lay with another man. I sent my husband
Into a cellar, post ; fearing, and justly,
He should have known him ; which I did not purpose
Till I had had my end.

Well, now this plot is perfect, let him brag on't. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A hall in the house of the Justice.*

Enter Justice with a letter, and CURIO.

Just. By'r lady, sir, you have rid hard, that you have.

Curio. They that have business must do so, I take it.

Just. You say true. When set you out, my friend ?

Curio. About ten o'clock ; and I have rid all night.

Just. By the mass, you are tough indeed. I have seen the day
I would have rid too with the proudest of them,
And fling dirt in their faces, and I have done 't
With this foolish body^z, sir, many a time :
But what can last always ? 'Tis done, 'tis done now, sir :
Age, care, and office, brings us to our foot-cloths^a,—
The more the pity.

Curio. I believe that, sir ;

But will it please you to read the business ?

Just. My friend, I can read, and I can tell you when.

^z *body*] The correction of Theobald and Sympson. Both the folios, "boy."

^a *foot-cloths*] See note, vol. i. 15. Here Weber explains the word "palfreys:" but Nares rightly observes, "Beware of supposing the beast itself to be called *foot-cloth*, as some would have it. [In Middleton's *Mad World, my Masters*] Sir Bounteous is said to '[have] alight[ed] from his *foot-cloth*,' as one might say 'alighted from his saddle.'" *Gloss.* in v.

Curio. Would I could too, sir ! for my haste requires it.

Just. Whence comes it, do you say ?

Curio. Sir, from the city.

Just. Oh, from the city ; 'tis a reverent place—

Curio. An his justice be as short as his memory,
A dudgeon-dagger^b will serve him to mow down
Sin withal : what clod-pole commissioner is this ! [*Aside.*

Just. And, by my faith, govern'd by worthy members,
Discreet and upright.

Curio. Sir, they are beholding^c to you ;
You have given some of them a commendation^d
They were not worthy of this twenty years.

Just. Go to, go to, you have a merry meaning ;
I have found you, sir ; i'faith, you are a wag ;
Away, fie !—Now I'll read your letter. [*Reads letter.*

Curio. Pray, do, sir.—What a misery it is
To have an urgent business wait the justice
Of such an old tuff-taffata, that knows not,
Nor can be brought to understand more sense
Than how to restore suppressed alehouses,
And have his man compound small trespasses
For ten groats ! [*Aside.*

Just. Sir, it seems here
Your business is of deeper^e circumstance
Than I conceiv'd it for :—what do you mean, sir ?

^b *A dudgeon-dagger*] Gifford explains *dudgeon*—wooden, and says that it meant that kind of haft, “in which the wood was googed out in crooked channels, like what is now, and perhaps was then, called *snail-creeping*.” Note on Jonson's *Works*, vol. v. 221. Nares was convinced that it signified properly a handle made of box-wood : vide *Gloss.* in v. “But,” says Richardson, “that it neither means *wooden* nor *root of box* is plain from Holland [*Plinie*, b. xvi. c. 16]. The word may be applied as an epithet to the box or any other wood, to express some particular quality, and it is not improbable that such quality is strength ; Dut. *Dooghen* ; A. S. *Dug-an*, to be strong (whence our *Doughty* ; which is also now used, as *Dudgeon* is, contemptuously).” *Dict.* in v. Whatever the precise meaning of the word may have been, *dudgeon* was applied to the haft of a dagger, to distinguish it from daggers whose hafts were of a costlier kind.

^c *beholding*] i. e. beholden,—a form common in our early writers.

^d *commendation*] Both the folios, “commendations.”

^e *of deeper*] The second folio, “of a deeper” ; and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778.

Curio. 'Tis for mine own ease^f, I'll assure your worship.

Just. It shall not be, i'faith, friend.—Here I have it,
That one Antonio, a gentleman,—
I take it so; yes, it is so,—a gentleman,
Is lately thought to have been made away;
And, by my faith, upon a perlous^g ground too,
If you consider. Well, there's knavery in't;
I see that without spectacles.

Curio. Sure, this fellow
Deals in revelation, he's so hidden:
Go thy ways; thou wilt stick a bench, spit as formally,
And shew thy agate^h and hatch'dⁱ chain as well
As the best of them.

[*Aside.*

Just. And now I have consider'd, I believe it.

Curio. What, sir?

Just. That he was murder'd.

Curio. Did you know him?

Just. No.

Curio. Nor how it is suppos'd?

Just. No; nor I care not twopence, those are toys;
And yet I verily believe he was murder'd,
As sure as I believe thou art a man.
I never fail'd in these things yet: 'ware a man
That's beaten to these matters; experience
Is a certain concealed thing that fails not.
Pray, let me ask you one thing,—why do you come to me?

Curio. Because the letter is address'd to you,
Being the nearest justice.

Just. The nearest! is that all?

Curio. I think it be, sir;—

I would be loath you should be the wisest.

[*Aside.*

Just. Well, sir, as it is, I will endeavour in it:
Yet, if it had come to me by name, I know not,

^f *What do you mean, sir?*

Curio. 'Tis for mine own ease, &c.] "The Justice reproaches him for keeping his hat off, which Curio says he does for his own ease." MASON.

^g *perlous*]—More frequently written *parlous*,—is a familiar corruption of *perilous*.—The first folio has "perles," the second "pearls."

^h *agate*] i. e. agate-ring.

ⁱ *hatch'd*] i. e. gilt: see note, p. 32.

But I think it had been as soon despatch'd
 As by another, and with as round a wisdom,
 Ay, and as happily ; but that 's all one :
 I have borne this place this thirty years and upwards,
 And with sufficient credit, and they may,
 When they please, know me better. To the nearest ! well !

Curio. Sir, it is not my fault ; for had I known
 You sooner——

Just. I thank you, sir ; I know it.

Curio. I 'll be sworn
 You should have play'd, for any business now. [*Aside.*

Just. And further, they have specified unto me,
 His wife is sorely suspected in this matter
 As a main cause.

Curio. I think she be, sir, for no other cause
 Can be yet found.

Just. And one Mercury, a traveller, with whom
 They say directly she is run away,
 And, as they think, this way.

Curio. I knew all this before.

Just. Well, sir, this Mercury I know, and his breeding ;
 A neighbour's child hard by : you have been happy, sir,
 In coming hither.

Curio. Then you know where
 To have him, sir ?

Just. I do, sir ; he dwells near me.

Curio. I doubt your worship dwells near a knave, then.

Just. I think so :—pray, put on^j :—but 'tis a wonder
 To see how graceless people are now given,
 And how base virtue is accounted with them,
 That should be all in all, as says a wise man.
 I tell you, sir, and it is true, that there have been
 Such murders, and of late days, as 'twould make
 Your very heart bleed in you ; and some of them,
 As I shall be enabled, I will tell you.
 It fell out of late days——

^j *put on*] i. e. put on your hat.

Curio. It may be so :

But will it please you to proceed in this ?

Just. An honest weaver, and as good a workman
As e'er shot shuttle, and as close,—
But every man must die,—this honest weaver,
Being a little mellow in his ale,—
That was the evidence, *verbatim*, sir,—
God bless the mark, sprung his neck just in this place :
Well, Jarvis, thou hadst wrongs, and, if I live,
Some of the best shall sweat for 't. Then a wench—

Curio. But, sir, you have forgot my business.

Just. A sober pretty maid, about seventeen,
They say, certainly, howsoever 'tis shuffled,
She burst herself, and fondly^k, if it be so,
With furmety^l at a churching ; but I think
The devil had another agent in 't ;
Either of which, if I can catch, shall stretch for 't.

Curio. This is a mad Justice, that will hang the devil !—
But I would you would be short in this, [*Aside.*
Before that other notice can be given.

Just. Sir, I will do discreetly what is fitting.—
What, Antonio !

Serv. [*within*]. Your worship ?

Just. Put on your best coat,
And let your fellow Mark go to the constable,
And bid him aid me with all the speed he can
And all the power ; and provide pen and ink
To take their confessions, and my long sword^m :
I cannot tell what danger we may meet with.—
You'll go with us ?

Curio. Yes ; what else ?

I came to that end, to accuse both parties.

Just. May I crave what you are ?

Curio. Faith, sir, one

^k *fondly*] i. e. foolishly.

^l *furmety*]—Or *furmenty*,—i. e. wheat boiled in milk, with seasoning. Properly written "*Frumenty, Lactis et tritici decoctum.*" Coles's *Dict.*

^m *long sword*]—Or *two-hand sword*,—was the weapon commonly in use before the introduction of rapiers.

That to be known would not profit you more
Than a near kinsman of the dead Antonio's.

Just. 'Tis well. I am sorry for my neighbour, truly,
That he had no more grace : 'twill kill his mother ;
She is a good old woman. Will you walk in ?
I will but put my cloak on, and my chain off,
And a clean band, and have my shoes black'd over,
And shift my jerkin, and we'll to our business ;
And you shall see how I can boult these matters.

Curio. As soon as 't please you, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The country.*

Enter VALERIO and RICARDO.

Val. This is the place ; here did I leave the maid
Alone last night, drying her tender eyes,
Uncertain what to do, and yet desirous
To have me gone.

Ric. How rude are all we men,
That take the name of civil to ourselves !
If she had set her foot upon an earth
Where people live that we call barbarous,
Though they had had no house to bring her to,
They would have spoil'd the glory that the spring
Has deck'd the trees in, and with willing hands
Have torn their branches down, and every man
Would have become a builder for her sake.—
What time left you her hereⁿ ?

Val. I left her when^o the sun had so much to set
As he is now got from his place of rise.

ⁿ *here*] Both the folios, "there."

^o *I left her when, &c.*] Sympson, having made one of his unauthorised insertions, gave the following stiff arrangement :

"*Val.* I left her, when
The sun had so much to *his* set, as he
Is now got from his place of rise.

Ric. So near

The night, she could not wander far.—Fair Viola !"

And so the Editors of 1778.

Ric. So near the night, she could not wander far.—
Fair Viola!

Val. It is in vain to call; she sought a house,
Without all question.

Ric. Peace.—Fair Viola!
Fair Viola!—Who would^p have left her here,
On such a ground? If you had meant to lose her,
You might have found there were no echoes^q here
To take her name^r, and carry it about,
When her true lover came to mourn for her,
Till all the neighbouring valleys and the hills
Resounded Viola; and such a place
You should have chose. You pity us
Because the dew a little wets our feet
(Unworthy far to seek her in the wet!);
And what becomes of her? where wander'd she,
With two showers raining on her, from her eyes
Continually, abundantly, from which
There's neither tree nor house to shelter her?—
Will you go with me to travel?

Val. Whither?

Ric. Over all the world.

Val. No, by my faith; I'll make a shorter journey
When I do travel.

^p *would*] Both the folios, "should;" and so the Editors of 1778.

^q *echoes*] So the second folio. The first has "inches."

^r — *If you had meant to lose her,*
You might have found there were no echoes here
To take her name.] "Sympson reads,
—*If you had meant to lose her,*
You might have found where there no echoes were
To take her name;

but surely the old text conveys the same sense." ED. 1778.

"Both Sympson and the last Editors entirely mistake the meaning of this passage, which is this—If you meant to lose her, you should have chosen a place where there were echoes, that would have resounded her name when her true lover should come to seek her: but you might have found that there were no echoes here, and therefore should not have quitted her in such a place; you should have chosen a spot in which all the neighbouring hills and vallies should have resounded, Viola." MASON.

Ric. But there is no hope
To gain my end in any shorter way.

Val. Why, what's your end?

Ric. It is, to search the earth,
Till we have found two in the shapes of men
As wicked as ourselves.

Val. 'Twere not so hard
To find out those.

Ric. Why, if we find them out,
It were the better; for what brave villainy
Might we four do! We would not keep together;
For every one has treachery enough
For twenty countries: one should trouble Asia;
Another should sow strife in Africa;
But you should play the knave at home in Europe;
And, for America, let me alone.

Val. Sir, I am honest
Than you know how to be, and can no more
Be wrong'd but I shall find myself a right.

Ric. If you had any spark of honesty,
You would not think that *honester than I*
Were a praise high^s enough to serve your turn:
If men were commonly so bad as I,
Thieves would be put in calendars for saints,
And bones of murderers would work miracles.
I am a kind of knave, of knave so much
There is betwixt me and the vilest else;
But the next place of all to mine is yours.

Enter NAN, MADGE, and VIOLA, with milk-pails.

Val. That last is she; 'tis she.

Ric. Let us away;
We shall infect her: let her have the wind,
And we will kneel down here.

[*Kneels.*

Viola. Wenches, away!
For here are men.

Val. Fair maid, I pray you, stay. [*Takes hold of VIOLA.*

^s *high*] Omitted by Weber!

Viola. Alas ! again ?

Ric. Why do you lay hold on her ?

I pray heartily, let her go.

Val. With all my heart ; I do not mean to hurt her.

Ric. But stand away, then ; for the purest bodies
Will soonest take infection ; stand away.

But for infecting her myself, by Heaven,
I would come there, and beat thee further off.

Viola. I know that voice and face.

Val. You are finely mad.

God b'w'ye †, sir : now you are here together,
I'll leave you so ; God send you good luck both !

When you are soberer, you 'll give me thanks. [*Exit.*

Madge. Wilt thou go milk ? come.

Nan. Why dost not come ?

Madge. She nods, she's asleep.

Nan. What, wert up so early ?

Madge. I think yon man's mad to kneel there.—Nay, come,
come away.—'Uds body, Nan, help ! she looks black i' the
face ; she 's in a swoond †. [*VIOLA faints.*

Nan. An you be a man, come hither, and help a woman !

Ric. Come hither † ! you are a fool.

Nan. And you a knave and a beast, that you are.

Ric. Come hither ! 'twas my being now so near
That made her swoon ; and you are wicked people,
Or you would do so too ; my venom eyes
Strike innocency dead at such a distance.

[*Rises, and kneels down farther off.*

Here I will kneel, for this is out of distance.

Nan. Thou 'rt a prating ass ; there 's no goodness in thee,
I warrant.—How dost thou ? [*VIOLA recovers.*

Viola. Why, well.

Madge. Art thou able to go ?

Viola. No ; pray, go you and milk : if I be able

† *God b'w'ye*] The first folio, "*godbwy* ;" the second, "goodbwy."

‡ *swoond*] So both the folios here. Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "swoon :'" see note, vol. i. 422.

† *hither*] Both the folios, "thither ;" and so Weber. But see Ricardo's next speech.

To come, I'll follow you ; if not, I'll sit here
Till you come back.

Nan. I am loath to leave thee here with yon wild fool.

Viola. I know him well ; I warrant thee, he will not hurt me.

Madge. Come, then, Nan. [Exit with NAN.]

Ric. How do you ? Be not fearful, for I hold
My hands before my mouth and speak, and so
My breath can never blast you.

Viola. 'Twas enough
To use me ill, though you had never sought me
To mock me too. Why kneel you so far off ?
Were not that gesture better us'd in prayer ?
Had I dealt so with you, I should not sleep,
Till God and you had both forgiven me.

Ric. I do not mock ; nor lives there such a villain
That can do any thing contemptible
To you : but I do kneel, because it is
An action very fit and reverent,
In presence of so pure a creature,
And so far off, as fearful to offend
One too much wrong'd already.

Viola. You confess you did the fault, yet scorn to come
So far as hither, to ask pardon for 't ;
Which I could willingly afford to come
To you to grant. Good sir^w, if you have
A better love, may you be blest together !
She shall not wish you better than I will.
I but offend you. There are all the jewels

[Throws down a casket.]

I stole ; and all the love I ever had
I leave behind with you ; I'll carry none
To give another. May the next maid you try
Love you no worse, nor be no worse than I !

Ric. Do not ^x leave me yet, for all my fault :
Search out the next things to impossible,

^w *Good sir*] Sympson printed " But, *good sir.*"

^x *Do not*] Sympson printed, " O ! *do not.*"

And put me on them ; when they are effected,
I may with better modesty receive
Forgiveness from you.

Viola. I will set no penance,
To gain the great forgiveness you desire,
But to come hither, and take me and it ;
Or else I'll come and beg, so you will grant
That you will be content to be forgiven.

Ric. Nay, I will come, since you will have it so,
[Rises, comes to her, and kneels.

And, since you please to pardon me, I hope
Free from infection. Here I am by you,
A careless man, a breaker of my faith,
A loathsome drunkard, and, in that wild fury,
A hunter after whores : I do beseech you
To pardon all these faults, and take me up
An honest, sober, and a faithful man !

Viola [raising him]. For God's sake, urge your faults no
more, but mend !

All the forgiveness I can make you, is,
To love you ; which I will do, and desire
Nothing but love again ; which if I have not,
Yet I will love you still.

Ric. Oh, women, that some one of you will take
An everlasting pen into your hands,
And grave in paper (which the writ shall make
More lasting than the marble monuments)
Your matchless virtues to posterities,
Which the defective race of envious man
Strive^y to conceal !

Viola. Methinks, I would not now, for any thing,
But you had miss'd me : I have made a story
Will serve to waste many a winter's fire,
When we are old ; I'll tell my daughters then
The miseries their mother had in love,
And say, " My girls, be wiser ; " yet I would not

^y *Strive*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to " Strives."

Have had more wit myself. Take up those jewels,
For I think I hear my fellows coming.

Re-enter NAN and MADGE with milk-pails.

Madge. How dost thou now ?

Viola. Why, very well, I thank you.

'Tis late ; shall I haste home ?

Nan. Ay, prithee ; we shall be shent^y soundly.

Madge. Why does that railing man go with us ?

Viola. I prithee, speak well of him : on my word,
He 's an honest man.

Nan. There was never any so on 's complexion. A gentleman ! I 'd be ashamed to have such a foul mouth^z. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in the house of MERCURY'S Mother.*

Enter Mother, ALEXANDER, ANDRUGIO, and ROWLAND.

Mother. How now, Alexander ? what gentleman is this ?

Alex. Indeed, forsooth, I know not :

I found him at the market, full of woe,
Crying a lost daughter, and telling all
Her tokens to the people ; and, wot you what^a ?
By all subscription^b in the world, it should be
Our new maid Melvia (one would little think it) ;
Therefore I was bold to tell him of her, mistress.

Mother. Melvia ! it cannot be, fool : alas, you know
She is a poor wench, and I took her in
Upon mere charity !

^y *shent*] i. e. reproved, scolded.

^z *such a foul mouth*] "The milk-maids understood literally, what Antonio [Ricardo] had said figuratively, of his breath being infectious." WEBER. No, no. Nan alludes to Ricardo's having called her a fool : see p. 203.

^a *wot you what*] The second folio has, "*what you wot ?*" ; and so the modern editors.

^b *subscription*] "If Alexander was an affecter of hard words, I should be inclined to let this stand ; but as he seems throughout a sensible, good-natured fellow, I would choose to read *description*." SYMPSON,—who, accordingly gave the latter reading. "Alexander is evidently intended for a meddling, pragmatical coxcomb, and the blunder has been restored for that reason." WEBER,—who was right in restoring the old reading, but altogether wrong in supposing it to be a "blunder" on the part of Alexander.

Andr. So seem'd my daughter when she went away,
As she had made herself.

Mother. What stature was your child of, sir?

Andr. Not high, and of a brown complexion,
Her hair auburn, a round face, which some friends,
That flatter'd me, would say 'twould be a good one.

Alex. This is still Melvia, mistress; that's the truth on't.

Mother. It may be so, I'll promise you.

Alex. Well, go thy ways, the flower of our town!
For a hand and a foot I shall never see thy fellow.

Mother. But had she not such toys as bracelets, rings, and
jewels?

Andr. She was something bold, indeed, to take such things
That night she left me.

Mother. Then belike she run away?

Andr. Though she be one I love, I dare not lie;
She did indeed.

Mother. What think you of this jewel?

Andr. Yes, this was one of them, and this was mine:
You have made me a new man; I thank you for it.

Mother. Nay, an she be given to filching, there is your
jewel;

I am clear on't. But, by your leave, sir, you
Shall answer me for what is lost since she
Came hither; I can tell you, there lie things
Scattering in every place about the house.

Alex. As I am virtuous, I have the lying'st
Old gentlewoman to my mistress, and the most malicious!
The devil a good word will she give a servant;
That's her old rule: and, God be thankèd, they'll
Give her as few; there is perfect love on both sides.
It yearns^c my heart to hear the wench misconstrued;
A careful soul she is, I'll be sworn for her;
And when she's gone, let them say what they will,
They may cast their caps at such another. [Aside.

Andr. What you have lost by her, with all my heart

^c *yearns*] i. e. grieves, vexes.

I'll see you double paid for ; you have sav'd,
 With your kind pity, two that must not live,
 Unless it be to thank you. Take this jewel ;
 This strikes off none of her offences, mistress^d.
 Would I might see her !

Mother. Alexander, run,
 And bid her make haste home ; she's at the milking-close :
 But tell her not by any means who's here ;
 I know she'll be too fearful.

Alex. Well, we'll have
 A posset yet at parting, that's my comfort ;
 And one round, or^e else I'll lose my will. [Exit.]

Andr. You shall find Silvio, Uberto, and Pedro,
 Inquiring for the wench at the next town :
 Tell them she is found, and where I am,
 And, with the favour of this gentlewoman,
 Desire them to come hither.

Mother. I pray, do ; they shall be all welcome.
 [Exit ROWLAND.]

Enter Justice, CURIO, and MARK.

Just. By your leave, forsooth.—You shall see me find the parties by a sleight.

Mother. Who's that ? Master Justice ! how do you, sir ?

Just. Why, very well, and busy. Where's your son ?

Mother. He's within, sir.

Just. Hum ; and how does the young woman my cousin, that came down with him ?

Mother. She's above, as a woman in her case may be.

Just. You have confessed it ?—Then, sirrah, call in the officers. [Exit MARK.]—She's no cousin of mine ; a mere trick to discover all.

^d *This strikes off none of her offences, mistress*] “Simpson, totally mistaking Andrugio's meaning, says, ‘Why, then, he paid his jewel for nothing ;’ and reads,—

‘*This strikes off one of her offences, mistress.*’

It did not occur to him, that the jewel was meant as a gift, not as a payment.” Ed. 1778.

^e *round, or*] Simpson printed, for the metre, “round too, or” ; and so the Editors of 1778.

Mother. To discover ! what ?

Just. You shall know that anon : I think I have overreached you.

Re-enter MARK with Officers.

Oh, welcome ! enter the house, and by virtue of my warrant, which you have there, seize upon the bodily persons of those whose names are there written, to wit, one Mercury, and the wife of one Antonio.

Mother. For what ?

Just. Away, I say !—[*Exeunt Officers.*] This gentleman shall certify you for what.

Mother. He can accuse my son of nothing ; he came from travel but within these two days.

Just. There hangs a tale.

Mother. I should be sorry this should fall out at any time, but especially now.—Sir, will you favour me so much as to let me know of what you accuse him ?

Curio. Upon suspicion of murder.

Mother. Murder ! I defy thee !

Curio. I pray God, he may prove himself innocent !

Just. Fie, say not so ! you shew yourself to be no good commonwealth's man ; for the more are hanged, the better 'tis for the commonwealth.

Mother. By this rule you were best hang yourself.

Just. I forgive your honest mirth ever.

Re-enter Officers^c, with MERCURY and MARIA.

Oh, welcome, welcome !—Mark, your pen, ink, and paper, to take their examinations.

Merc. Why do you pull me so ? I'll go alone.

Just. Let them stand, let them stand quietly, whilst they are examined.

Maria. What will you examine us of ?

Just. Of Antonio's murder.

Merc. Why, he was my friend.

^c *Re-enter Officers*] Both the folios, by an evident mistake, make Mark re-enter with the Officers (though a little above they have only "*Exit Officer*"); and so the modern editors.

Maria. He was my husband.

Just. The more shame for you both!—Mark, your pen and ink.

Mother. Pray God, all be well! I never knew any of these travellers come to good. [*Aside.*—I beseech you, sir, be favourable to my son! [*Kneels.*

Just. Gentlewoman, hold you content: I would it were come to that!

Merc. For God's sake, mother, why kneel you to such a pig-bribed fellow? he has surfeited of geese, and they have put him into a fit of justice: let him do his worst.

Just. Is your paper ready?

Mark. I am ready, sir.

Enter ANTONIO, disguised as a post; he stands apart.

Just. Accuse them, sir; I command thee to lay down accusations against these persons, in behalf of the state: and first look upon the parties to be accused, and deliver your name.

Curio. My name is Curio: my murder'd kinsman,
If he were living now, I should not know him,
It is so long since we saw one another.

Ant. My cousin Curio! [*Aside.*

Curio. But thus much (from the mouths of his servants and others, whose examinations I have in writing about me) I can accuse them of. This Mercury, the last night but this last, lay in Antonio's house; and in the night he rose, raising Antonio, where privately they were in talk an hour, to what end I know not; but, of likelihood, finding Antonio's house not a fit place to murder him in, he suffered him to go to bed again; but in the morning early he trained him, I think, forth; after which time he never saw his home. His clothes were found near the place where Mercury was; and the people at first denied they saw him; but at last they^c made a frivolous tale, that there he shifted himself into a footman's habit: but, in short, the next hour this woman went to Mercury, and in her coach they posted hither. True accusations I have no more, and I will make none.

^c *they*] Both the folios, "he."

Just. No more ! we need no more.—Sirrah, be drawing their mittimus, before we hear their answer.—What say you, sir ? are you guilty of this murder ?

Merc. No, sir.

Just. Whether you are or no, confess ; it will be the^d better for you.

Merc. If I were guilty, your rhetoric could not fetch it forth : but though I am innocent, I confess that, if I were a stander-by, these circumstances urged, which are true, would make me doubtless believe the accused parties to be guilty.

Just. Write down, that he being a stander-by (for so you see he is) doth doubtlessly believe the accused parties, which is himself, to be guilty.

Merc. I say no such thing.

Just. Write it down, I say ! we'll try that.

Merc. I care not what you write.—

Pray God you did not kill him for my love !

Though I am free from this, we both deserve——

[*Aside to MARIA.*

Maria. Govern your tongue, I pray you ; all is well : My husband lives, I know it, and I see him.

Just. They whisper :—sever them quickly, I say, officers ! why do you let them prompt one another ?—Gentlewoman, what say you to this ? are not you guilty ?

Maria. No, as I hope for mercy.

Just. But are not those circumstances true, that this gentleman hath so shortly and methodically delivered ?

Maria. They are ; and what you do with me I care not, Since he is dead in whom was all my care. You knew him not.

Just. No ; and 't been better for you too, an you had never known him.

Maria. Why, then, you did not know the world's chief joy :
His face so manly as it had been made
To fright the world ; yet he so sweetly-temper'd,
That he would make himself a natural fool,

^d *the*] Omitted by Weber.

To do a noble kindness for a friend :
 He was a man whose name I 'll not out-live
 Longer than Heaven, whose will must be obey'd,
 Will have me do.

Ant. And I will quit^e thy kindness. [*Aside.*

Just. Before me, she has made the tears stand in mine eyes ; but I must be austere [*Aside*].—Gentlewoman, you must confess this murder.

Maria. I cannot, sir ; I did it not : but I desire to see those examinations which this gentleman acknowledges to have about him ; for but late last night I received letters from the city, yet I heard of no confession then.

Just. You shall see them time enough, I warrant you. But letters you say you had ; where are those letters ?

Maria. Sir, they are gone.

Just. Gone ! whither are they gone ? how have you disposed of 'em ?

Maria. Why, sir, they are for women's matters, and so I use 'em.

Just. Who writ 'em ?

Maria. A man of mine.

Just. Who brought 'em ?

Maria. A post.

Just. A post ! there was some great haste sure ; aha ! Where is that post ?

Maria. Sir, there he stands.

Just. Does he so ?—Bring hither that post : I am afraid that post will prove a knave.—Come hither, post : what, what can you say concerning the murder of Antonio ?

Ant. What 's that to you ?

Just. Oh, post, you have no answer ready, have you ? I 'll have one from you.

Ant. You shall have no more from me than you have. You examine an honest gentleman and gentlewoman here : 'tis pity such fools as you should be i' the commission.

Just. Say you so, post ?—Take away that post ; whip him, and bring him again quickly.—I 'll hamper you, post.

^e quit] i. e. requite.

Merc. 'Tis Antonio; I know him now as well—
What an irregular fool is this!

[*Aside.*

Ant. Whip me! hold off.

Maria. Oh, good sir, whip him! by his murmuring
He should know something of my husband's death,
That may quit me: for God's sake, fetch it out!

Just. Whip him, I say!

[*ANTONIO throws off his disguise.*

Ant. Who is't dares^f whip me now?

Maria. Oh, my lov'd husband!

Merc. My most worthy friend!

Where have you been so long?

Ant. I cannot speak for joy.

Just. Why, what's the matter now? and shall not law,
then, have her course?

Andr. It shall have no other course than it has, I think.

Just. It shall have other course before I go, or I'll beat
my brains: and I say, it was not honestly done of him to
discover himself before the parties accused were executed,
that law might have had her course, for then the kingdom
flourishes.

Ant. But such a wife as thou had never any man;
And such a friend as he, believe me, wife,
Shall never be: ah, good wife^g, love my friend!—
Friend, love my wife: hark, friend.

Just. Mark, if we can have nothing to do, you shall swear
the peace of somebody.

Mark. Yes, sir.

Ant. By my troth, I am sorry my wife is so obstinate:
Sooth, if I could yet do thee any good,
I would, faith^h, I would.

Merc. I thank you, sir; I have lost that passion.

Ant. Cousin Curio, you and I must be better acquainted.

Curio. It is my wish, sir.

Ant. I should not have known you neither, 'tis so long since

^f *is't dares*] Weber chose to print "*is't that dares.*"

^g *be: ah, good wife*] Is probably the reading intended by the first folio, which has "*be a good wife*". The second has "*be good wife*"; and so the modern editors.

^h *faith*] Altered by the modern editors to "*i' faith.*"

we saw [one another^h]; we were but children then : but you have shewed yourself an honest man to me.

Curio. I would be ever so.

Enter RICARDO and VIOLA.

Mother. Look you, who's there !

Andr. Say nothing to me ; for thy peace is made.

Ric. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that you are her father ; you can both
Not only pardon when you have a wrong,
But love where you have most injuryⁱ.

Just. I think I shall hear of no hanging this year. There's a tinker and a whore yet, the crier said, that robbed her, and are in prison ; I hope they shall be hanged.

Andr. No, truly, sir, they have broke prison.

Just. 'Tis no matter ; then the jailor shall be hanged.

Andr. You are deceived in that too, sir ; 'twas known to be against his will, and he hath got his pardon,—I think, for nothing ; but if it doth cost him any thing, I'll pay it.

Just. Mark, up with your papers ; away !

Merc.^k Oh, you shall stay dinner : I have a couple of brawling neighbours, that, I'll assure you, will not agree, and you shall have the hearing of their matter.

Just. With all my heart.

Merc. Go, gentlemen, go in.

Ric. Oh, Viola, that no succeeding age
Might lose the memory of what thou wert !
But such an overstayèd sex is yours,
That all the virtuous actions you can do
Are but as men will call them : and I swear,
'Tis my belief, that women want but ways
To praise their deeds, but men want deeds to praise.

[*Exeunt.*

^h *one another*] Compare the last line of Curio's first speech, p. 210. The modern editors print, "each other", without giving the reader any notice that the words are wanting in the folios.

ⁱ *most injury*] The modern editors print, "receiv'd most injury"! The author probably wrote, "most an injury."

^k *Merc.*] I suspect that this speech at least, if not the next but one also, belongs to the Mother.

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ended ; but my hopes and fears begin :
Nor can it be imputed as a sin
In me to wish it favour. If this night
To the judicious it hath given delight,
I have my ends : and may such, for their grace
Vouchsaf'd to this, find theirs in every place !

¹ *Epilogue*] I take this opportunity of correcting an error in my note, p. 119, where I have stated that the Prologue spoken at a revival of this comedy is found only in the second folio. Both that Prologue and the above Epilogue are given in the first folio, at the end of the play.



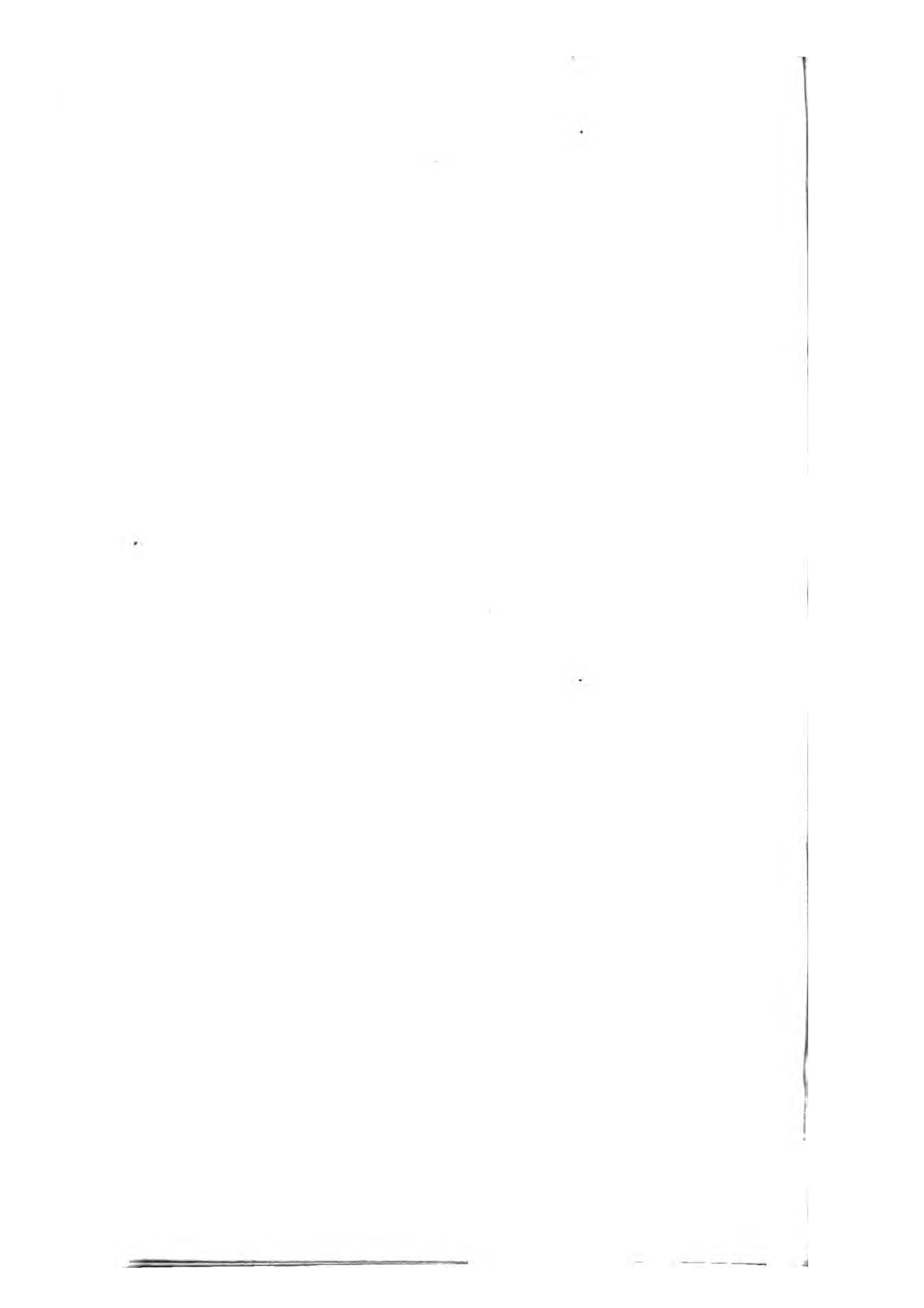
THE CAPTAIN.

The Captaine.

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

OLDYS states that *The Captain* was "acted at Court 20 May 1613 by the Kings Comp. under Jn^o Hemmings &c." MS. Note in Langbaine's *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 207: but that it had been previously performed elsewhere, is evident from the Prologue, which appears to be the original one, and which mentions the "twelve-pence" paid for admission to the theatre on that occasion.

As the same Prologue speaks of one author only, and as Gardiner and Hills in their commendatory verses assign the play to Fletcher, Weber decides (and perhaps rightly) that Beaumont had no share in the composition of *The Captain*.



PROLOGUE.

To please you with this play, we fear, will be
(So does the author too) a mystery
Somewhat above our art; for all men's eyes,
Ears, faiths, and judgments, are not of one size.
For to say truth, and not to flatter ye,
This is nor comedy, nor tragedy,
Nor history, nor any thing that may
(Yet in a week) be made a perfect play :
Yet those that love to laugh, and those that think
Twelve-pence goes farther this way than in drink,
Or damsels, if they mark the matter through,
May stumble on a foolish toy or two,
Will make 'em shew their teeth. Pray, for my sake
(That likely am your first man), do not take
A distaste before you feel it ; for ye may,
When this is hiss'd to ashes, have a play,
And here, to out-hiss this : be patient, then.
My honour ^a done, ye're welcome, gentlemen.

^a *honour*] i. e. obeisance.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIO.	Host.
ANGELO, his friend.	Tavern-boys.
FREDERICK, brother to FRANK.	Servants.
JACOMO, a captain.	
FABRITIO, his friend and fellow- soldier, brother to CLORA.	FRANK, sister to FREDERICK.
Father to LELIA.	CLORA, sister to FABRITIO.
LODOVICO.	LELIA.
PISO.	Waiting-woman to LELIA.
	Maid.

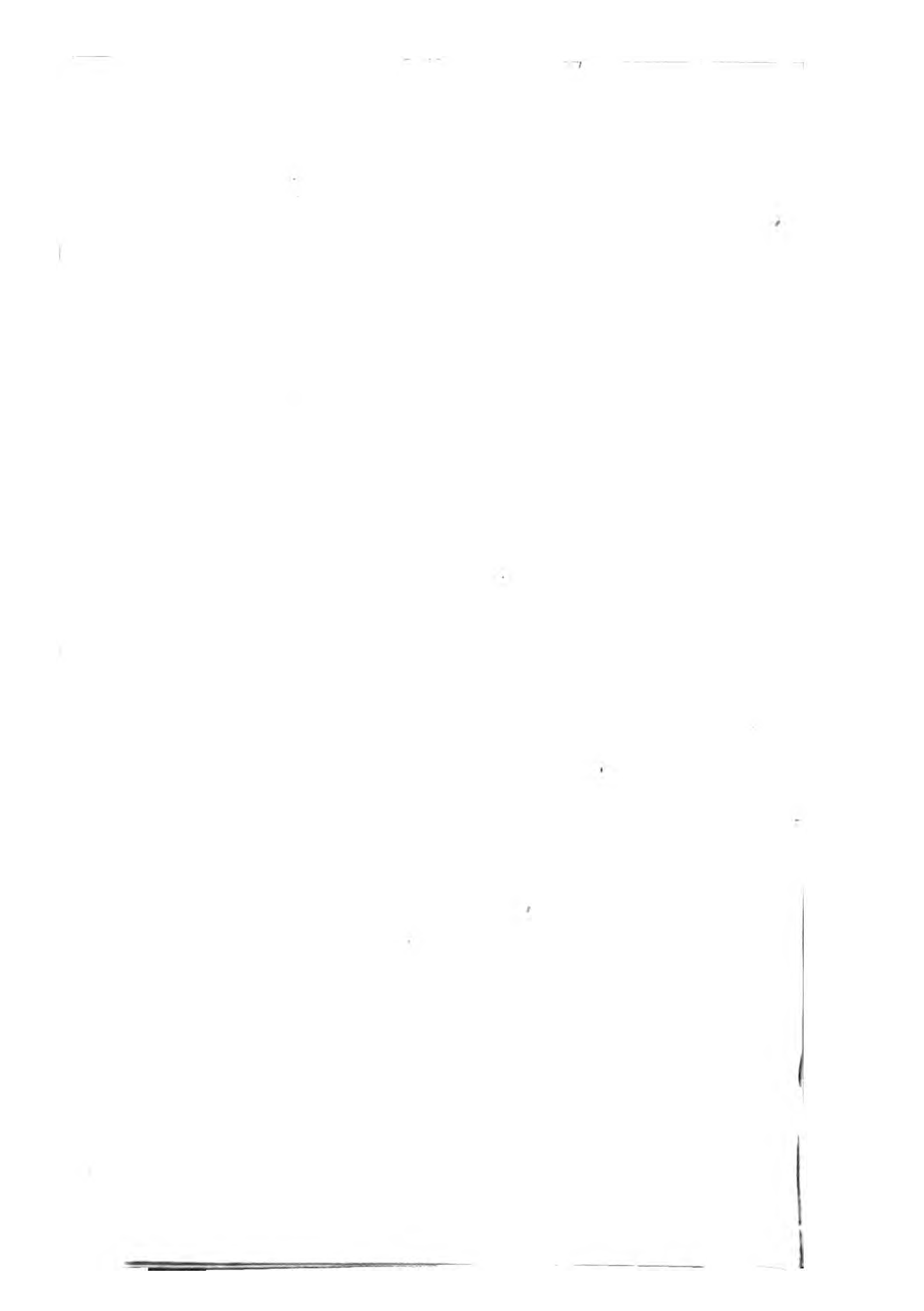
Scene, VENICE ^a.

The principal actors were—

Richard Burbage,	William Ostler,
Henry Condell,	Alexander Cooke.

Fol. 1679.

^a The folio of 1679 (which alone has the *Dramatis Personæ* of this play) gives, "The Scene Venice, Spain."



THE CAPTAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A street.*

Enter LODOVICO and PISO.

Lod. The truth is, Piso, so she be a woman,
And rich and wholesome, let her be of what
Condition and complexion it please,
She shall please me, I am sure: those men are fools
That make their eyes their choosers, not their needs.

Piso. Methinks, I would have her honest^a too, and handsome.

Lod. Yes, if I could have both; but since they are
Wishes so near impossibilities,
Let me have that that may be.

Piso. If it were so,
I hope your conscience would not be so nice
To start at such a blessing.

Lod. No, believe me,
I do not think I should.

Piso. But thou wouldst be,
I do not doubt, upon the least suspicion,
Unmercifully jealous.

Lod. No, I should not;
For I believe those mad that seek vexations:
A wife, though she be honest, is a trouble.
Had I a wife as fair as Helen was,
That drew so many cuckolds to her cause,

^a *honest*] i. e. chaste.

These eyes should see another in my saddle,
Ere I believe my beast would carry double.

Piso. So should not I, by'r lady; and I think
My patience, by your leave, as good as yours :
Report would stir me mainly, I am sure on 't.

Lod. Report! you are unwise; report is nothing;
For if there were a truth in what men talk,
(I mean, of this kind,) this part of the world,
I am sure, would be no more call'd Christendom.

Piso. What, then?

Lod. Why, Cuckoldom; for we should lose
Our old faiths clean, and hold their new opinions :
If talk could make me sweat, before I would marry,
I'd tie a surer knot, and hang myself.
I tell thee, there was never woman yet,
Nor never hope there shall be, though a saint,
But she has been a subject to men's tongues,
And in the worse^b sense: and that desperate husband,
That dares give up his peace, and follow rumours^c,
Which he shall find too busy, if he seek 'em,
Beside the forcing of himself an ass,
He dies in chains, eating himself with anger.

Piso. Having these antidotes against opinion,
I would marry any one,—an arrant whore.

Lod. Thou dost not feel the nature of this physic;
Which I prescribe, not to beget diseases,
But, where they are, to stop them.

Piso. I conceive you:
What think'st thou, thy way, of the widow Lelia?

Lod. Faith, thou hast found out one, I must confess,
Would stagger my best patience: from that woman,
As I would bless myself from plagues and surfeits,
From men o' war at sea, from storms and quicksands,
From hearing treason and concealing it,
From daring of a madman or a drunkard,
From heresy, ill wine, and stumbling post-horse,

^b worse] The modern editors print, "worst."

^c rumours] Both the folios, "humours."

So would I pray each morning and each night,
 (And if I said each hour, I should not lie,)
 To be deliver'd of all these in one,—
 The woman thou hast nam'd.

Piso. Thou hast set her in a pretty litany.

Enter JULIO, ANGELO, and Father.

Ang. Pray, take my counsel.

Julio. When I am myself,
 I'll hear you any way: love me though thus,
 As thou art honest, which I dare not be,
 Lest I despise myself. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Piso [*to the Father*]. Do you hear, my friend? sir, are you
 not a setter

For the fair widow here, of famous memory?

Father. Ha! am I taken for a bawd? Oh, Heaven!
 To mine own child too? Misery, I thank thee,
 That keep'st me from their knowledge. [*Aside.*]—Sir, believe
 me,

I understand you not.

Lod. You love plain dealing:
 Are you not parcel bawd^d? confess your function;
 It may be, we would use it.

Father. Were she worse,
 As I fear strangely she is ill enough,
 I would not hear this tamely. [*Aside.*

Piso. Here 's a shilling,
 To strike good luck withal.

Father. Here 's a sword, sir,
 To strike a knave withal: thou liest, and basely,
 Be what thou wilt! [*Strikes him.*

Ang. Why, how now, gentlemen?

Father. You are many: I shall meet you, sir, again,
 And make you understand you've wrong'd a woman,
 Compar'd with whom thy mother was a sinner.
 Farewell. [*Exit.*

Piso. He has amaz'd me.

^d *parcel bawd*] i. e. partly bawd.

Ang. With a blow ?
By 'r lady, 'twas a sound one. Are you good
At taking knocks ? I shall know you hereafter :
You were to blame to tempt a man so far,
Before you knew him certain. H 'as not hurt you ?

Piso. No, I think.

Lod. We were to blame indeed
To go so far ; for men may be mistaken :
If he had swinge'd us, he had serv'd us right.
Beshrew my heart, I think we have done the gentlewoman
As much wrong too ; for, hang me, if I know her
In my particular.

Piso. Nor I. This 'tis to credit
Men's idle tongues : I warrant, they have said
As much by our two mothers.

Lod. Like enough.

Ang. I see, a beating now and then does more
Move and stir up a man's contrition
Than a sharp sermon ; here *probatum est*.

Enter FREDERICK *and* Servant.

Serv. What shall I tell your sister ?

Fred. Tell her this ;
Till she be better conversation'd,
And leave her walking by herself, and whining
To her old melancholy lute, I 'll keep
As far from her as the gallows. [*Exit* Servant.]

Ang. Who 's that ? Frederick ?

Fred. Yes, marry, is 't. Oh, Angelo, how dost thou ?

Ang. Save you, sir ! How does my mistress ?

Fred. She is in love, I think ; but not with you,
I can assure you. Saw you Fabricio ?

Ang. Is he come over ?

Fred. Yes, a week ago.

Shall we dine ?

Ang. I cannot.

Fred. Prithee, do.

Ang. Believe me, I have business.

Fred. Have you too, gentlemen?

Piso. No, sir.

Fred. Why, then, let 's dine together.

Lod. With all my heart.

Fred. Go, then.—Farewell, good Angelo :
Commend me to your friend.

Ang. I will.

[*Exeunt, on one side, FRED., LOD., and PISO ; on the other,*
ANGELO.

SCENE II.—*A room in FREDERICK'S house.*

Enter FRANK and CLORA.

Clora. Do not dissemble, Frank ; mine eyes are quicker
Than such observers, that do ground their faith
Upon one smile or tear : you are much alter'd,
And are as empty of those excellencies
That were companions to you, (I mean, mirth
And free dispose of your blood and spirit,)
As you were born a mourner.

Frank. How, I prithee ?

For I perceive no such change in myself.

Clora. Come, come, this is not wise, nor provident,
To halt before a cripple. If you love,
Be liberal to your friend, and let her know it :
I see the way you run, and know how tedious
'Twill prove without a true companion.

Frank. Sure, thou wouldst have me love.

Clora. Yes, marry, would I ;
I should not please you else.

Frank. And who, for Heaven's sake ?
For I assure myself, I know not yet :
And, prithee, Clora, since thou 'lt have it so,
That I must love, and do I know not what,
Let him be held a pretty handsome fellow,
And young ; and if he be a little valiant,

'Twill be the better ; and a little wise ;
And, faith, a little honest.

Clora. Well, I will sound you yet, for all your craft.

[*Aside.*

Frank. Heigh-ho ! I 'll love no more.

Clora. Than one ; and him
You shall love, Frank.

Frank. Which him ? Thou art so wise,
People will take thee shortly for a witch :
But, prithee, tell me, Clora, if I were
So mad as thou wouldst make me, what kind of man
Wouldst thou imagine him ?

Clora. Faith, some pretty fellow,
With a clean strength, that cracks a cudgel well,
And dances at a wake, and plays at nine-holes.

Frank. Oh, God !
What pretty commendations thou hast given him !
Faith, if I were in love (as, I thank Heaven,
I do not think I am), this short epistle
Before my love would make me burn the legend.

Clora. You are too wild ; I mean, some gentleman.

Frank. So do not I, till I can know 'em wiser :
Some gentleman ! no, Clora ; till some gentleman
Keep some land and fewer whores, believe me,
I 'll keep no love for him ; I do not long
To go a-foot yet, and solicit causes.

Clora. What think you, then, of an adventurer ?
I mean, some wealthy merchant.

Frank. Let him venture
In some decay'd crare^e of his own : he shall not
Rig me out, that 's the short on 't. Out upon 't !
What young thing of my years would endure
To have her husband in another country,
Within a month after she is married,
Chopping for rotten raisins, and lie pining
At home, under the mercy of his foreman ? No ;

^e *crare*] i. e. small vessel. The second folio gives the line thus,
" In some decal'd Ware, or Carack of his own : he shall not."

Though they be wealthy and indifferent wise,
I do not see that I am bound to love 'em.

Clora. I see you're hard to please; yet I will please you.

Frank. Faith, not so hard neither, if consider'd
What woman may deserve as she is worthy.
But why do we bestow our time so idly?
Prithee, let us entertain some other talk;
This is as sickly to me as faint weather.

Clora. Now I believe I shall content you, Frank:
What think you of a courtier?

Frank. Faith, so ill,
That, if I should be full, and speak but truth,
'Twould shew as if I wanted charity.
Prithee, good wench, let me not rail upon 'em;
Yet I have an excellent stomach, and must do it:
I have no mercy of these infidels,
Since I am put in mind on 't; good^f, bear with me.

Clora. Can no man fit you? I will find him out.

Frank. This summer-fruit, that you call courtier,
While you continue cold and frosty to him,
Hangs fast, and may be sound^g; but when you fling
Too full a heat of your affections
Upon his^h root, and make him ripe too soon,
You'll find him rotten i' the handling:
His oaths and affectionsⁱ are all one
With his apparel, things to set him off;
He has as many mistresses as faiths,
And all apocrypha; his true belief
Is only in a private surgeon:
And, for my single self, I'd sooner venture
A new conversion of the Indies,
Than to make courtiers able men or honest.

^f *good*] The second folio has "*good wench*" (which occurs in the third line above); and so Symson. Compare a passage in *The Coxcomb*, "Nor, *good now*, do not ask me why." p. 181 of the present vol.

^g *sound*] Both the folios, "*found*."

^h *his*] Weber printed, "*this*"!

ⁱ *and affections*] Altered by Symson and Weber to "*and his affections*."

Clora. I do believe, you love no courtier ;
 And, by my troth, to guess you into love
 With any I can think of, is beyond
 Either your will or my imagination :
 And yet, I am sure, you 're caught, and I will know him.
 There's none left now worthy the thinking of,
 Unless it be a soldier ; and, I am sure,
 I would ever bless myself from such a fellow.

Frank. Why, prithee ?

Clora. Out upon 'em, firelocks !
 They are nothing i' the world but buff and scarlet,
 Tough unhewn pieces, to hack swords upon ;
 I had as lieve be courted by a cannon
 As one of those.

Frank. Thou art too malicious ;
 Upon my faith, methinks they 're worthy men.

Clora. Say you so ? I'll pull you on a little further. [*Aside.*
 What worth can be in those men, whose profession
 Is nothing i' the world but drink and *damn me* ;
 Out of whose violence they are possess'd
 With legions of unwholesome whores and quarrels ?
 I am of that opinion, and will die in 't,
 There is no understanding, nor can be,
 In a sous'd soldier.

Frank. Now 'tis ignorance,
 I easily perceive, that thus provokes thee,
 And not the love of truth. I'll lay my life,
 If God had made thee man^j, thou hadst been a coward.

Clora. If to be valiant, be to be a soldier,
 I'll tell you true, I had rather be a coward ;
 I am sure, with less sin.

Frank. This heresy
 Must be look'd to in time ; for, if it spread,
 'Twill grow too pestilent. Were I a scholar,
 I would so hamper thee for thy opinion,
 That, ere I left, I would write thee out of credit

^j *If God had made thee man*] The second folio has, "*If thou'dst been made a man ;*" and so Sympson.

With all the world, and make thee not believ'd
 Even in indifferent things ; that I would leave thee
 A reprobate, out of the state of honour.
 By all good things, thou hast flung aspersions,
 So like a fool (for I am angry with thee),
 Upon a sort of men, that, let me tell thee,
 Thy mother's mother would have been a saint,
 Had she conceiv'd a soldier : they are people
 (I may commend 'em while I speak but truth)
 Of all the old world, only left to keep
 Man as he was, valiant and virtuous ;
 They are the model of those men whose honours
 We heave our hands at when we hear recited.

Clora. They are ; and I have all I sought for : 'tis a soldier
 You love ; hide it no longer ; you have betray'd yourself :
 Come, I have found your way of commendations,
 And what I said, was but to pull it from you.

Frank. 'Twas pretty ! are you grown so cunning, Clora ?
 I grant, I love a soldier ; but what soldier,
 Will be a new task to you. But all this,
 I do imagine, was but laid to draw me
 Out of my melancholy.

Clora. I will have the man,
 Ere I forsake you.

Frank. I must to my chamber.

Clora. May not I go along ?

Frank. Yes ; but, good wench,
 Move me no more with these fond^k questions ;
 They work like rhubarb with me.

Clora. Well, I will not.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A room in the house of LELIA.*

Enter LELIA and Waiting-woman.

Lelia. How now ! who was that you stay'd to speak withal ?

W. Wo. The old man, forsooth.

Lelia. What old man ?

^k *fond*] i. e. foolish

W. Wo. The poor old man that uses to come hither ;
He that you call father.

Lelia. Have you despatch'd him ?

W. Wo. No ; he would fain speak with you.

Lelia. Wilt thou never learn more manners than to
draw in

Such needy rascals to disquiet me ?

Go, answer him, I will not be at leisure.

W. Wo. He will needs speak with you ; and, good old man,
He weeps so, that, by my troth, I have not
The heart to deny him : pray, let him speak with you.

Lelia. Lord, how tender-stomach'd you are grown of late !
You are not in love with him, are you ? if you be,
Strike up the match ; you shall have three pounds and
A pair of blankets. Will you go answer him ?

W. Wo. Pray, let him speak with you ; he will not away else.

Lelia. Well, let him in, then, if there be no remedy.

[*Exit W. Woman.*]

I thank Heaven, I am able to abuse him ;

I shall ne'er come clear else of him.—

Re-enter W. Woman with Father.

Now, sir, what is your business ? pray, be short ;
For I have other matters of more moment,
To call me from you.

Father. If you but look upon me like a daughter,
And keep that love about you that makes good
A father's hope, you'll quickly find my business,
And what I would say to you, and, before
I ask, will be a giver : say, that sleep,
(I mean, that love,) or be but numb'd within you,
The nature of my want is such a searcher,
And of so mighty power, that where he finds
This dead forgetfulness, it works so strongly,
That, if the least heat of a child's affection
Remain unperish'd, like another nature,
It makes all new again. Pray, do not scorn me,
Nor seem to make yourself a greater business
Than my relieving.

Lelia. If you were not old,
I should laugh at you. What a vengeance ails you,
To be so childish to imagine me
A founder of old fellows¹?—Make him drink, wench;
And if there be any cold meat in the buttery,
Give him some broken bread and that, and rid him.

[*Exit W. Woman.*]

Father. Is this a child's love? or a recompense
Fit for a father's care? Oh, *Lelia*,
Had I been thus unkind, thou hadst not been;
Or, like me, miserable! But 'tis impossible
Nature should die so utterly within thee,
And lose her promises: thou art one of those
She set her stamp more excellently on,
Than common people, as foretelling thee
A general example of her goodness;
Or, say, she could lie, yet religion
(For love to parents is religious)
Would lead thee right again. Look well upon me;
I am the root that gave thee nourishment,
And made thee spring fair; do not let me perish,
Now I am old and sapless.

Lelia. As I live,
I like you far worse now you grow thus holy.
I grant, you are my father; am I therefore
Bound to consume myself, and be a beggar,
Still in relieving you? I do not feel
Any such mad compassion yet within me.

Father. I gave up all my state^m to make yours thus.

Lelia. 'Twas as you ought to do; and now you cry for't,
As children do for babiesⁿ, back again.

Father. How wouldst thou have me live?

Lelia. I would not have you;
Nor know no reason fathers should desire
To live, and be a trouble, when [their] children

¹ *A founder of old fellows*] i. e. one who establishes a foundation or charitable revenue for old fellows.

^m *state*] i. e. estate.

ⁿ *babies*] Qy. did the author write, "*bables*" (i. e. bawbles)?

Are able to inherit : let them die ;
'Tis fit, and look'd for, that they should do so.

Father. Is this your comfort ?

Lelia. All that I feel yet.

Father. I will not curse thee.

Lelia. If you do, I care not.

Father. Pray you, give me leave to weep.

Lelia. Why, pray, take leave,
If it be for your ease.

Father. Thy mother died
(Sweet peace be with her !) in a happy time.

Lelia. She did, sir, as she ought to do ; would you
Would take the pains to follow ! What should you,
Or any old man, do, wearing away
In this world with diseases, and desire
Only to live to make their children scourge-sticks,
And hoard up mill-money^o ? Methinks, a marble
Lies quieter upon an old man's head
Than a cold fit o' the palsy.

Father. Oh, good God !
To what an impudence, thou wretched woman,
Hast thou begot thyself again ! Well, Justice
Will punish disobedience.

Lelia. You mistake, sir ;
'Twill punish beggars. Fie for shame ! go work,
Or serve : you are grave enough to be a porter
In some good man of worship's house, and give
Sententious answers to the comers-in,—
A pretty place ; or be of some good consort^p,—

^o *mill-money*] " Milled money was invented by Antoine Brucher, in France ; and the first so struck in that country was about 1553. Elizabeth of England coined milled money from about 1562 to 1572, when the use of the mill was discontinued, on account of its expense, till about 1623. After 1662 it remained completely established, on account of many advantages which more than compensated for the cost. . . It seems that milled sixpences were sometimes kept as counters." Nares's *Gloss*.

^p *consort*] " The modern editors [only those of 1778] read *concert*, but not with accuracy. A *consort* of musicians meant a company or band of them." WEBER (after Mason).

You had a pleasant touch o' the cittern^a once,
 If idleness have not bereft you of it :
 Be any thing but old and beggarly,
 Two sins that ever do out-grow compassion.
 If I might see you offer at a course
 That were a likely one, and shew'd some profit,
 I would not stick for ten groats or a noble^r.

Father. Did I beget this woman ?

Lelia. Nay, I know not ;

And, till I know, I will not thank you for 't :
 However, he that got me had the pleasure,
 And that, methinks, is a reward sufficient.

Father. I am so strangely stricken with amazement,
 I know not where I am nor what I am.

Lelia. You had best take fresh air somewhere else ; 'twill
 bring you

Out of your trance the sooner.

Father. Is all this

As you mean, Lelia ?

Lelia. Yes, believe me, is it ;

For yet I cannot think you are so foolish,
 As to imagine you are young enough
 To be my heir, or I so old to make
 A nurse at these years for you, and attend
 While you sup up my state in penny pots
 Of malmsey : when I am excellent at caudles,
 And cullises^s, and have enough spare gold
 To boil away, you shall be welcome to me ;
 Till when, I 'd have you be as merry, sir,
 As you can make yourself with that you have,
 And leave to trouble me with these relations
 Of what you have been to me, or you are :
 For as I hear them, so I lose them. This,
 For aught I know yet, is my resolution.

^a *cittern*] i. e. guitar : see note, p. 68.

^r *noble*] " This coin passed for 6s. 8d." WEBER.

^s *cullises*] i. e. strong broths, strained and made clear. These restoratives were supposed to be improved by having gold among their ingredients.

Father. Well, God be with thee ! for I fear thy end
Will be a strange example.

Lelia. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* Father.]
Now would some poor tender-hearted fool have wept,
Relented, and have been undone : such children,
I thank my understanding, I hate truly ;
For, by my troth, I had rather see their tears
Than feel their pities : my desires and ends
Are all the kindred that I have, and friends.

Re-enter W. Woman.

Is he departed ?

W. Wo. Yes ; but here 's another.

Lelia. Not of his tribe, I hope ; bring me no more,
I would wish you, such as he is : if thou seest
They look like men of worth and state, and carry
Ballast of both sides, like tall^t gentlemen,
Admit 'em ; but no snakes^u to poison us
With poverty. Wench, you must learn a wise rule ;
Look not upon the youths of men and making,
How they descend in blood, nor let their tongues,
Though they strike suddenly and sweet as music,
Corrupt thy fancy : see, and say them fair too,
But ever keep thyself without their distance,
Unless the love thou swallow's[t] be a pill
Gilded to hide the bitterness it brings ;
Then fall on without fear, wench ; yet so wisely
That one encounter cloy him not ; nor promise
His love hath made thee more his than his moneys :
Learn this, and thrive ; then let thine honour ever
(For that 's the last rule) be so stood upon,
That men may fairly see
'Tis want of means, not virtue, makes thee fall ;
And if you weep, 'twill be a great deal better,
And draw on more compassion, which includes
A greater tenderness of love and bounty :

^t tall] "Is continually used in these plays for *stout, brave.*" WEBER.

^u snakes] i. e. wretches, poor creatures : see Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

This is enough at once ; digest it well.

Go, let him in, wench, if he promise profit,

Not else.

[*Exit W. Woman.*]

Re-enter W. Woman, with JULIO.

Oh, you are welcome, my fair servant^v !

Upon my troth, I have been longing for you.

W. Wo. This, by her rule, should be a liberal man :

I see, the best on 's may learn every day. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Lelia. There 's none come with you ?

Julio. No.

Lelia. You do the wiser ;

For some that have been here (I name no man),

Out of their malice, more than truth, have done me

Some few ill offices.

Julio. How, sweet ?

Lelia. Nay, nothing ;

Only have talk'd a little wildly of me,

As their unruly youth directed 'em ;

Which, though they bite me not, I would have wish'd

Had light^w upon some other that deserv'd 'em.

Julio. Though she deserve this of the loosest tongue,

(Which makes my sin the more) I must not see it ;

Such is my misery [*Aside*].—I would I knew him !

Lelia. No, no, let him go ;

He is not worth your anger. I must chide you

For being such a stranger to your mistress ;

Why would you be so, servant ?

Julio. I should chide,

If chiding would work any thing upon you,

For being such a stranger to your servant,

I mean, to his desires : when, my dear mistress,

Shall I be made a happy man ?

[*Kisses her.*]

Lelia. Fie, servant,

What do you mean ? Unhand me ; or, by Heaven,

I shall be very angry ! this is rudeness.

Julio. 'Twas but a kiss or two, that thus offends you.

^v *servant*] See note, vol. i. 213.

^w *light*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "lit."

Lelia. 'Twas more, I think, than you have warrant for.

Julio. I am sorry I deserv'd no more.

Lelia. You may ;

But not this rough way, servant : we are tender,
And ought in all to be respected so :
If I had been your horse or whore, you might
Back me with this intemperance. I thought
You had lov'd as worthy men, whose fair affections
Seek pleasures warranted, not pull'd by violence.
Do so no more.

Julio. I hope you are not angry ?

Lelia. I should be with another man, I am sure,
That durst appear but half thus violent.

Julio. I did not mean to ravish you.

Lelia. You could not.

Julio. You are so willing.

Lelia. How ?

Julio. Methinks, this shadow,
If you had so much shame as fits a woman,
At least, of your way, mistress, long ere this
Had been laid off to me that understand you.

Lelia. That understand me ! Sir, you understand,
Nor shall, no more of me than modesty
Will, without fear, deliver to a stranger :
You understand I am honest ; else, I tell you,
Though you were better far than Julio,
You and your understanding are two fools.
But, were we saints, thus we are still rewarded :
I see, that woman had a pretty catch on 't,
That had made you the master of a kindness
She durst not answer openly. Oh, me,
How easily we women may be cozen'd !
I took this Julio, as I have a faith,
This young dissembler with the sober vizard,
For the most modest-temper'd gentleman,
The coolest, quietest, and best companion,
For such an one I could have wish'd a woman^x.

^x *a woman*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber, erroneously supposing that the sense was incomplete, put a break at the end of this line.

Julio. You have wish'd me ill enough o' conscience ;
 Make me no worse, for shame ! I see, the more
 I work by way of service to obtain you,
 You work the more upon me. Tell me truly
 (While I am able to believe a woman,
 For, if you use me thus, that faith will perish)
 What is your end, and whither you will^y pull me ;
 Tell me ; but tell me that I may not start at,
 And have a cause to curse you.

Lelia. Bless me, goodness !
 To curse me, did you say, sir ? Let it be
 For too much loving you, then ; such a curse
 Kill me withal, and I shall be a martyr.
 You have found a new way to reward my doting,
 And, I confess, a fit one for my folly ;
 For you yourself, if you have good within you,
 And dare be master of it, know how dearly
 This heart hath held you ever. Oh, good God,
 That I had never seen that false man's eyes,
 That dares reward me thus with fears^z and curses !
 Nor never heard the sweetness of that tongue,
 That will, when this is known, yet cozen women !
 Curse me, good Julio, curse me bitterly,
 I do deserve it for my confidence ;
 And I beseech thee, if thou hast a goodness
 Of power yet in thee to confirm thy wishes,
 Curse me to earth ! for what should I do here,
 Like a decaying flower, still withering
 Under his bitter words, whose kindly heat
 Should give my poor heart life ? No, curse me, Julio !
 Thou canst not do me such a benefit
 As that, and well done, that the Heavens may hear it.

Julio. Oh, fair tears ! were you but as chaste as subtle,
 Like bones of saints, you would work miracles.
 What were these women to a man that knew not

^y *you will*] So the second folio. The first folio has "*will you*"; and so Weber.

^z *fears*] i. e. terrifyings.

The thousand, thousand ways of their deceiving !
 What riches had he found ! Oh, he would think
 Himself still dreaming of a blessedness,
 That, like continual spring, should flourish ever !
 For if she were as good as she is seeming,
 Or, like an eagle, could renew her virtues,
 Nature had made another world of sweetness.— [Aside.
 Be not so griev'd, sweet mistress ; what I said,
 You do, or should, know, was but passion :
 Pray, wipe your eyes, and kiss me. Take these trifles,
 And wear them for me, which are only rich
 When you will put them on. Indeed, I love you :
 Beshrew my sick heart, if I grieve not for you !

Lelia. Will you dissemble still ? I am a fool,
 And you may easily rule me : if you flatter,
 The sin will be your own.

Julio. You know I do not.

Lelia. And shall I be so childish once again,
 After my late experience of your spite,
 To credit you ? You do not know how deep
 (Or, if you did, you would be kinder to me)
 This bitterness of yours has struck my heart.

Julio. I pray, no more.

Lelia. Thus you would do, I warrant,
 If I were married to you.

Julio. Married to me !

Is that your end ?

Lelia. Yes ; is not that the best end,
 And, as all hold, the noblest way of love ?
 Why do you look so strange, sir ? do not you
 Desire it should be so ?

Julio. Stay !

Lelia. Answer me.

Julio. Farewell. [Exit.

Lelia. Ay, are you there ? are all these tears lost, then ?
 Am I so overtaken by a fool
 In my best days and tricks ? My wise fellow,

I'll make you smart for't, as I am a woman ;
And, if thou be'st not timber, yet I'll warm thee^a.

Re-enter W. Woman.

And is he gone ?

W. Wo. Yes.

Lelia. He 's not so lightly struck,
To be recover'd with a base repentance ;
I should be sorry, then. Fortune, I prithee,
Give me this man but once more in my arms,
And, if I lose him, women have no charms.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A street.*

Enter JACOMO and FABRICIO.

Jac. Signior, what think you of this sound of wars ?

Fab. As only of a sound : they that intend
To do are like deep waters, that run quietly,
Leaving no face^b of what they were behind 'em.
This rumour is too common and too loud
To carry truth.

Jac. Shall we never live to see
Men look like men again, upon a march ?
This cold dull rusty peace makes us appear

^a *And if thou be'st not timber, yet I'll warm thee.*] "That is, If thou art not timber, I shall warm thee yet. This is plain sense, and would not have required a note, if Mason had not declared the line, as it stands, nonsense, and proposed to point thus,

'And if thou be'st not timber yet, I'll warm thee.'

WEBER.

^b *face*] Was altered by Sympson, at Seward's suggestion, to "noise"! The Editors of 1778 printed "trace" (in which conjecture they had been anticipated by Heath, *MS. Notes*); and so Weber. It may be doubted if any alteration is necessary : Waller (*Instructions to a Painter, &c.*) has,—

"At the first shock, with blood and powder stain'd,
Nor heaven nor sea their former face retain'd."

Like empty pictures, only the faint shadows
 Of what we should be. Would to Heaven my mother
 Had given but half her will to my begetting,
 And made me woman, to sit still and sing,
 Or be sick when I list, or any thing
 That is too idle for a man to think of !
 Would I had been a whore ! 't had been a course
 Certain, and, o' my conscience, of more gain
 Than two commands, as I would handle it.
 Faith, I could wish I had been any thing
 Rather than what I am, a soldier,
 A carrier or a cobbler, when I knew
 What 'twas to wear a sword first ! for their trades
 Are, and shall be, a constant way of life,
 While men send cheeses up, or wear out buskins.

Fab. Thou art a little too impatient,
 And mak'st thy anger a far more vexation
 Than the not having wars. I am a soldier,
 Which is my whole inheritance, yet I,
 Though I could wish a breach with all the world,
 If not dishonourable, I am not so malicious
 To curse the fair peace of my mother-country.
 But thou want'st money, and the first supply
 Will bury these thoughts in thee.

Jac. Pox o' peace !
 It fills the kingdom full of holidays,
 And only feeds the wants of whores and pipers,
 And makes the idle drunken rogues get spinsters.
 'Tis true, I may want money, and no little,
 And almost clothes too ; of which if I had both
 In full abundance, yet against all peace,
 That brings up mischiefs thicker than a shower,
 I would speak louder than a lawyer :
 By Heaven, it is the surfeit of all youth,
 That makes the toughness and the strength of nations
 Melt into women ; 'tis an ease that broods
 Thieves and bastards only.

Fab. This is more

(Though it be true) than we ought to lay open,
 And seasons^c only of an indiscretion.
 Believe me, captain, such distemper'd spirits,
 Once out of motion, though they be proof-valiant,
 If they appear thus violent and fiery,
 Breed but their own disgraces, and are nearer
 Doubt and suspect in princes than rewards.

Jac. 'Tis well they can be near 'em any way.
 But call you those true spirits ill-affected,
 That, whilst the wars were, serv'd like walls and ribs
 To girdle in the kingdom, and now faln,
 Through a faint peace, into affliction,
 Speak but their miseries? Come, come, Fabricio,
 You may pretend what patience you please,
 And seem to yoke your wants like passions^d ;
 But, while I know thou art a soldier,
 And a deserver, and no other harvest
 But what thy sword reaps for thee to come in,
 You shall be pleas'd to give me leave to tell you,
 You wish a devil of this musty peace :
 To which prayer, as one that 's bound in conscience,
 And all that love our trade, I cry, Amen !

Fab. Prithee, no more ; we shall live well enough :
 There's ways enough, besides the wars, to men
 That are not logs, and lie still for the hands
 Of others to remove 'em.

Jac. You may thrive, sir ;
 Thou art young and handsome yet, and well enough
 To please a widow ; thou canst sing, and tell
 These foolish love-tales, and indite a little ;
 And, if need be, compile a pretty matter,
 And dedicate it to the honourable ;

^c *seasons*] The second folio has "savours" ; and so Sympson. In *The Chances* we find, "It seasons of a fool." Act I. sc. 8.

^d *And seem to yoke your wants like passions*] Seward, and Sympson, as also Heath (*MS. Notes*), propose some unhappy emendations of this line. The old text, as Mason observes, may mean, "And seem to subdue your wants as you do your passions." I once conjectured that "*wants like*" might be a misprint for "*warre like*" (warlike).

Which may awaken his compassion,
To make you clerk o' the kitchen, and at length
Come to be married to my lady's woman,
After she 's crack'd i' the ring^e.

Fab. 'Tis very well, sir.

Jac. But what dost thou think shall become of me,
With all my imperfections? Let me die,
If I think I shall ever reach above
A forlorn tapster, or some frothy fellow,
That stinks of stale beer.

Fab. Captain Jacomo,
Why should you think so hardly of your virtues?

Jac. What virtues? by this light, I have no virtue
But downright buffeting. What can my face,
That is no better than a ragged map now
Of where I have march'd and travell'd, profit me,
Unless it be for ladies to abuse, and say
'Twas spoil'd for want of a bongrace^f when I was young,
And now 'twill make a true prognostication
Of what man must be? tell me of a fellow
That can mend noses? and complain, so tall^g
A soldier should want teeth to his stomach?
And how it was great pity, that it was^h,
That he that made my body was so busied
He could not stay to make my legs too, but was driven
To clap a pair of cat-sticksⁱ to my knees,

^e *crack'd i' the ring*] This expression (frequently used, as here, metaphorically) was properly applied to the thin gold coin of our ancestors, which when *cracked* beyond the *ring*, or inmost round circumscribing the inscription, became no longer passable: see Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, vi. 76.

^f *bongrace*] Is variously explained,—a projecting hat, a frontal, a parasol: see Nares's *Gloss.*, Richardson's *Dict.*, and Todd's *Johnson's Dict.*

^g *tall*] See note, p. 238.

^h *And how it was great pity, that it was*] "Perhaps the poet had the following line of Hotspur's speech, in King Henry IV., Part I., in his mind,

'And that it was great pity, so it was,' &c." WEBER.

ⁱ *cat-sticks*] So the second folio: the first has "*cat-skins*."—"TIP-CAT, or perhaps more properly, the *game* of CAT, is a rustic pastime well known in many parts of the kingdom. Its denomination is derived from a piece of wood called a *cat*, with which it is played; the cat is about six inches in length, and an inch and a half or two inches in diameter, and diminished from the middle

For which I am indebted to two school-boys ?
This must follow necessary.

Fab. There's no such matter.

Jac. Then for my morals, and those hidden pieces
That art bestows upon me, they are such,
That, when they come to light, I am sure will shame me ;
For I can neither write, nor read, nor speak,
That any man shall hope to profit by me ;
And for my languages, they are so many,
That, put them all together, they will scarce
Serve to beg single beer in. The plain truth is,
I love a soldier, and can lead him on,
And if he fight well, I dare make him drunk :
This is my virtue, and if this will do,
I'll scramble yet amongst 'em.

Fab. 'Tis your way

To be thus pleasant still ; but fear not, man ;
For, though the wars fail, we shall screw ourselves
Into some course of life yet.

Jac. Good Fabricio,
Have a quick eye upon me, for I fear
This peace will make me something that I love not ;
For, by my troth, though I am plain and dudgeon¹,
I would not be an ass ; and to sell parcels,
I can as soon be hang'd. Prithee, bestow me,
And speak some little good, though I deserve not.

Enter Father.

Fab. Come, we'll consider more—stay: this
Should be another windfall of the wars.

Jac. He looks indeed like an old tatter'd colours,
That every wind would borrow from the staff:

to both the ends, in the shape of a double cone ; by this curious contrivance the places of the trap and of the ball are at once supplied, for when the cat is laid upon the ground, the player with his cudgel [or *cat-stick*] strikes it smartly, it matters not at which end, and it will rise with a rotatory motion, high enough for him to beat it away as it falls, in the same manner as he would a ball." *Sports, &c.* (p. 86), by Strutt, who describes two of the various ways in which the game is played.

¹ *dudgeon*] i. e. coarse, rude : see note, p. 196.

These are the hopes we have for all our hurts.
They have not cast his tongue too?

Father. They that say

Hope never leaves a wretched man that seeks her,
I think are either patient fools or liars ;
I am sure I find it so ; for I am master'd
With such a misery and grief together,
That that stay'd anchor, men lay hold upon
In all their needs, is to me lead that bows,
Or breaks, with every strong sea of my sorrows.
I could now question Heaven (were it well
To look into their justice) why those faults,
Those heavy sins others provoke 'em with,
Should be rewarded on the heads of us
That hold the least alliance to their vices :
But this would be too curious ; for I see
Our suffering, not disputing, is the end
Reveal'd to us of all these miseries.

Jac. Twenty such holy hermits in a camp
Would make 'em all Carthusians. I'll be hang'd,
If he know what a whore is, or a health,
Or have a nature liable to learn,
Or so much honest nurture to be drunk :
I do not think he has the spleen to swear
A greater oath than sempsters utter^k socks with.
Spur him a question.

Father. They are strangers both
To me, as I to them, I hope. I would not have
Me and my shame together known by any :
I'll rather lie myself unto^l another.

[*Aside.*

Fab. I need not ask you, sir, your country ;
I hear you speak this tongue : pray, what more are you,
Or have you been ? if it be not offensive
To urge you so far : misery in your years
Gives every thing a tongue to question it.

^k *utter*] "i. e. sell." Ed. 1778.

^l *unto*] If not a misprint for, is at least equivalent here to—*into*. The *Father* means, (as *Mason* rightly explains the line,) that he will rather by his lies assume another character than be known in his own.

Father. Sir, though I could be pleas'd to make my ills
 Only mine own, for grieving other men^m,
 Yet, to so fair and courteous a demander,
 That promises compassion, at worst pity,
 I will relate a little of my story.
 I am a gentleman, however thus
 Poor and unhappy ; which, believe me, sir,
 Was not born with me ; for I well have tried
 Both the extremes of fortune, and have found
 Both dangerous. My younger years provok'd me
 (Feeling in what an ease I slept at home,
 Which to all stirring spirits is a sickness,)
 To see far countries, and observe their customs :
 I did so, and I travell'd till that course
 Stor'd me with language, and some few slight manners,
 Scarce worth my money ; when an itch possess'd me
 Of making arms my active end of travel.

Fab. But did you so ?

Father. I did ; and twenty winters
 I wore the Christian cause upon my sword,
 Against hisⁿ enemies. At Buda siege,
 Full many a cold night have I lodg'd in armour,
 When all was frozen in me but mine honour ;
 And many a day, when both the sun and cannon
 Strove who should most destroy us, have I stood
 Mail'd up in steel, when my tough sinews shrunk,
 And this parch'd body ready to consume
 As soon to ashes as the pike I bore :
 Want has been to me as another nature ;
 Which makes me with this patience still profess it :
 And if a soldier may, without vainglory,
 Tell what h'as done, believe me, gentlemen,
 I could turn over annals of my dangers ;
 With this poor weakness have I mann'd a breach,

^m *for grieving other men*] "That is, to avoid grieving other men." MASON.
 See Richardson's *Dict.* in v. *For*.

ⁿ *his*] "The pronoun 'his' refers to *Christ*, understood and comprehended in the adjective '*Christian*.'" MASON.

And made it firm with so much blood, that all
 I had to bring me off alive was anger :
 Thrice was I made a slave, and thrice redeem'd
 At price of all I had ; the miseries
 Of which times, if I had a heart to tell,
 Would make ye weep like children ; but I'll spare ye.

Jac. Fabricio, we two have been soldiers
 Above these fourteen years, yet, o' my conscience,
 All we have seen, compar'd to his experience,
 Has been but cudgel-play or cock-fighting.
 By all the faith I have in arms, I reverence
 The very poverty of this brave fellow ;
 Which were enough itself, and his°, to strengthen
 The weakest town against half Christendom.
 I was never so asham'd of service
 In all my life before, now I consider
 What I have done ; and yet the rogues would swear
 I was a valiant fellow : I do find
 The greatest danger I have brought my life through,
 Now I have heard this worthy, was no more
 Than stealing of a May-pole, or, at worst,
 Fighting at single billet^p with a bargeman.

Fab. I do believe him, Jacomo.

Jac. Believe him !

I have no faith within me, if I do not.

Father. I see they are soldiers,
 And, if we may judge by affections,
 Brave and deserving men : how they are stirr'd
 But with a mere relation of what may be !
 Since I have won belief, and am not known,
 Forgive me, Honour ! I'll make use of thee. [Aside.]

Fab. Sir, would I were a man or great or able,
 To look with liberal eyes upon your virtue !

Jac. Let's give him all we have, and leave off prating.—
 Here, soldier ; there's even five months' pay ; be merry,
 And get thee handsome clothes. [Gives money.]

° *and his*] i. e. (as Weber rightly explains the words) and being his.

^p *billet*] i. e. stick, cudgel.

Fab. What mean you, Jacomo?

Jac. You are a fool;

The very story's worth a hundred pound.
Give him more money.

Father. Gentlemen, I know not
How I am able to deserve this blessing;
But if I live to see fair days again,
Something I'll do in honour of your goodness,
That shall shew thankfulness, if not desert.

Fab. If you please, sir, till we procure you place,
To eat with us, or wear such honest garments
As our poor means can reach to, you shall be
A welcome man: to say more, were to feed you
Only with words. We honour what you've been;
For we are soldiers, though not near the worth
You spake of lately.

Father. I do guess ye so;
And knew, unless he were a soldier,
He could not^a find the way to know my wants.

Jac. But, methinks, all this while you are too temperate:
Do you not tell men sometimes of their dulness,
When you are grip'd, as now you are, with need?
I do; and let them know those silks they wear,
The war weaves for 'em; and the bread they eat,
We sow, and reap again, to feed their hunger:
I tell them boldly, they are masters of
Nothing but what we fight for; their fair women
Lie playing in their arms, whilst we, like Lares,
Defend their pleasures: I am angry too,
And often rail at these forgetful great men,
That suffer us to sue for what we ought
To have flung on us ere we ask.

Father. I have
Too often told my griefs that way, when all
I reap'd was rudeness of behaviour:

^a unless he were a soldier,

He could not, &c.] In both these lines the second folio has "ye" instead of "he"; and so the modern editors. "He" is, of course, Jacomo.

In their opinions, men of war that thrive
Must thank 'em when they rail, and wait to live.

Fab. Come, sir ; I see your wants need more relieving
Than looking what they are : pray, go with us.

Father. I thank you, gentlemen ; since you are pleas'd
To do a benefit, I dare not cross it :
And what my service or endeavours may
Stand you in stead, you shall command, not pray.

Jac. So you shall us.
I'll to the tailor's with you bodily.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before FREDERICK'S house.*

Enter FREDERICK, LODOVICO, and PISO.

Lod. Well, if this be true, I'll believe a woman
When I have nothing else to do.

Piso. 'Tis certain, if there be a way of truth
In blushes, smiles, and commendations ;
For, by this light, I have heard her praise yon fellow
In such a pitch, as if she had studied
To crowd the worths of all men into him ;
And I imagine these are seldom us'd
Without their special ends, and by a maid
Of her desires and youth.

Fred. It may be so.
She's free as you or I am, and may have,
By that prerogative, a liberal choice
In the bestowing of her love.

Lod. Bestowing !
If it be so, she has bestow'd herself
Upon a trim youth.—Piso, what do you call him ?

Piso. Why, Captain Jacomo.

Lod. Oh, Captain Jack-boy ;
That is the gentleman.

Fred. I think he be
A gentleman at worst.

Lod. So think I too ;

Would he would mend, sir !

Fred. And a tall one too.

Lod. Yes, of his teeth^a ; for, of my faith, I think
They are sharper than his sword, and dare do more,
If the buff^r meet him fairly.

Fred. Very well !

Piso. Now do I wonder what she means to do
When she has married him.

Lod. Why, well enough ;
Trail his pike under him, and be a gentlewoman
Of the brave captain's company.

Fred. Do you hear me ?
This woman is my sister, gentlemen.

Lod. I am glad she is none of mine. But, Frederick,
Thou art not such a fool, sure, to be angry,
Unless it be with her : we are thy friends, man.

Fred. I think ye are.

Lod. Yes, faith ; and do but tell thee
How she will utterly o'erthrow her credit,
If she continue gracing of this pot-gun^s.

^a *And a tall one too.*

Lod. Yes, of his teeth] See note, p. 238. So in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat* ;

“ As tall a trencherman, that is most certain,
As e'er demolish'd pye-fortification
As soon as batter'd.”

Act iii. sc. 1.—*Works* (by Gifford), i. 166, ed. 1813.

^r *buff*] So the second folio. The first folio has “ beuffe.” Sympson adopted Seward's emendation, “ beef ” (which Mason thinks right). The Editors of 1778 gave “ beuffe ” ; and so Weber, who observes, “ there is evidently an intentional pun, however poor, between *buff*, the dress of a soldier of the time, and the French *bœuf*.” There is doubtless a quibble intended here ; but the spelling of the second folio seems preferable. In the following passage of Fletcher's *Noble Gentleman* both the folios have,—

“ Men made of *beuf* and sarcenet.” Act iii. sc. 1.

yet in a similar passage of the present play the folios agree in reading,—

“ They are nothing i' the world but *buff* and scarlet.” p. 232.

^s *pot-gun*] Has occurred at p. 91 in the sense of—pop-gun, the toy of children : but it also meant a sort of cannon that shot into the air bullets full of wild-fire, which burst on falling to the ground (see Richardson's *Dict.* in v.) ; and most probably the name is applied here to Jacomo with an allusion to the instrument of war.

Piso. I think she was bewitch'd, or mad, or blind ;
She would never have taken such a scare-crow else
Into protection : of ^t my life, he looks
Of a more rusty, swarth complexion
Than an old arming-doublet.

Lod. I would send
His face to the cutler's, then, and have it sanguin'd^u ;
'Twill look a great deal sweeter : then his nose
I would have shorter ; and my reason is,
His face will be ill-mounted else.

Piso. For his body,
I will not be my own judge, lest I seem
A railer ; but let others look upon 't,
And if they find it any other thing
Than a trunk-cellar, to send wines down in,
Or a long walking bottle, I 'll be hang'd for 't.
His hide (for sure he is a beast) is ranker
Than the Moscovy-leather, and grain'd like it ;
And, by all likelihoods, he was begotten
Between a stubborn pair of winter-boots ;
His body goes with straps, he is so churlish.

Lod. He 's poor and beggarly, besides all this,
And of a nature far uncapable
Of any benefit ; for his manners cannot
Shew him a way to thank a man that does one,
He 's so uncivil. You may do a part
Worthy a brother, to persuade your sister
From her undoing : if she prove so foolish
To marry this cast captain, look to find her,
Within a month, where you, or any good man,
Would blush to know her, selling cheese, and prunes^w,

^t of] i. e. on. Altered by the modern editors to "o'."

^u I would send

His face to the cutler's, then, and have it sanguin'd] So in Middleton's *Blurt Master Constable* ; "Sanguine-cheeked ? dost think their faces have been at cutler's ?" Act ii. sc. 2.—*Works*, i. 263, ed. Dyce. "*Sanguine*. The bloud-stone wherewith cutlers do sanguine their hilts." Cotgrave's *Dict.*

^w prunes] Stewed prunes were a common dish in brothels, where (it would seem) they were sometimes set in the windows as a sort of sign.

And retail'd bottle-ale. I grieve to think,
Because I lov'd her, what a march this captain
Will set her into.

Fred. You are both, believe me,
Two arrant knaves ; and, were it not for taking
So just an execution from his hands
You have belied thus, I would swaddle^x ye,
Till I could draw off both your skins like scabbards.
That man that you have wrong'd thus, though to me
He be a stranger, yet I know so worthy,
However low in fortune, that his worst parts,
The very wearing of his clothes, would make
Two better gentlemen than you dare be ;
For there is virtue in his outward things.

Lod. Belike you love him, then ?

Fred. Yes, marry, do I.

Lod. And will be angry for him ?

Fred. If you talk,

Or pull your face into a stitch^y again,
As I love truth, I shall be very angry.
Do not I know thee, though thou hast some land,
To set thee out thus among gentlemen,
To be a prating and vain-glorious ass ?—
I do not wrong thee now, for I speak truth ;—
Do not I know thou hast been a cudgell'd coward,
That has no cure for shame but cloth-of-silver,
And think'st the wearing of a gaudy suit
Hides all disgraces ?

Lod. I understand you not ; you hurt not me,
Your anger flies so wide.

Piso. Signior Frederick,
You much mistake this gentleman.

Fred. No, sir.

Piso. If you would please to be less angry,
I would tell you how.

Fred. You had better study, sir,

^x *swaddle*] "To swaddle (cudgel) *Verbero, obverbero.*" Coles's *Dict.*

^y *stitch*] i. e. contortion, grimace.

How to excuse yourself, if you be able ;
Or I shall tell you once again——

Piso. Not me, sir ;

For, I protest, what I have said was only
To make you understand your sister's danger.

Lod. He might, if it pleas'd him, conceive it so.

Fred. I might, if it pleas'd me, stand still and hear
My sister made a May-game, might I not ?
And give allowance to your liberal^z jests
Upon his person, whose least anger would
Consume a legion of such wretched people,
That have no more to justify their actions
But their tongues' ends ? that dare lie every way,
As a mill grinds ? From this hour, I renounce
All part of fellowship that may hereafter
Make me take knowledge of ye but for knaves :
And take heed, as ye love whole skins and coxcombs,
How and to whom ye prate thus. For this time,
I care not if I spare ye : do not shake ;
I will not beat ye, though ye do deserve it
Richly.

Lod. This is a strange course, Frederick :
But, sure, you do not, or you would not, know us.
Beat us !

Piso. 'Tis somewhat low, sir, to a gentleman.

Fred. I'll speak but few words, but I'll make 'em truths :
Get you gone both, and quickly, without murmuring
Or looking big ; and yet, before you go,
I will have this confess'd, and seriously,
That you two are two rascals.

Lod. How !

Fred. Two rascals.

Come, speak it from your hearts ; or, by this light,
My sword shall fly among ye : answer me,
And to the point, directly.

Piso. You shall have
Your will for this time, since we see you're grown

^z *liberal*] i. e. licentiously free.

So far untemperate : let it be so, sir,
In your opinion.

Fred. Do not mince the matter,
But speak the words plain : —and you, Lodovic,
That stand so tally^a on your reputation,
You shall be he shall speak it.

Lod. This is pretty !

Fred. Let me not stay upon 't.

Lod. Well, we are rascals ;
Yes, Piso, we are rascals.

Fred. Get ye gone now ;
Not a word more : ye 're rascals.

[*Exeunt* LODOVICO and PISO.]

Enter FABRICIO and JACOMO.

Fab. That should be Frederick.

Jac. 'Tis he.—Frederick !

Fred. Who 's that ?

Jac. A friend, sir.

Fred. It is so by the voice.

I have sought you, gentlemen ; and, since I have found you
So near our house, I 'll force ye stay a while :
I pray, let it be so.

Fab. It is too late ;

We 'll come and dine to-morrow with your sister,
And do our services.

Jac. Who were those with you ?

Fab. We met two came from hence.

Fred. Two idle fellows,
That you shall beat hereafter ; and I 'll tell you,
Some fitter time, a cause sufficient for it.

Fab. But, Frederick, tell me truly ; do you think
She can affect my friend ? [*Aside to* FREDERICK.]

Fred. No certainer
Than when I speak of him, or any other^b,

^a *tally*] i. e. stoutly, boldly : see note, p. 238.

No certainer

Than when I speak of him, or any other] “ This line may easily be mis-

She entertains it with as much desire
As others do their recreations.

Fab. Let not him have this light by any means :
He will but think he 's mock'd, and so grow angry,
Even to a quarrel, he 's so much distrustful
Of all that take occasion to commend him,
Women especially ; for which he shuns
All conversation with 'em, and believes
He can be but a mirth to all their sex.— [*Lute within.*
Whence is this music ?

Fred. From my sister's chamber.

Fab. The touch is excellent ; let 's be attentive.

Jac. Hark ! are the waits abroad ?

Fab. Be softer, prithee ;
'Tis private music.

Jac. What a din it makes !
I had rather hear a Jew's-trump than these lutes ;
They cry like school-boys.

Fab. Prithee, Jacomo—

Jac. Well, I will hear, or sleep, I care not whether.
[*Lies down.*

FRANK and CLORA appear at the window, and sing.

Frank. Tell me, dearest, what is love ?

Clora. 'Tis a lightning from above ;
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call Desire.

Both. 'Tis a grave,
Gapes to have
Those poor fools that long to prove.

understood for want of attending to the construction ; as well as one in
Jonson's *Sejanus*,—

‘ Mean time give order that his books be burnt
To the Ædiles.’” [Act iii. sc. 1.] SYMPSON.

° *Tell me, dearest, &c.*] The two first stanzas of this song, with variations,
have already occurred : see *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act iii. s. 1,
vol. ii. 176.

Frank. Tell me more, are women true ?

Clora. Yes, some are, and some as you.
Some are willing, some are strange^d,
Since you men first taught to change.

Both. And till troth
Be in both,
All shall love, to love anew.

Frank. Tell me more yet, can they grieve ?

Clora. Yes, and sicken sore, but live,
And be wise, and delay,
When you men are as wise as they.

Both. Then I see,
Faith will be
Never till they both believe.

Frank. Clora, come hither : who are these below there ?

Clora. Where ?

Frank. There.

Clora. Ha ! I should know their shapes,
Though it be darkish. There are both our brothers :
What should they make thus late here ?

Frank. What's the t'other ?

Clora. What t'other ?

Frank. He that lies along there.

Clora. Oh, I see him,—
As if he had a branch of some great pedigree
Grew out on 's belly^e.

Frank. Yes.

Clora. That should be,
If I have any knowledge in proportion——

Fab. They see us.

Fred. 'Tis no matter.

Fab. What a log is this,
To sleep such music out !

Fred. No more ; let's hear 'em.

^d *strange*] i. e. coy.

^e *As if he had a branch of some great pedigree*
Grew out on 's belly] “ This is a ridicule on [an allusion to] the usual
practice of representing a heraldic pedigree. The reader may see a specimen
prefixed to *The Rolliad*.” WEBER.

Clora. If I have any knowledge in proportion,^f
The Captain Jacomo ; those are his legs,
Upon my conscience.

Frank. By my faith, and neat ones.

Clora. You mean the boots ; I think they are neat^g by
nature.

Frank. As thou art knavish. Would I saw his face !

Clora. 'Twould scare you in the dark.

Frank. A worse than that
Has never scar'd you, Clora, to my knowledge.

Clora. 'Tis true, for I never have^h seen a worse ;
Nor, while I say my prayers heartily,
I hope I shall not.

Frank. Well, I am no tell-tale :
But is it not great pity, tell me, Clora,
That such a brave deserving gentleman
As every one delivers this to be,
Should have no more respect and worth flung on him
By able men ? Were I one of these great ones,
Such virtuesⁱ should not sleep thus.

Clora. Were he greater,
He would sleep more, I think. I'll waken him.

Frank. Away, you fool !

Clora. Is he not dead already, and they two taking order
About his blacks^j ? methinks, they are very busy.
A fine clean corse he is : I would have him buried,
Even as he lies, cross-legg'd, like one o' the Templars^k
(If his Westphaly gammons will hold crossing) ;

^f *If I have any knowledge in proportion*] This repetition was omitted by the Editors of 1778 and by Weber, because they attributed it to a mistake of the printer or transcriber.

^g *neat*] "A pun upon NEAT'S leather." Ed. 1778.

^h *never have*] The Editors of 1778, to render the line more harmonious, printed "*have never*" ; and so Weber.

ⁱ *virtues*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to print "virtue".

^j *blacks*] "i. e. mourning weeds." WEBER.

^k *cross-legg'd, like one o' the Templars*] The crossing of the legs (which is frequently seen in the figures on the tombs of warriors) indicated that they had served in the crusades.

And on his breast a buckler with a pike in 't¹,
 In which I would have some learnèd cutler
 Compile an epitaph ; and at his feet
 A musquet, with this word^m upon a label,
 Which from the cock's mouth thus should be deliver'd,
I have discharg'd the office of a soldier.

Frank. Well, if thy father were a soldier,
 Thus thou wouldst use him.

Clora. Such a soldier,
 I would indeed.

Fab. If he hear this, not all
 The power of man could keep him from the windows,
 Till they were down, and all the doors broke open.
 For God's sake, make her cooler ; I dare not venture
 To bring him else : I know he will go to buffets
 Within five words with her, if she holds this spirit.
 Let 's waken him, and away ; we shall hear worse else.

Frank. Well, if I be not even with thee, Clora,
 Let me be hang'd, for this : I know thou dost it
 Only to anger me, and purge thyⁿ wit,
 Which would break out else.

Clora. I have found you ; I 'll
 Be no more cross. Bid 'em good night.

Frank. No, no ;
 They shall not know we have seen 'em. Shut the window.

[*Exeunt FRANK and CLORA above.*]

Fab. Will you get up, sir ?

Jac. Have you paid the fiddlers ?

Fab. You are not left to do it. Fie upon thee !
 Hast thou forsworn manners ?

Jac. Yes ; unless they
 Would let me eat my meat without long graces,
 Or drink without a preface to the pledger,

¹ *a buckler with a pike in 't*] This passage has been strangely misunderstood by the editors : *pike* (or, as it was sometimes written, *pick*—see vol. ii. 426.) means the spike in the centre of the buckler.

^m *word*] “i. e. motto.” WEBER.

ⁿ *thy*] So the second folio. The first has “your” ; and so Weber.

Of° “ Will it please you ? ” “ Shall I be so bold, sir ! ”
 “ Let me remember your good bed-fellow ! ”
 And lie, and kiss my hand unto my mistress
 As often as an ape does for an apple.
 These are mere schisms in soldiers ; — where’s my friend ? —
 These are to us as bitter as purgations :
 We love that general freedom we are bred to ;
 Hang these faint fooleries ! they smell of peace,—
 Do they not, friend ?

Fab. Faith, sir, to me they are
 As things indifferent ; yet I use ’em not,
 Or, if I did, they would not prick my conscience.

Fred. Come, shall we go ? ’tis late.

Jac. Yes, any whither :

But no more music ; it has made me dull.

Fab. Faith, any thing but drinking disturbs thee, Jacomo.
 We’ll even to bed.

Jac. Content.

Fab. Thou wilt dream of wenches.

Jac. I never think of any, I thank Heaven,
 But when I am drunk ; and then ’tis but to cast^p
 A cheap way how they may be all destroy’d
 Like vermin. Let’s away ; I am very sleepy.

Fab. Ay, thou art ever so, or angry. Come. [*Exeunt.*

° *Of*] Both the folios, “ *Oft.* ”

^p *cast*] i. e. plot, contrive.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A street.*

Enter JULIO and ANGELO.

Julio. I will but see her once more, Angelo,
That I may hate her more, and then I am
Myself again.

Ang. I would not have thee tempt lust ;
'Tis a way dangerous, and will deceive thee,
Hadst thou the constancy of all men in thee.

Julio. Having her sins before me, I dare see her,
Were she as catching as the plague and deadly,
And tell her she is fouler than all those,
And far more pestilent, if not repentant ;
And, like a strong man, chide her well, and leave her.

Ang. 'Tis easily said. Of what complexion is she ?

Julio. Make but a curious frame unto thyself,
As thou wouldst shape an angel in thy thought ;
Such as the poets, when their fancies sweat,
Imagine Juno is, or fair-ey'd Pallas ;
And one more excellent than all those figures
Shalt thou find her : she's brown, but of a sweetness,
(If such a poor word may express her beauty,)
Believe me, Angelo, would do more mischief
With a forc'd smile, than twenty thousand Cupids,
With their love-quivers full of ladies' eyes,
And twice as many flames, could fling upon us.

Ang. Of what age is she ?

Julio. As a rose at fairest,
Neither a bud nor blown ; but such a one,
Were there a Hercules to get again
With all his glory, or one more than he,
The god would choose out 'mongst a race of women
To make a mother of : she is outwardly
All that bewitches sense, all that entices ;
Nor is it in our virtue to uncharm it :

And when she speaks, oh, Angelo, then music
 (Such as old Orpheus made, that gave a soul
 To agèd mountains, and made rugged beasts
 Lay by their rages ; and tall trees, that knew
 No sound but tempests, to bow down their branches,
 And hear, and wonder ; and the sea, whose surges
 Shook their white heads in heaven, to be as midnight
 Still and attentive) steals into our souls
 So suddenly and strangely, that we are
 From that time no more ours, but what she pleases !

Ang. Why, look how far you have thrust yourself again
 Into your old disease ! are you that man
 With such a resolution, that would venture
 To take your leave of folly, and now melt
 Even in repeating her ?

Julio. I had forgot me.

Ang. As you will still do.

Julio. No ; the strongest man
 May have the grudging of an ague on him ;
 This is no more. Let's go ; I would fain be fit
 To be thy friend again, for now I am no man's.

Ang. Go you : I dare not go, I tell you truly ;
 Nor were it wise I should.

Julio. Why ?

Ang. I am well,
 And, if I can, will keep myself so.

Julio. Ha !
 Thou mak'st me smile, though I have little cause,
 To see how prettily thy fear becomes thee :
 Art thou not strong enough to see a woman ?

Ang. Yes, twenty thousand ; but not such a one
 As you have made her : I'll not lie for the matter ;
 I know I am frail, and may be cozen'd too
 By such a siren.

Julio. Faith, thou shalt go, Angelo.

Ang. Faith, but I will not : no ; I know how far, sir,
 I am able to hold out, and will not venture
 Above my depth. I do not long to have

My sleep ta'en from me, and go pulingly,
Like a poor wench had lost her market-money ;
And when I see good meat, sit still and sigh,
And call for small beer ; and consume my wit
In making anagrams and faithful posies :
I do not like that itch ; I am sure I had rather
Have the main pox, and safer.

Julio. Thou shalt go ;

I must needs have thee as a witness with me
Of my repentance : as thou lov'st me, go.

Ang. Well, I will go, since you will have it so ;
But if I prove a fool too, look to have me
Curse you continually and fearfully.

Julio. And if thou seest me fall again, good Angelo,
Give me thy counsel quickly, lest I perish.

Ang. Pray Heaven I have enough to save myself !
For, as I have a soul, I had rather venture
Upon a savage island than this woman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another street.*

Enter Father, in handsome apparel, with a purse, and Servant.

Father. From whom, sir, comes this bounty ? for I think
You are mistaken.

Serv. No, sir ; 'tis to you,
I am sure, my mistress sent it.

Father. Who's your mistress,
That I may give her thanks ?

Serv. The virtuous widow.

Father. The virtuous widow, sir ! I know none such :
Pray, what's her name ?

Serv. Lelia.

Father. I knew you err'd ;
'Tis not to me, I warrant you. There, sir ;
Carry it to those she feeds fat with such favours ;
I am a stranger to her.

Serv. Good sir, take it,

And, if you will, I'll swear she sent it to you ;
 For, I am sure, mine eye never went off you
 Since you forsook the gentlemen you talk'd with
 Just at her door.

Father. Indeed, I talk'd with two,
 Within this half hour, in the street.

Serv. 'Tis you, sir,
 And none but you, I am sent to. Wiser men
 Would have been thankful sooner, and receiv'd it ;
 'Tis not a fortune every man can brag of,
 And from a woman of her excellence.

Father. Well, sir, I am catechis'd. What more belongs
 to 't ?

Serv. This only, sir ; she would entreat you come
 This evening to her without fail.

Father. I will.

Serv. You guess where.

Father. Sir, I have a tongue else. [Exit Servant.]

She is downright devil ; or else my wants
 And her disobedience have provok'd her
 To look into her foul self, and be sorry.
 I wonder how she knew me ; I had thought
 I had been the same to all I am to them
 That chang'd me thus. God pardon me for lying !
 For I have paid it home : many a good man,
 That had but found the profit of my way,
 Would forswear telling true again in haste.

Enter LODOVICO and PISO.

Here are my praters : now, if I did well,
 I should belabour 'em ; but I have found
 A way to quiet 'em worth a thousand on't. [Aside.]

Lod. If we could get a fellow that would do it !

Father. What villany is now in hand ? [Aside and retires.]

Piso. It will
 Be hard to be done, in my opinion,
 Unless we light upon an Englishman
 With sevenscore surfeits in him.

Lod. Are the Englishmen
Such stubborn drinkers^a?

Piso. Not a leak at sea
Can suck more liquor : you shall have their children
Christen'd in mull'd sack, and, at five years old,
Able to knock a Dane down : take an Englishman,
And cry "St. George !" and give him but a rasher,
And you shall have him upon even terms
Defy a hogshead. Such a one would do it
Home, boy, and like a workman.

Lod. At what weapon^r?

Piso. Sherry sack : I would have him drink stark dead,
If it were possible ; at worst, past portage^s.

Lod. What is the end, then ?

Piso. Dost thou not perceive it ?
If he be drunk dead, there 's a fair end of him.
If not, this is my end ; or by enticing,
Or by deceiving, to conduct him where
The fool is that admires him ; and if sober
His nature be so rugged, what will 't be
When he is hot with wine ? Come, let's about it :
If this be done but handsomely, I 'll pawn
My head she hath done with soldiers.

Lod. This may do well.

Father. Here's a new way to murder men alive !

^a *Such stubborn drinkers*] "This qualification in our countrymen is taken notice of by Iago, in act ii. scene iii. of *Othello*." REED.

"It is more than probable that the Danes, who were considered as the most potent drinkers in Europe, taught the custom to the Scots and the English. It is well known what orgies were sacrificed to Bacchus in the castle of Croneborg, when James was at the Danish court to espouse the princess Anne ; and he seems to have continued his excesses till his death. It is not impossible that the words in the text, 'Able to knock a Dane down,' may allude to a trial of capacity for wine similar to the one by which Sir Walter Riddell obtained the celebrated whistle from the great Danish toping champion, also in the reign of James I. See Burns's poem of *The Whistle*." WEBER [qy. Sir Walter Scott ?]

^r *At what weapon ?*] Both the folios make these words the conclusion of the preceding speech ; and in the rest of the dialogue between Piso and Lodovico, till it is interrupted by the Father, they prefix "*Lod.*" to the speeches properly belonging to Piso, and "*Piso*" to those which are evidently Lodovico's. Sympson made the necessary changes.

^s *portage*] So the second folio. The first has "pottage" ; and so Weber.

I'll choke this train. [*Aside, and then comes forward.*—God
save ye, gentlemen!—
It is to you—stay—yes, it is to you.

[*Gives the purse to LODOVICO.*]

Lod. What's to me?

Father. You are fortunate:*

I cannot stand to tell you more now; meet me

Here soon, and you'll be made a man.

[*Exit.*]

Lod. What vision's this?

Piso. I know not.

Lod. Well, I'll meet it;

Think you o' th' other, and let me a while

Dream of this fellow.

Piso. For the drunkard, Lodovic,

Let me alone.

Lod. Come, let's about it, then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in FREDERICK'S house.*

Enter CLORA and FRANK.

Clora. Ha, ha, ha! pray, let me laugh extremely.

Frank. Why? prithee, why? hast thou such cause?

Clora. Yes, faith;

My brother will be here straightway, and——

Frank. What?

Clora. The other party: ha, ha, ha!

Frank. What party?

Wench, thou art not drunk?

Clora. No, faith.

Frank. Faith, thou hast been among the bottles, Clora.

Clora. Faith, but I have not, Frank. Prithee, be handsome;
The captain comes along too, wench.

Frank. Oh, is that it

That tickles you?

Clora. Yes, and shall tickle you too;

You understand me?

* *You are fortunate, &c.*] So the lines of this speech are divided in both the folios. The Editors of 1778 and Weber gave a new arrangement, and not for the better.

Frank. By my troth, thou art grown
A strange lewd wench: I must e'en leave thy company;
Thou wilt spoil me else.

Clora. Nay, thou art spoil'd to my hand.
Hadst thou been free, as a good wench ought to be,
When I went first a-birding for thy love,
And roundly said, "That is the man must do it,"
I had done laughing many an hour ago.

Frank. And what dost thou see in him, now thou know'st
him,
To be thus laugh'd at?

Clora. Prithee, be not angry,
And I'll speak freely to thee.

Frank. Do; I will not.

Clora. Then, as I hope to have a handsome husband,
This fellow in mine eye (and, Frank, I am held
To have a shrewd guess at a pretty fellow)
Appears a strange thing.

Frank. Why, how strange, for God's sake?
He is a man, and one that may content,
For any thing I see, a right good woman;
And, sure, I am not blind.

Clora. There lies the question;
For, but you say he is a man, and I
Will credit you, I should as soon have thought him
Another of God's creatures: out upon him!
His body^t, that can promise nothing
But laziness and long strides.

Frank. These are your eyes!
Where were they, Clora, when you fell in love
With the old footman for singing of *Queen Dido*^u?
And swore he look'd, in his old velvet trunks^v

^t *His body*] Ought to be, I suspect, "He has a *body*,"—the transcriber having written "H'as," which the compositor mistook for "His."

^u *Queen Dido*] For the beautiful ballad of *Queen Dido*, see Percy's *Rel. of An. Engl. Poet.* iii. 193. ed. 1794. It is again mentioned in *Bonduca*, act i. sc. 2.

^v *trunks*] i. e. wide breeches.

And his slic'd Spanish jerkin, like Don John ?
You had a parlous^v judgment then, my Clora.

Clora. Who told you that ?

Frank. I heard it.

Clora. Come, be friends ;
The soldier is a Mars : no more ; we are all
Subject to slide awry^w.

Frank. Nay, laugh on still.

Clora. No, faith ; thou art a good wench, and 'tis pity
Thou shouldst not be well quarried^x at thy entering,
Thou art so high-flown for him. Look, who's there !

Enter FABRICIO and JACOMO.

Jac. Prithee, go single ; what should I do there ?
Thou know'st I hate these visitations,
As I hate peace or perry.

Fab. Wilt thou never
Make a right man ?

Jac. You make a right fool of me,
To lead me up and down to visit women,
And be abus'd and laugh'd at. Let me starve
If I know what to say, unless I ask 'em
What their shoes cost.

Fab. Fie upon thee, coward !
Canst thou not sing ?

Jac. Thou know'st I can sing nothing
But *Plumpton-Park*^y.

Fab. Thou wilt be bold enough,
When thou art enter'd once.

^v *parlous*] See note, p. 197.

^w *awry*] Both the folios have "away" ; and so the modern editors !

^x *quarried*] See note, vol. ii. 554. The allusion in the present passage (as "high-flown" shews) is to falconry.

^y *Plumpton-Park.*] See the *Lamentation of John Musgrauc, who was executed at Kendal, for robbing the King's Receiver, and taking away from him great store of treasure*, in Evans's *Old Ballads*, i. 102. ed. 1810. The following stanza occurs both in the First and Second Part of the ballad ;

" Down *Plumpton-Park* as I did pass,
I heard a bird sing in a glen ;
The chiefest of her song it was,
' Farewell the flower of servingmen ! "

Jac. I had rather enter
A breach : if I miscarry, by this hand,
I will have you by th' ears for 't.

Fab. [*coming forward with JACOMO*]. Save ye, ladies !

Clora. Sweet brother, I dare swear you're welcome hither ;
So is your friend.

Fab. Come, blush not, but salute 'em.

Frank. Good sir, believe your sister ; you are most welcome ;
So is this worthy gentleman, whose virtues
I shall be proud to be acquainted with.

Jac. She has found me out already, and has paid me.
Shall we be going ?

Fab. Peace.—Your goodness, lady,
Will ever be afore us. For myself,
I will not thank you single, lest I leave
My friend, this gentleman, out of acquaintance.

Jac. More of me yet ?

Frank. Would I were able, sir,
From either of your worths to merit thanks !

Clora. But, brother, is your friend thus sad still ? methinks,
'Tis an unseemly nature in a soldier.

Jac. What hath she to do with me or my behaviour ?

Fab. He does but shew so : prithee, to him, sister !

Jac. If I do not break thy head, I am no Christian,
If I get off once.

Clora. Sir, we must entreat you
To think yourself more welcome, and be merry :
'Tis pity a fair man of your proportion
Should have a soul of sorrow.

Jac. Very well !—

Pray, gentlewoman, what would you have me say ?

Clora. Do not you know, sir ?

Jac. Not so well as you
That talk continually.

Frank. You have hit her, sir.

Clora. I thank him, so he has ;
Fair fall his sweet face for it !

Jac. Let my face

Alone, I would wish you, lest I take occasion
To bring a worse in question.

Clora. Meaning mine?—

Brother, where was your friend brought up? h'as sure
Been a great lover in his youth of pottage,
They^z lie so dull upon his understanding.

Fab. No more of that; thou'lt anger him at heart.

Clora. Then let him be more manly; for he looks
Like a great school-boy that had been blown up
Last night at dust-point^a.

Frank. You will never leave
Till you be told how rude you are: fie, Clora!—
Sir, will it please you sit?

Clora. And I'll sit by you.

Jac. Woman, be quiet, and be rul'd, I would wish you.

Clora. I have done, Sir Captain.

Fab. Art thou not asham'd?

Jac. You are an ass; I'll tell you more anon:
You had better ha' been hang'd than brought me hither.

Fab. You are grown a sullen fool. Either be handsome,
Or, by this light, I will have wenches bait thee:
Go to the gentlewoman, and give her thanks,
And hold your head up; what!

Jac. By this light, I'll brain thee.

Frank. Now, o' my faith, this gentleman does nothing
But it becomes him rarely. Clora, look
How well this little anger, if it be one,
Shews in his face.

^z *They*] In a note (which I have omitted) on an earlier passage of the play, Weber says, "it is curious that the plural is here applied to 'pottage,' as it is at this moment in Scotland." If he had read these plays with proper attention, he would have observed many similar forms of expression: so at p. 248;

"I could now question *Heaven* (were it well
To look into *their* justice."

^a *dust-point*] "I believe this alludes to a trick still usual among boys. A hole is made in the earth, and a novice is set to blow out the dust, which, if he does not shut his eyes, fills them, and consequently may cause his face to swell," &c.—WEBER,—whose explanation is very doubtful. *Dust-point* seems to have been a game similar to *blow-point*,—both games much resembling push-pin: see Nares's *Gloss.* in v. v.

Clora. Yes, it shews very sweetly.

Frank. Nay, do not blush, sir ; o' my troth, it does :
I would be ever angry to be thus.—
Fabricio, o' my conscience, if I ever
Do fall in love (as I will not forswear it,
Till I am something wiser), it must be,
I will not say directly with that face,
But certainly such another as that is,
And thus dispos'd, may chance^b to hamper me.

Fab. Dost thou hear this, and stand still ?

Jac. You will prate still.

I would you were not women ! I would take
A new course with ye.

Clora. Why, courageous ?

Jac. For making me a stone to whet your tongues on.

Clora. Prithee, sweet Captain—

Jac. Go, go spin, go hang !

Clora. Now could I kiss him.

Jac. If you long for kicking,
You're best come kiss me ; do not though, I'd wish you.
I'll send my footman to thee ; he shall leap thee,
An thou want'st horsing. I will leave ye, ladies.

Frank. Beshrew my heart, you are unmannerly
To offer this unto a gentleman
Of his deserts, that comes so worthily
To visit me : I cannot take it well.

Jac. I come to visit you, you foolish woman !

Frank. I thought you did, sir, and for that I thank you ;
I would be loath to lose^c those thanks. I know
This is but some odd way you have,—and, faith,
It does become you well to make us merry :
I have heard often of your pleasant vein.

Fab. What wouldst thou ask more ?

Jac. Pray, thou scurvy fellow ;
Thou hast not long to live.—Adieu, dear damsels ;

^b *dispos'd, may chance*] Seward's correction. Both the folios have, "dispose my chance."

^c *lose*] "i. e. throw away to no purpose." MASON.

You filthy women, farewell, and be sober,
And keep your chambers.

Clora. Farewell, old Don Diego^d.

Frank. Away, away!—You must not be so angry,
To part thus roughly from us: yet to me
This does not shew as if 'twere yours; the wars
May breed men something plain, I know; but not
Thus rude. Give me your hand, good sir: I know
'Tis white, and——

Jac. If I were not patient,
What would become of you two prating housewives?

Clora. For any thing I know, we would in to supper,
And there begin a health of lusty claret,
To keep care from our hearts; and it should be——

Fab. Faith, to whom?—Mark but this, Jacomo.

Clora. Even to the handsomest fellow now alive.

Fab. Do you know such a one?

Frank. He may be guess'd at
Without much travail.

Fab. There's another item.

Clora. And he should be a soldier.

Frank. 'Twould be better.

Clora. And yet not you, sweet Captain.

Frank. Why not he?

Jac. Well, I shall live to see your husbands beat you,
And hiss 'em on like bandogs.

Clora. Ha, ha, ha!

Jac. Green sicknesses, and serving-men, light on ye,
With greasy codpieces and woollen stockings!
The devil (if he dare deal with two women)
Be of your counsels! Farewell, plasterers. [Exit.

Clora. This fellow will be mad at Midsummer,
Without all doubt.

Fab. I think so too.

^d *Don Diego*] An allusion to the "Don Diego that was smelt out in Paul's." Middleton's *Blurt Master Constable*, Act iv. sc. 3.—*Works*, i. 293. ed. Dyce. He is mentioned by several of our early dramatists. For more particulars, I refer the reader to my ed. of Webster's *Works*, iv. 293.

Frank. I am sorry
He 's gone in such a rage : but, sure, this holds him
Not every day.

Fab. Faith, every other day,
If he come near a woman.

Clora. I wonder how his mother could endure
To have him in her belly, he 's so boisterous.

Frank. He 's to be made more tractable, I doubt not.

Clora. Yes, if they taw him, as they do whit-leather
Upon an iron, or beat him soft like stock-fish. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A room in the house of LELIA.*

Enter LELIA, and Waiting-woman carrying a veil.

Lelia. Art sure 'tis he ?

W. Wo. Yes, and another with him.

Lelia. The more the merrier. Did you give that money,
And charg'd it to be^e deliver'd where I shew'd you ?

W. Wo. Yes, and what else you bade me.

Lelia. That brave fellow,
Though he be old, whate'er he be, shews toughness ;
And such a one I long for, and must have
At any price ; these young soft melting gristles
Are only for my safer ends.

W. Wo. They are here.

Lelia. Give me my veil ; and bid the boy go sing
That song above, I gave him,—the sad song.—[*Puts on her veil.*
Now if I miss him, I am curs'd.—Go, wench,
And tell 'em I have utterly forsworn
All company of men ; yet make a venture
At last to let 'em in : thou know'st these things ;
Do 'em to the life.

W. Wo. I warrant you, I am perfect. [*Exit.*

Lelia. Some evil^f woman, for her use, would give
A million for this wench, she is so subtle.

^e *charg'd it to be*] Sympon and the Editors of 1778 printed "*charg'd it be.*" Weber altered "*charg'd*" to "*charge.*"

^f *evil*] Both the folios, "*ill ;*" and so the modern editors,—Sympon, for the metre, printing "*Now some ill,*" &c. See note, vol. i. 357.

Re-enter W. Woman, JULIO and ANGELO appearing at the door.

W. Wo. Good sir, desire it not ; I dare not do it ;
For since your last being here, sir, believe me,
She has griev'd herself out of all company,
And, sweet soul, almost out of life too.

Julio. Prithee,
Let me but speak one word.

W. Wo. You will offend, sir ;
And yet your name is more familiar with her
Than any thing but sorrow : good sir, go.

Ang. This little varlet hath her lesson perfect ;
These are the baits they bob with.

Julio. Faith, I will not.

W. Wo. I shall be chidden cruelly for this ;
But you are such a gentleman !

Julio. No more.

Ang. [*giving money.*] There 's a new tire, wench : peace ;
thou art well enough. [*Music.*]

Julio. What, has she music ?

W. Wo. Yes ; for Heaven's sake, stay ;
'Tis all she feeds upon.

Julio. Alas, poor soul !

Ang. Now will I pray devoutly ; for there 's need on 't.

[*They come forward.*]

Boy sings above.

Away, delights ; go seek some other dwelling,
For I must die.
Farewell, false love ; thy tongue is ever telling
Lie after lie :
For ever let me rest now from thy smarts ;
Alas, for pity, go,
And fire their hearts
That have been hard to thee ! mine was not so.

Never again deluding love shall know me,
For I will die ;
And all those griefs that think to over-grow me,
Shall be as I :

For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry,
 " Alas, for pity, stay,
 And let us die
 With thee ! men cannot mock us in the clay[‡]."

Julio. Mistress !—not one word ?—mistress, if I grieve you,
 I can depart again.

Ang. Let 's go, then, quickly ;
 For if she get from under this dark cloud,
 We shall both sweat, I fear, for 't.

Julio. Do but speak,
 Though you turn from me, and speak bitterly,
 And I am gone ; for that I think will please you.

Ang. Oh, that all women were thus silent ever,
 What fine things they were !

Julio. You have look'd on me,
 When, if there be belief in women's words,
 Spoken in tears, you swore you lov'd to do so.

Lelia. Oh me, my heart !

Ang. Now, Julio, play the man,
 Or such another " oh me ! ^h" will undo thee.
 Would I had any thing to keep me busy,
 I might not hear her ! think but what she is,
 Or I doubt mainly, I shall be i' the mashⁱ too.

Julio. Pray, speak again.

Lelia. Where is my woman ?

[*Unveils.*

W. Wo. Here.

Ang. Mercy upon me ! what a face she has !
 Would it were veil'd again !

Lelia. Why did you let
 This flattering man in to me ? did not I
 Charge thee to keep me from his eyes again,

[‡] *clay.*] Both the folios, " day."—" In support of the alteration, Seward produces the following passage in *Henry V.* [act iv. sc. 8.],—

' The dead with charity inclos'd in *clay.*'

The corruption is very easy ; the *c* and *l* in the manuscript looking like a *d.*"
Ed. 1778.

^h *oh me*] So the second folio. Not in the first folio.

ⁱ *mash*] Altered by the modern editors to " mesh,"—rightly perhaps, for *mesh* was sometimes spelt *mash* : Richardson, however, in his *Dict.* cites the present passage under *Mash*.

As carefully as thou wouldst keep thine own?
 Thou hast brought me poison in a shape of Heaven,
 Whose violence will break the hearts of all,
 Of all weak women, as it has done mine,
 That are such fools to love, and look upon him.—
 Good sir, be gone; you know not what an ease
 Your absence is.

Ang. By Heaven, she is a wonder!
 I cannot tell what 'tis, but I am qualmishⁱ.

Julio. Though I desire to be here more than Heaven,
 As I am now, yet, if my sight offend you,
 So much I love to be commanded by you,
 That I will go. Farewell.

Lelia. I should say something
 Ere you depart, and I would have you hear me:
 But why should I speak to a man that hates me,
 And will but laugh at any thing I suffer?

Julio. If this be hate——

[*Weeps.*]

Lelia. Away, away, deceiver!

Julio. Now help me, Angelo.

Ang. I am worse than thou art.

Lelia. Such tears as those might make another woman
 Believe thee honest, Julio; almost me,
 That know their ends; for I confess they stir me.

Ang. What will become of me? I cannot go now,
 If you would hang me, from her: oh, brave eye!
 Steal me away, for God's sake, Julio.

Julio. Alas, poor man! I am lost again too, strangely.

Lelia. No, I will sooner trust a crocodile
 When he sheds tears (for he kills suddenly,
 And ends our cares at once), or any thing
 That's evil to our natures, than a man:
 I find there is no end of his deceivings,
 Nor no avoiding 'em, if we give way.
 I was requesting you to come no more,
 And mock me with your service; 'tis not well,

ⁱ *qualmish*] So the second folio. The first folio has "*squeamish*."

Nor honest, to abuse us so far : you may love too ;
 For though, I must confess, I am unworthy
 Of your love every way, yet I would have you
 Think I am somewhat too good to make sport of.

Julio. Will you believe me ?

Lelia. For your vows and oaths,
 And such deceiving tears as you shed now,
 I will, as you do, study to forget 'em.

Julio. Let me be most despis'd of men——

Lelia. No more ;
 There is no new way left, by which your cunning
 Shall once more hope to catch me : no, thou false man,
 I will avoid thee, and, for thy sake, all
 That bear thy stamp, as counterfeit in love ;
 For I am open-ey'd again, and know thee.
 Go, make some other weep, as I have done,
 That dare believe thee ; go, and swear to her
 That is a stranger to thy cruelty,
 And knows not yet what man is, and his lyings,
 How thou diest daily for her ; pour it out
 In thy best lamentations ; put on sorrow,
 As thou canst, to deceive an angel, Julio,
 And vow thyself into her heart, that when
 I shall leave off to curse thee for thy falsehood,
 Still a forsaken woman may be found
 To call to Heaven for vengeance.

Ang. From this hour,
 I heartily despise all honest women ;
 I care not if the world took knowledge on 't :
 I see there's nothing in them, but that folly
 Of loving one man only. Give me henceforth,
 (Before the greatest blessing can be thought of,)
 If this be one, a whore ; that 's all I aim at.

[*Aside.*

Julio. Mistress, the most offending man is heard
 Before his sentence : why will you condemn me
 Ere I produce the truth to witness with me
 How innocent I am of all your angers ?

Lelia. There is no trusting of that tongue ; I know 't,

And how far, if it be believ'd, it kills :
No more, sir.

Julio. It never lied to you yet ; if it did,
'Twas only when it call'd you mild and gentle.

Lelia. Good sir, no more ; make not my understanding,
After I have suffer'd thus much evil by you,
So poor to think I have not reach'd the end
Of all your forc'd affections : yet, because
I once lov'd such a sorrow too, too dearly,
As that would strive to be, I do forgive you,
Even heartily as I would be forgiven,
For all your wrongs to me ; my charity
Yet loves you so far, though again I may not ;
And wish, when that time comes you will love truly,
If you can ever do so, you may find
The worthy fruit of your affections,
True love again, not my unhappy harvest ;
Which, like a fool, I sow'd in such a heart,
So dry and stony, that a thousand showers,
From these two eyes continually raining,
Could never ripen.

Julio. You have conquer'd me :
I did not think to yield ; but make me now
Even what you will, my Lelia, so I may
Be but so truly happy to enjoy you.

Lelia. No, no ; those fond imaginations
Are dead and buried in me ; let 'em rest.

Julio. I 'll marry you.

Ang. The devil thou wilt, Julio ?
How that word waken'd me ! [*Aside.*—Come hither, friend :
Thou art a fool. Look stedfastly upon her :
Though she be all that I know excellent,
As she appears ; though I could fight for her,
And run through fire ; though I am stark mad too,
Never to be recover'd ; though I would
Give all I had i' the world to lie with her,
Even to my naked soul—I am so far gone ;
Yet, methinks, still we should not dote away

That that is something more than ours, our honours.
I would not have thee marry her by no means—
Yet I should do so ;—is she not a whore ?

Julio. She is ; but such a one——

Ang. 'Tis true, she's excellent ;
And when I well consider, Julio,
I see no reason we should be confin'd
In our affections, when all creatures else
Enjoy still where they like.

Julio. And so will I, then.

Lelia. He's fast enough, I hope, now, if I hold him. [*Aside.*

Ang. You must not do so though, now I consider
Better what 'tis.

Julio. Do not consider, Angelo ;
For I must do it.

Ang. No ; I'll kill thee first :
I love thee so well that the worms shall have thee
Before this woman, friend.

Julio. It was your counsel.

Ang. As I was a knave ;
Not as I lov'd thee.

Julio. All this is lost upon me, Angelo ;
For I must have her.—I will marry you
When^k you please: pray, look better on me.

Ang. Nay, then, no more, friend ; farewell, Julio :
I have so much discretion left me yet
To know, and tell thee, thou art miserable.

Julio. Stay ; thou art more than she, and now I find it.

Lelia. Is he so ?

Julio. Mistress !

Lelia. No ! I'll see thee starv'd first. [*Exit.*

Julio. Friend !

Ang. Fly her as I do, Julio ; she's a witch.

Julio. Beat me away, then ; I shall grow here still else.

Ang. That were the way to have me grow there with thee.
Farewell for ever. [*Exit.*

Julio. Stay ; I am uncharm'd.—

^k *When*] Sympson, for the metre, printed "Whene'er."

Farewell, thou cursèd house; from this hour be
More hated of me than a leprosy!

[*Exit.*

Re-enter LELIA.

Lelia. Both gone? a plague upon 'em both!
Am I deceiv'd again? Oh, I would rail,
And follow 'em, but I fear the spite of people,
Till I have emptied all my gall!
The next I seize upon shall pay their follies
To the last penny; this will work me worse;
He that comes next, by Heaven, shall feel their curse.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A street.*

Enter JACOMO and FABRICIO severally.

Fab. Oh, you 're a sweet youth, so uncivilly
To rail and run away!

Jac. Oh, are you there, sir?
I am glad I have found you: you have not now your ladies,
To shew your wit before.

Fab. Thou woulst not, woulst 'a?

Jac. What a sweet youth I am, as you have made me,
[*Draws.*

You shall know presently.

Fab. Put up your sword;
I have seen it often; 'tis a fox¹.

Jac. It is so;
And you shall feel it too. Will you despatch, sir,
And leave your mirth out? or I shall take occasion
To beat you, and disgrace you too.

Fab. Well, since
There is no other way to deal with you,—
Let's see your sword; I am sure you scorn all odds,—
I will fight with you.

[*While they measure their swords, FABRICIO seizes JACOMO'S.*

¹ *fox*] A familiar and favourite term for the old English broadsword.

Jac. How now ?

Fab. Nay, stand out ;
Or, by this light, I'll make you.

Jac. This is scurvy,
And out of fear done.

Fab. No, sir ; out of judgment ;
For he that deals with thee, thou 'rt grown so boisterous,
Must have more wits or more lives than another,
Or always be in armour or enchanted,
Or he is miserable.

Jac. Your end of this, sir ?

Fab. My end is only mirth, to laugh at thee,
Which now I'll do in safety : ha, ha, ha !

Jac. 'Sheart, then I am grown ridiculous !

Fab. Thou art ;
And wilt be shortly sport for little children,
If thou continuest this rude stubbornness.

Jac. Oh, God, for any thing that had an edge !

Fab. Ha, ha, ha !

Jac. Fie, what a shame it is,
To have a lubber shew his teeth !

Fab. Ha, ha !

Jac. Why dost thou laugh at me, thou wretched fellow ?
Speak, with a pox ! and look you render me
Just such a reason——

Fab. I shall die with laughing.

Jac. As no man can find fault with. I shall have
Another sword, I shall, you fleering puppy !

Fab. Does not this testiness shew finely in thee ?
Once more, take heed of children : if they find thee,
They'll break up school to bear thee company,
Thou wilt be such a pastime ; and hoot at thee,
And call thee Bloody-bones, and Spade^m, and Spitfire,
And Gaffer Madman, and Go-by-Jeronimoⁿ,

^m *Spade*] An allusion, Weber conjectures, to "the black man with his spade,"—one of the bugbears of the nursery.

ⁿ *Go-by-Jeronimo*] This expression (which is ridiculed by many of our old dramatists as well as other early writers, and had, indeed, become proverbial) is

And Will-with-a-wisp, and Come-aloft^o, and Crack-rope,
And old Saint Dennis with the dudgeon codpiece,
And twenty such names.

Jac. No, I think they will not.

Fab. Yes, but they will ; and nurses still their children
Only with thee, and " Here take him, Jacomo ! "

Jac. God's precious, that I were but over thee
One steeple height ! I would fall and break thy neck.

Fab. This is the reason I laugh at thee, and,
While thou art thus, will do. Tell me one thing.

Jac. I wonder how thou durst thus question me.
Prithee, restore my sword.

Fab. Tell me but one thing,
And it may be I will. Nay, sir, keep out.

Jac. Well, I will be your fool now ; speak your mind, sir.

Fab. Art thou not breeding teeth ?

Jac. How, teeth !

Fab. Yes, teeth ;
Thou wouldst not be so froward else.

Jac. Teeth !

Fab. Come, 'twill make thee
A little rheumatic, but that 's all one ;
We'll have a bib, for spoiling of thy doublet,
And a fringe'd muckender^p hang at thy girdle ;
I'll be thy nurse, and get a coral for thee,
And a fine ring of bells.

Jac. Faith, this is somewhat
Too much, Fabricio, to your friend that loves you :
Methinks, your goodness rather should invent
A way to make my follies less, than breed 'em.

derived from Kyd's celebrated *Spanish Tragedy*. The words are spoken by Hieronimo to himself :

" *King.* Who is he that interrupts our business ?

Hier. Not I : *Hieronimo*, beware, *go by, go by.*"

Dodsley's *Old Plays*, iii. 163. last ed.

^o *Come-aloft*] Equivalent to—ape : " come aloft " was the exclamation used by a master to an ape that had been taught to vault and play tricks.

^p *muckender*] On which Weber has a note of intolerable absurdity,—means, of course, handkerchief.

I should have been more moderate to you ;
But I see you despise me.

Fab. Now I love you.

There, take your sword ; continue so. I dare not
Stay now to try your patience ; soon I'll meet you :
And, as you love your honours and your state,
Redeem yourself well to the gentlewoman.

Farewell, till soon.

[*Exit.*

Jac. Well, I shall think of this.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*A room in a tavern.*

Enter Host, Piso, and Boy with a glass of wine.

Piso. Nothing i' the world but a dried tongue or two.

Host. Taste him, and tell me.

Piso. Is a valiant wine ;

This must be he, mine host.

Host. This shall be *ipse* :

Oh, he's a devilish biting^q wine, a tyrant
Where he lays hold, sir ; this is he that scorns
Small beer should quench him, or a foolish caudle
Bring him to bed ; no, if he finch, I'll shame him,
And draw him out to mull amongst old midwives.

Piso. There is a soldier I would have thee batter^r
Above the rest, because he thinks there's no man
Can give him drink enough.

Host. What kind of man ?

Piso. That thou mayst know him perfectly, he's one
Of a left-handed making, a lank thing,
As if his belly were ta'en up with straw,
To hunt a match.

Host. Has he no beard to shew him ?

Piso. Faith, but a little ; yet enough to note him,
Which grows in parcels, here and there a remnant :
And that thou mayst not miss him, he is one
That wears his forehead in a velvet scabbard.

^q *biting*] So the second folio. The first folio has "bitten."

^r *batter*] Both the folios "better."

Host. That note 's enough : he 's mine ; I'll fuddle him,
Or lie i' the suds. You will be here too ?

Piso. Yes.

Till soon, farewell, and bear up.

Host. If I do not,
Say I am recreant : I'll get things ready. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A street.*

Enter JULIO and ANGELO.

Julio. 'Tis strange thou shouldst be thus, with thy discretion.

Ang. I am sure I am so.

Julio. I am well, you see.

Ang. Keep yourself warm then, and go home and sleep,
And pray to God thou mayst continue so.
Would I had gone to the devil of an errand,
When I was made a fool to see her ! Leave me ;
I am not fit for conversation.

Julio. Why, thou art worse than I was.

Ang. Therefore leave me ;
The nature of my sickness is not eas'd
By company or counsel : I am mad ;
And, if you follow me with questions,
Shall shew myself so.

Julio. This is more than error.

Ang. Pray, be content that you have made me thus,
And do not wonder at me.

Julio. Let me know

But what you mean to do, and I am gone :
I would be loath to leave you thus else.

Ang. Nothing
That needs your fear ; that is sufficient.
Farewell, and pray for me.

Julio. I would not leave you.

Ang. You must and shall.

Julio. I will, then. Would yon woman
Had been ten fathom under ground, when first
I saw her eyes!

Ang. Yet she had been dangerous;
For to some wealthy rock of precious stone,
Or mine of gold as tempting, her fair body
Might have been turn'd; which once found out by labour,
And brought to use, having her spells within it,
Might have corrupted states, and ruin'd kingdoms;
Which had been fearful, friend. Go; when I see thee
Next, I will be as thou art, or no more.
Pray, do not follow me; you'll make me angry.

Julio. Heaven grant you may be right again!

Ang. Amen! [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II.—*A room in a tavern.*

Enter Boys ^s.

First Boy. Score a gallon of sack and a pint of olives to
the Unicorn. [Exit.]

[Voice above, within.] Why, drawer!

Sec. Boy. Anon, anon.

Third Boy. Look into the Nag's-head there.

Sec. Boy. Score a quart of claret to the Bar;
And a pound of sausages into the Flower-pot. [Exit.]

Re-enter First Boy, with wine.

First Boy. The devil's in their throats.—Anon, anon.

Re-enter Second Boy.

Sec. Boy. Mull a pint
Of sack there for the women in the Flower-de-luce ^t,

^s *Enter Boys*] In both the folios, throughout the earlier part of this scene, there is sad confusion in the prefixes to the speeches,—“*Boy*,” “*Another Boy*,” “*2 Boy*,” “*1 Serv.*,” “*2 Serv.*,”—; nor have the modern editors attempted to rectify what is so obviously wrong. The “*Boys*” and “*Servants*” are no doubt persons of the same class, viz. Drawers.

^t *the women in the Flower-de-luce*] “The practice of women resorting to taverns seems to have been universal in the seventeenth century, and was

And put in ginger enough,—they belch like pot-guns :^u
 And, Robin, fetch tobacco for the Peacock ;
 They will not be drunk till midnight else.—[*Exit Third Boy,*
who re-enters presently.] How now !

How does my master ?

First Boy. Faith, he lies drawing on apace.

Sec. Boy. That 's an ill sign.

First Boy. And fumbles with the pots too.

Sec. Boy. Then there's no way but one with him.

First Boy. All the rest,

Except the Captain, are in *limbo patrúm*^v,
 Where they lie sod in sack.

Sec. Boy. Does he bear up still ?

First Boy. Afore the wind still, with his lights up bravely ;
 All he takes in, I think, he turns to juleps,
 Or h'as a world of stowage in his belly :
 The rest look all like fire-drakes, and lie scatter'd
 Like rushes round about the room. My master
 Is now the loving'st man, I think, above ground ;—

Sec. Boy. Would he were always drunk, then !

[*Voice within.*] Drawer !

Sec. Boy. Anon, anon, sir.

First Boy. And swears I shall be free to-morrow ; and so
 weeps,

And calls upon my mistress !

Sec. Boy. Then he's right.

not, as now, confined to the lowest ranks, as will appear from the following passage of a satirical description of the character of the English, written under the assumed disguise of a Frenchman :—' Your lordship will not believe me, that the ladies of greatest quality suffer themselves to be treated in one of these taverns, where a curtesan in other cities would scarcely vouchsafe to be entertained : but you will be more astonished when I assure you that they drink their crowned cups roundly, strain healths, dance after the fiddle, kiss freely, and term it an honourable treat.' *Character of England, as it was lately presented in a Letter to a Nobleman in France.* London, 1659. 12. p. 31. Lord Clarendon, in the Continuation of his Life, informs us, that about the time of the Restoration, young women 'frequently met at taverns and eating-houses.'" WEBER. [Qy. Sir Walter Scott ?] ^u *pot-guns*] See note, p. 253.

^v *limbo patrúm*] Properly, the place where (according to the schoolmen) the patriarchs, &c., awaited the resurrection,—was used as a cant term, and in various senses : its meaning here is obvious.

First Boy. And swears the Captain must lie this night with her,—

And bade me break it to her with discretion,—
That he may leave an issue after him,
Able to entertain a Dutch ambassador;
And tells him feelingly how sweet she is,
And how he stole her from her friends i' the country,
And brought her up disguised with the carriers,
And was nine nights bereaving her her maidenhead,
And the tenth got a drawer. Here they come.

Enter JACOMO, Host, LODOVICO, and PISO.

[*Voice within.*] Drawer!

First Boy. Anon, anon.—Speak to the Tiger, Peter.

[*Exit Second Boy.*]

Host. There's my bells, boys, my silver bell.

Piso. Would he were hang'd
As high as I could ring him!

Host. Captain.

Jac. Ho, boy!

Lod. Robin, sufficient single beer, as cold
As crystal; quench, Robin, quench.

Third Boy. I am gone, sir.

[*Exit, and re-enters presently with beer.*]

Host. Shall we bear up still? Captain, how I love thee!
Sweet Captain, let me kiss thee: by this hand,
I love thee next to malmsey in a morning,
Of all things transitory.

Jac. I love thee too,
As far as I can love a fat man.

Host. Dost thou, Captain?
Sweetly and heartily?

Jac. With all my heart, boy.

Host. Then, welcome, death!—Come, close mine eyes, sweet
Captain;
Thou shalt have all.

Jac. What shall your wife have, then?

Host. Why, she shall have,
Besides my blessing and a silver spoon,

Enough to keep her stirring in the world,
Three little children; one of them was mine,
Upon my conscience; th' other two are pagans.

Jac. 'Twere good she had a little foolish money,
To rub the time away with.

Host. Not a rag^v,
Not a denier: no; let her spin, a' God's name,
And raise her house again.

Jac. Thou shalt not die though.—
Boy, see your master safe delivered;
He's ready to lie in.

Host. Good night.

Jac. Good morrow:
Drink till the cow come home, 'tis all paid, boys.

Lod. A pox of sack!

Host. Marry, God bless my butts! sack is a jewel;
'Tis comfortable, gentlemen.

Jac. More beer, boy;
Very sufficient single beer.

Third Boy. Here, sir.
How is it, gentlemen?

Jac. But even so so.

Host. Go before finely, Robin, and prepare
My wife; bid her be right and straight; I come, boy.—

[*Exit Third Boy.*]

And, sirrah, if they quarrel, let 'em use [To *First Boy.*]

Their own discretions, by all means, and stir not;
And he that's kill'd shall be as sweetly buried.—

Captain, adieu; adieu, sweet bully Captain;
One kiss before I die, one kiss.

Jac. Farewell, boy.

Host. All my sweet boys, farewell.

Lod. Go sleep; you are drunk. [Exit *Host.*]

Jac. Come, gentlemen; I'll see you at your lodging:
You look not lustily;—a quart more!

Lod. No, boy.

Piso. Get us a torch.

^v rag] "A cant term for a farthing." SYMPSON.

First Boy. 'Tis day, sir.

Jac. That's all one.

Piso. Are not those the stars, thou scurvy boy?

Lod. Is not Charle-wain there? tell me that,—there?

Jac. Yes.—

I have paid 'em truly.—Do not vex him, sirrah.

Piso. Confess it, boy; or, as I live, I'll beat
Midnight into thy brains.

First Boy. I do confess it.

Piso. Then live; and draw more small beer presently.

Jac. Come, boys, let's hug together, and be loving,
And sing, and do brave things. Cheerly, my hearts!
A pox o' being sad! Now could I fly,
And turn the world about upon my finger.
Come, ye shall love me; I am an honest fellow:
Hang care and fortune! we are friends.

Lod. No, Captain.

Jac. Do not you love me? I love you two dearly.

Piso. No, by no means; you are a fighting captain,
And kill up such poor people as we are by the dozens.

Lod. As they kill flies with fox-tails, Captain.

Jac. Well, sir!

Lod. Methinks now, as I stand, the Captain shews
To be a very merciful young man:
And, prithee, *Piso*, let me have thy opinion.

Piso. Then he shall have mercy that merciful is,
Or all the painters are apocrypha.

Jac. I am glad you have your wits yet. Will ye go?

Piso. You had best say we are drunk.

Jac. Ye are.

Lod. You lie.

Jac. Ye're rascals, drunken rascals.

Piso. 'Tis sufficient.

Jac. And now I'll tell you why, before I beat ye:
You have been tampering any time these three days,
Thus to disgrace me.

Piso. That's a lie too.

Jac. Well, sir!

Yet, I thank God, I have turn'd your points on you ;
For which I'll spare ye somewhat, half a beating.

Piso. I'll make you fart fire, Captain, by this hand,
An you provoke—do not provoke, I'd wish you.

Jac. How do you like this? [Beats them.]

Lod. Sure, I am enchanted.

Piso. Stay till I draw ——

Jac. Despatch, then ; I am angry.

Piso. And thou shalt see how suddenly I'll kill thee.

Jac. Thou dar'st not draw. Ye cold, tame, mangy cowards,
Ye drunken rogues, can nothing make you valiant ?
Not wine, nor beating ?

Lod. If this way be suffer'd ——
'Tis very well !

Jac. Go ; there's your way ; go and sleep.
I have pity on you ; you shall have the rest
To-morrow when we meet.

Piso. Come, Lodovic :
He's monstrous drunk now ; there's no talking with him.

Jac. I am so ; when I am sober, I'll do more.

[*Excunt* LODOVICO and PISO.]

Boy, where's mine Host ?

First Boy. He's on his bed, asleep, sir.

Jac. Let him alone, then. [Exit First Boy.]

Now am I high proof

For any action ; now could I fight bravely,
And charge into a wildfire ; or I could love
Any man living now, or any woman,
Or indeed any creature that loves sack,
Extremely, monstrously : I am so loving,
Just at this instant, that I might be brought,
(I feel it) with a little labour, now to talk
With a justice of peace, that to my nature
I hate next an ill sword. I will do
Some strange brave thing now ; and I have it here :
Pray Heaven, the air keep out ! I feel it buzzing. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*A hall in FREDERICK'S house.*

Enter FREDERICK, CLORA, and FRANK walking alone.

Clora. She loves him too much; that's the plain truth,
 Frederick;
 For which, if I might be believ'd, I think her
 A strange forgetter of herself: there's Julio,
 Or twenty more——

Fred. In your eye, I believe you;
 But, credit me, the Captain is a man,
 Lay but his rough affections by, as worthy^w.

Clora. So is a resty jade a horse of service,
 If he would leave his nature. Give me one,
 By your leave, sir, to make a husband of,
 Not to be wean'd, when I should marry him:
 Methinks a man is misery enough.

Fred. You are too bitter; I would not have him worse:
 Yet I shall see you hamper'd one day, lady,
 I do not doubt it, for this heresy.

Clora. I'll burn before.—[*To FRANK.*] Come, prithee,
 leave this sadness,
 This walking by thyself to see the devil,
 This mumps, this *Lachrymæ*^x, this love in sippets;
 It fits thee like a French hood.

Frank. Does it so?
 I am sure it fits thee to be ever talking,
 And nothing to the purpose: take up quickly;
 Thy wit will founder of all four else, wench,
 If thou holdst this pace; take up, when I bid thee.

Clora. Before your brother? fie!

Fred. I can endure it.

^w *worthy*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber erroneously put a break at the end of this line, as if the sense were incomplete.

^x *Lachrymæ*] "This is one of the very numerous allusions to John Douland's musical work so entitled." WEBER. The allusion is to a tune, not a work: see note, vol. ii. 174.

Enter JACOMO.

Clora. Here 's Rawhead come again : Lord, how he looks !
Pray God, we scape with broken pates !

Frank. Were I he,
Thou shouldst not want thy wish. He has been drinking ;
Has he not, Frederick ?

Fred. Yes ; but do not find it.

Clora. Peace, and let 's hear his wisdom.

Fred. You will mad him.

Jac. I am somewhat bold, but that 's all one.

Clora. A short
And pithy saying of a soldier.

Frank. As I live,
Thou art a strange mad wench.

Clora. To make a parson.

Jac. Ladies, I mean to kiss ye——

Clora. How he wipes
His mouth like a young preacher ! we shall have it.

Jac. In order as you lie before me : first,
I will begin with you.

Frank. With me, sir ?

Jac. Yes.

Frank. If you will promise me to kiss in ease,
I care not if I venture.

Jac. I will kiss
According to mine own inventions,
As I shall see cause. Sweetly I would wish you :
I love you. [*Kisses her.*]

Frank. Do you, sir ?

Jac. Yes, indeed do I ;
Would I could tell you how !

Frank. I would you would, sir !

Jac. I would to Heaven I could ! but 'tis sufficient,
I love you with my heart.

Frank. Alas, poor heart !

Jac. And I am sorry,—but we'll talk of that
Hereafter, if it please Heaven.

Frank. Even when you will, sir.

Clora. He 's dismal drunk ; would he were muzzled !

Jac. You,

I take it, are the next.

Frank. Go to him, fool.

Clora. Not I ; 'a will bite me.

Jac. When, wit ? when ?

Clora. Good Captain—

Jac. Nay, an you play bo-peep, I'll ha' no mercy,
But catch as catch may.

Fred. Nay, I'll not defend you.

Clora. Good Captain, do not hurt me ; I am sorry
That e'er I anger'd you.

Jac. I'll tew you for't,

By this hand, wit, unless you kiss discreetly. [*Kisses her.*

Clora. No more, sir.

Jac. Yes, a little more, sweet wit ; [*Kisses her again.*
One taste more o' your office. Go thy ways,
With thy small kettle-drums ; upon my conscience,
Thou art the best that e'er man laid his leg o'er.

Clora. He smells just like a cellar ; fie upon him !

Jac. Sweet lady, now to you. [*Going to FREDERICK.*

Clora. For love's sake, kiss him.

Fred. I shall not keep my countenance.

Frank. Try, prithee.

Jac. Pray, be not coy, sweet woman ; for I'll kiss you :
I am blunt, but you must pardon me.

Clora. Oh, God, my sides !

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha !

Jac. Why ha, ha, ha ? why laugh ?
Why all this noise, sweet ladies ?

Clora. Lusty Lawrence^y,
See what a gentlewoman^z you have saluted :
Pray God, she prove not quick !

^y *Lusty Lawrence*] This expression occurs again in *The Woman's Prize*, act i. sc. 3, and is found in other early dramas. It is explained by the following passage of a rare tract : " This late *Lusty Lawrence*, that Lancashire Lad, who had 17. bastards in one year, if we believe his Ballad," &c. *A Brown Dozen of Drunkards*, &c., 1648, sig. C.

^z *a gentlewoman*] Weber chose to print " a sweet gentlewoman " !

Fred. Where were thine eyes,
To take me for a woman? ha, ha, ha!

Jac. Who art 'a? art 'a mortal?

Fred. I am Frederick.

Jac. Then Frederick is an ass, a scurvy Frederick,
To laugh at me.

Frank. Sweet Captain—

Jac. Away, woman!

Go stitch, and serve God; I despise thee, woman;
And Frederick shall be beaten.—'Sblood, you rogue,
Have you none else to make your puppies of
But me?

Fred. I prithee, be more patient;
There's no hurt done.

Jac. 'Sblood, but there shall be, scab! [*Draws his sword.*]

Clora. Help, help, for love's sake!

Frank. Who's within there?

Fred. So;

Now you have made a fair hand.

Jac. Why?

Fred. You have kill'd me. [*Falls as if killed.*]

Clora. Call in some officers, and stay the Captain!

Jac. You shall not need.

Clora. This is your drunkenness!

Frank. Oh, me! unhappy brother Frederick!
Look but upon me; do not part so from me!—
Set him a little higher. He is dead!

Clora. Oh, villain, villain!

Enter FABRICIO and Servants.

Fab. How now! what's the matter?

Frank. Oh, sir,—my brother! Oh, my dearest brother!

Clora. This drunken trough has kill'd him.

Fab. Kill'd him!

Clora. Yes.

For Heaven's sake, hang him quickly! he will do
Every day such a murder else: there is nothing

But a strong gallows that can make him quiet ;
I find it in his nature too late.

Fab. Pray, be quiet ;
Let me come to him.

Clora. Some go for a surgeon !

Frank. Oh, what a wretched woman has he made me !
Let me alone, good sir.

Fab. To what a fortune
Hast thou reserv'd thy life !

Jac. Fabricio——

Fab. Never entreat me ; for I will not know thee,
Nor utter one word for thee, unless it be
To have thee hang'd.—For God sake, be more temperate !

Jac. I have a sword still, and I am a villain !

[*Offers to kill himself.*

Clora, &c. Hold, hold, hold !

[*Servants lay hold on him ; he struggles.*

Jac. Ha !

Clora. Away with him, for Heaven's sake !
He is too desperate for our enduring.

Fab. Come, you shall sleep ; come, strive not ;
I'll have it so.—Here, take him to his lodging ;
And see him laid before you part.

First Serv. We will, sir. [Exeunt JACOMO and Servants.

Fred. [*rising*]. Ne'er wonder ; I am living yet, and well.
I thank you, sister, for your grief ; pray, keep it
Till I am fitter for it.

Fab. Do you live, sir ?

Fred. Yes ; but 'twas time to counterfeit, he was grown
To such a madness in his wine.

Fab. 'Twas well, sir,
You had that good respect unto his temper,
That no worse follow'd.

Fred. If I had stood him, certain
One of us must have perish'd.—How now, Frank ?

Frank. Beshrew my heart, I tremble like an aspen.

Clora. Let him come here no more, for Heaven's sake,
Unless he be in chains.

Frank. I would fain see him
After he has slept, Fabricio, but to try
How he will be : chide him, and bring him back.

Clora. You'll never leave, till you be worried with him.

Frank. Come, brother ; we'll walk in, and laugh a little,
To get this fever off me.

Clora. Hang him, squib !
Now could I grind him into priming powder.

Frank. Pray, will you leave your fooling ?

Fab. Come, all friends.

Frank. Thou art enough to make an age of men so ^a,
Thou art so cross and peevish.

Fab. I will chide him ;
And, if he be not graceless, make him cry for't.

Clora. I would go a mile, to see him cry, in slippers,
He would look so like a whey-cheese.

Frank. Would we might see him once more !

Fab. If you dare
Venture a second trial of his temper,
I make no doubt to bring him.

Clora. No, good Frank,
Let him alone : I see his vein lies only
For falling out at wakes and bear-baitings,
That may express him sturdy.

Fab. Now, indeed,
You are too sharp, sweet sister ; for unless
It be this sin, which is enough to drown him,
I mean this sourness, he's as brave a fellow,
As forward, and as understanding else,
As any he that lives.

Frank. I do believe you ;
And, good sir, when you see him, if we have
Distasted his opinion any way,
Make peace again.

^a so] Was altered by the Editors of 1778 to "sore"! Frank is addressing Clora.

Fab. I will. I'll leave ye, ladies.

Clora. Take heed, you had best; h'as sworn to pay you else.

Fab. I warrant you; I have been often threaten'd.

Clora. When he comes next, I'll have the cough or toothache,
Or something that shall make me keep my chamber;
I love him so well.

Frank. Would you would keep your tongue! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The street before LELIA'S house.*

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. I cannot keep from this ungodly woman,
This Lelia; whom I know too, yet am caught;
Her looks are nothing like her: would her faults
Were all in Paris print upon her face,
Cum privilegio to use 'em still!

I would write an epistle before it, on the inside of her mask, and dedicate it to the whore of Babylon; with a preface upon her nose to the gentle reader; and they should be to be sold at the sign of the Whore's Head i' the Pottage-pot, in what street you please. But all this helps not me: I am made to be thus caught, past any redress, with a thing I contemn too. I have read Epictetus twice over against the desire of these outward things; and still her face runs in my mind: I went to say my prayers, and they were so laid out o' the way, that if I could find any prayers I had, I'm no Christian. This is the door, and the short is, I must see her again. [*He knocks.*]

Enter Waiting-Woman^b.

W. Wo. Who's there?

Ang. 'Tis I: I would speak with your mistress.

W. Wo. Did she send for you?

Ang. No; what then? I would see her, prithee, by thy leave.

^b *Waiting-Woman*] Both the folios "Maid"; and so the modern editors: but it is evident that the female attendant of Lelia, who figures in this and the following scene, is no other than the *Waiting-woman* of the earlier scenes.

W. Wo. Not by my leave ; for she will not see you, but doth hate you and your friend, and doth wish you both hanged ; which, being so proper men, is great pity that you are not.

Ang. How 's this ?

W. Wo. For your sweet self in particular, who she resolves persuaded your friend to neglect her, she deemeth whiplash the most convenient unction for your back and shoulders.

Ang. Let me in, I'll satisfy her.

W. Wo. And if it shall happen that you are in doubt of these my speeches, insomuch that you shall spend more time in arguing at the door, I am fully persuaded that my mistress in person from above will utter her mind more at large by way of urine upon your head, that it may sink the more soundly into your understanding faculties.

Ang. This is the strangest thing ! Good pretty soul, why dost thou use me so ? I pray thee, let me in, sweet-heart.

W. Wo. Indeed I cannot, sweet-heart.

Ang. Thou art a handsome one, and this crossness does not become thee.

W. Wo. Alas, I cannot help it !

Ang. Especially to me : thou know'st when I was here, I said I liked thee of all thy mistress' servants.

W. Wo. So did I you ; though it be not my fortune to express it at this present ; for truly, if you would cry, I cannot let you in.

Ang. Pox on her ! I must go the downright way [*Aside.*]—Look you, here is ten pound for you ; let me speak with her.

W. Wo. I like your gold well, but it is a thing, By Heaven, I cannot do : she will not speak with you, Especially at this time ; she has affairs.

Ang. This makes her leave her jesting yet. [*Aside.*]—But take it,

And let me see her ; bring me to a place
Where, undiscernèd of herself, I may
Feed my desiring eyes but half-an-hour.

W. Wo. Why, faith, I think I can ; and I will stretch
My wits and body too for gold. If you

Will swear, as you are gentle, not to stir
Or speak, whatever^c you shall see or hear,
Now or hereafter,—give me your gold, I'll plant you.

Ang. Why, as I am a gentleman, I will not.

W. Wo. Enough. Quick ; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A room in LELIA'S house, with a gallery.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Why, where's this maid? she has much care of her business!—Nell!—I think she be sunk.—Why, Nell! whiew!

W. Wo. [*within.*] What's the matter?

Serv. I pray you heartily, come away!

Enter Waiting-Woman.

Oh, come, come! the gentleman my mistress invited is coming down the street, and the banquet not yet brought out.

[*They bring in the banquet.*

Lelia. [*within.*] Nell, sirrah^d!

W. Wo. I come, forsooth. [*Exit.*

Serv. Now must I walk: when there's any fleshly matters in hand, my mistress sends me of a four hours' errand. But if I go not about mine own bodily business as well as she, I am a Turk. [*Exit.*

Enter Father, drest as before.

Father. What, all wide open? 'Tis the way to sin, Doubtless; but I must on; the gates of hell Are not more passable than these: how they Will be to get out, God knows; I must try. 'Tis very strange: if there be any life Within this house, would it would shew itself! What's here? a banquet? and no mouth to eat, Or bid me do it? This is something like The entertainment of adventurous knights Entering enchanted castles; for the manner, Though there be nothing dismal to be seen,

^c *whatever*] Both the folios "where."

^d *sirrah*] See note, p. 183.

Amazes me a little. What is meant
 By this strange invitation? I will sound
 My daughter's meaning ere I speak to her,
 If it be possible; for by my voice
 She will discover me. Hark! whence is this?

[*Music.*]*SONG^e within.*

Come hither, you that love, and hear me sing
 Of joys still growing,
 Green, fresh and lusty as the pride of spring,
 And ever blowing.
 Come hither, youths that blush, and dare not know
 What is desire;
 And old men, worse than you, that cannot blow
 One spark of fire;
 And with the power of my enchanting song,
 Boys shall be able men, and old men young.

Enter ANGELO above.

Come hither, you that hope, and you that cry;
 Leave off complaining;
 Youth, strength, and beauty, that shall never die,
 Are here remaining.
 Come hither, fools, and blush you stay so long
 From being blest;
 And mad men, worse than you, that suffer wrong,
 Yet seek no rest;
 And in an hour, with my enchanting song,
 You shall be ever pleas'd, and young maids long.

Enter LELIA, and Waiting-Woman carrying a night-gown and slippers.

Lelia. Sir, you are welcome hither, as this kiss,
 Given with a larger freedom than the use
 Of strangers will admit, shall witness to you.—
 Put the gown on him.—In this chair sit down.—
 Give him his slippers.—Be not so amaz'd :
 Here 's to your health; and you shall feel this wine
 Stir lively in me, in the dead of night.—
 Give him some wine.—Fall to your banquet, sir;
 And let us grow in mirth. Though I am set

[*Drinks.*]

^e *Song*] Killigrew transferred this song (verbatim, except an alteration in the concluding line) into the First Part of *Thomaso, or The Wanderer*, act ii. sc. 3: see his *Comedies and Tragedies*, 1664, p. 334.

Now thus far off you, yet, four glasses hence,
I will sit here, and try, till both our bloods
Shoot up and down to find a passage out ;
Then mouth to mouth will we walk up to bed,
And undress one another as we go ;
Where both my treasure, body, and my soul,
Are yours to be dispos'd of.

Father. Umh, umh ! [*Points to his white head and beard.*]

Lelia. You are old,—

Is that your meaning ? why, you are to me
The greater novelty ; all our fresh youth
Are daily offer'd me. Though you perform,
As you think, little, yet you satisfy
My appetite ; from your experience
I may learn something in the way of lust
I may be better for. But I can teach
These young ones : but this day I did refuse
A pair of 'em, Julio and Angelo,
And told them they were, as they were, raw fools
And whelps. [*ANGELO makes signs of discontent.*]

W. Wo. Pray God, he speak not !

[*Aside ; and lays her finger across her mouth as a sign to ANGELO.*]

Lelia. Why speak you not, sweet sir ?

Father. Umh !

[*Stops his ears ; shewing that he is troubled with the music.*]

Lelia. Peace there, that music !—Now, sir, speak to me.

Father. Umh ! [*Points to the W. Woman.*]

Lelia. Why, would you have her gone ? you need not keep
Your freedom in for her ; she knows my life
That she might write it ; think she is a stone :
She is a kind of bawdy confessor,
And will not utter secrets.

Father. Umh ! [*Points to her again.*]

Lelia. Be gone, then, since he needs will have it so :

'Tis all one. [*Exit W. Woman. Father locks the door.*]
Is all now as you would ? come, meet me, then ;
And bring a thousand kisses on thy lips,
And I will rob thee of 'em, and yet leave

Thy lips as wealthy as they were before.

Father. [*discovering himself.*] Yes, all is as I would, but thou !

Lelia. By Heaven,
It is my father !

[*Starts*^t.

Father. And I do beseech thee
Leave these unheard-of lusts, which worse become thee
Than mocking of thy father. Let thine eyes
Reflect upon thy soul, and there behold
How loathèd black it is ; and whereas now
Thy face is heavenly fair, but thy mind foul,
Go but into thy closet, and there cry
Till thou hast spoil'd that face, and thou shalt find
How excellent a change thou wilt have made
For inward beauty.

Lelia. Though I know him now
To be my father, never let me live
If my lust do abate. I'll take upon me
To have known him all this while.

[*Aside.*

Father. Look ! dost thou know me ?

Lelia. I knew you, sir, before.

Father. What didst thou do ?

Lelia. Knew you : and so unmovedly have you borne
All the sad crosses that I laid upon you,
With such a noble temper, which indeed
I purposely cast on you, to discern
Your carriage in calamity, and you
Have undergone 'em with that brave contempt,
That I have turn'd the reverence of a child
Into the hot affection of a lover ;
Nor can there on the earth be found, but yours,
A spirit fit to meet with mine.

Father. A woman ?
Thou art not, sure.

Lelia. Look and believe.

Father. Thou art
Something created to succeed the devil,

^t *Starts*] So both the folios.

When he grows weary of his envious course,
 And compassing the world. But I believe thee ;
 Thou didst but mean to try my patience,
 And dost so still ; but better be advis'd,
 And make thy trial with some other things
 That safelier will admit a dalliance :
 And if it should be earnest, understand
 How curs'd thou art,—so far from Heaven, that thou
 Believ'st it not enough to damn alone,
 Or with a stranger, but wouldst heap all sins
 Unnatural upon this aged head,
 And draw thy father to thy bed and hell.

Lelia. You are deceiv'd, sir ; 'tis not against nature
 For us to lie together : if you have
 An arrow of the same tree with your bow,
 Is 't more unnatural to shoot it there
 Than in another ? 'Tis our general nature
 To procreate, as fire's is to consume ;
 And it will trouble you to find a stick
 The fire will turn from. If 't be Nature's will
 We should not mix, she will discover to us
 Some most apparent crossness, as our organs
 Will not be fit : which if we do perceive,
 We will leave, and think it is her pleasure
 That we should deal with others.

Father. The doors are fast^s : thou shalt not say a prayer ;
 'Tis not God's will thou shouldst. When this is done,
 I'll kill myself, that never man may tell me
 I got thee. [*Draws his sword.*

Lelia. I pray you, sir !—Help there !—for God's sake, sir !

Ang. Hold, reverend sir, for honour of your age !—

Father. Who 's that ?

Ang. For safety of your soul, and of the soul
 Of that too wicked woman yet to die !

Father. What art thou ? and how cam'st thou to that place ?

^s *The doors are fast, &c.*] So the speech stands in both the folios. The Editors of 1778 and Weber altered the old arrangement, that the metre might run on regularly from the preceding speech,—a rule which, it is quite evident, our authors very frequently chose to transgress.

Ang. I am a man so strangely hither come,
That I have broke an oath in speaking this ;
But I believe 'twas better broke than kept,
And I desire your patience. Let me in,
And I protest I will not hinder you
In any act you wish, more than by word :
If so I can persuade you that I will not
Use violence, I'll throw my sword down to you.
This house holds none but I, only a maid,
Whom I will lock fast in, as I come down.

Father. I do not know thee ; but thy tongue doth seem
To be acquainted with the truth so well,
That I will let thee in : throw down thy sword.

Ang. There 'tis. [*Throws down his sword, and exit above.*]

Lelia. How came he there ? I am betray'd to shame.
The fear of sudden death struck me all over
So violently, that I scarce have breath
To speak yet : but I have it in my head,
And out it shall, that, father, may perhaps
O'erreach you yet. [*Aside.*]

[*Father lets in ANGELO, and then locks the door.*]

Father. Come, sir ; what is 't you say ?

Lelia. My Angelo ! by all the joys of love,
Thou art as welcome as these pliant arms,
Twin'd round and fast about thee, can persuade thee.

Ang. Away !

Lelia. I was in such a fright before thou cam'st !
Yon old mad fellow (it will make thee laugh,
Though it fear'd me) has talk'd so wildly here !
Sirrah, he rush'd in at my doors, and swore
He was my father, and, I think, believ'd it :
But that he had a sword, and threaten'd me,
I' faith, he was good sport. Good, thrust him out,
That thou and I may kiss together ; wilt thou ?

Father. Are you her champion^h? and with these fair words
Got in to rescue her from me ? [*Offers to run at him.*]

Ang. Hold, sir !

I swear I do not harbour such a thought :

^h *champion*] Weber printed, "companion" !

I speak it not for that you have two swords,
But for 'tis truth.

Lelia. Two swords, my Angelo !

Think this, that thou hast two young brawny arms
And ne'er a sword, and he has two good swords
And ne'er an arm to use 'em : rush upon him !
I could have beaten him with this weak body,
If I had had the spirit of a man.

Ang. Stand from me, and leave talking, or, by Heaven,
I'll trample thy last damning word out of thee.

Father. Why do you hinder me, then ? stand away,
And I will rid her quickly.

Lelia. Would I were
Clear of this business ! yet I cannot pray. [*Aside.*

Ang. Oh, be advis'd ! why, you were better kill her,
If she were good. Convey her from this place,
Where none but you, and such as you appoint,
May visit her ; where let her hear of nought
But death and damning, which she hath deserv'd,
Till she be truly, justly sorrowful ;
And then, lay mercy to her, who does know
But she may mend ?

Father. But whither should I bear her ?

Ang. To my house ;
'Tis large and private ; I will lend it you.

Father. I thank you, sir ; and happily it fits
With some design I have : but how shall we
Convey her——

Lelia. Will they carry me away ? [*Aside.*

Father. For she will scratch and kick, and scream so loud,
That people will be drawn to rescue her ?

Ang. Why, none can hear her here but her own maid,
Who is as fast as she.

Father. But in the street ?

Ang. Why, we will take 'em both into the kitchen,
There bind 'em, and then gag 'em, and then throw 'em
Into a coach I'll bring to the back-door.
And hurry 'em away.

Father. It shall be so.

I owe you much for this, and I may pay you :
 There is your sword. Lay hold upon her quickly. —
 This way with me, thou disobedient child !
 Why does thy stubborn heart beat at thy breast ?
 Let it be still ; for I will have it search'd
 Till I have found a well of living tears
 Within it, that shall spring out of thine eyes,
 And flow all o'er thy body foul'd with sin,
 Till it have wash'd it quite without a stain. [*They seize her.*]

Lelia. Help, help! ah, ah! murder! I shall be murder'd!
 I shall be murder'd!—

Father. This helps thee not.

Lelia. Basely murder'd, basely!

Father. I warrant you. [*Exeunt, forcing her off.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A street.*

Enter LODOVICO *and* PISO.

Lod. This rogy Captain has made fine work with us.

Piso. I would the devil in a storm would carry him
 Home to his garrison again. I ache all over,
 That I am sure of: certainly my body
 Is of a wildfire, for my head rings backwardⁱ,
 Or else I have a morris in my brains.

ⁱ *Is of a wildfire, for my head rings backward*] Sympson, at Seward's suggestion, printed, "*Is all a wildfire,*" &c. (which Mason approved)! The Editors of 1778 and Weber retained the old reading, though they did not understand it. "*Is of a wildfire*" means—*Is on a wildfire*: we frequently find *of fire* used for—on fire;

"He hath a ready wit; he's worth 'em all, sir;

Dog at a house *of fire*; I ha' seen him sing'd ere now."

The Changeling, act v. sc. i.—Middleton's *Works*, iv. 286, ed. Dyce.

The latter part of the line contains an allusion to the custom of bells being rung backwards when a fire broke out.

Lod. I'll deal no more with soldiers. Well remember'd ;
Did not the vision promise to appear
About this time again ?

Piso. Yes. Here he comes :
He 's just on 's word.

Enter Father.

Father. Oh, they be here together.
She's penitent ; and, by my troth, I stagger
Whether, as now she is, either of these
Two fools be worthy of her : yet, because
Her youth is prone to fall again, ungovern'd,
And marriage now may stay her, one of 'em,
And *Piso*, since I understand him abler,
Shall be the man ; the other bear the charges,
And willingly, as I will handle it.
I have a ring here, which he shall believe
Is sent him from a woman I have thought of :
But ere I leave it, I'll have one of his
In pawn worth two on 't ; for I will not lose
By such a mess of sugar-sops as this is ;
I am too old.

[*Aside.*

Lod. It moves again ; let 's meet it.

Father. Now, if I be not out, we shall have fine sport.—

[*Aside.*

I am glad I have met you, sir, so happily ;
You do remember me, I am sure.

Lod. I do, sir.

Piso. This is a short prelude to a challenge.

Father. I have a message, sir, that much concerns you,
And for your special good.—Nay, you may hear too.

Piso. What should this fellow mean ?

[*Aside.*

Father. There is a lady—

How the poor thing begins to warm already !—

[*Aside.*

Come to this town, as yet a stranger here, sir,
Fair, young, and rich both in possessions
And all the graces that make up a woman,
A widow, and a virtuous one.—It works ;
He needs no broth upon 't.

[*Aside.*

Lod. What of her, sir?

Father. No more but this; she loves you.

Lod. Loves me!

Father. Yes;

And with a strong affection, but a fair one:

If you be wise and thankful, you are made.

There's the whole matter.

Lod. I am sure I hear this.

Father. Here is a ring, sir, of no little value;
Which, after she had seen you at a window,
She bade me haste and give it; when she blush'd
Like a blown rose.

Lod. But pray, sir, by your leave—
Methinks your years should promise no ill meaning.

Father. I am no bawd, nor cheater, nor a courser
Of broken-winded women^j: if you fear me,
I'll take my leave; and let my lady use
A fellow of more form,—an honest, —
I am sure, she cannot.

Lod. Stay; you have confirm'd me:
Yet let me feel; you are in health?

Father. I hope so;
My water's well enough, and my pulse.

Lod. Then
All may be excellent. Pray, pardon me;
For I am like a boy that had found money,
Afraid I dream still.

Piso. Sir, what kind of woman,
Of what proportion, is your lady?

Lod. Ay?

Father. I'll tell you presently her very picture:
Do you know a woman in this town they call—
Stay; yes, it is so—Lelia?

Piso. Not by sight.

Father. Nor you, sir?

^j a courser

Of broken-winded women] "A horse-courser means a dealer in horses, who generally endeavours to part with those that are unsound." MASON.

Lod. Neither.

Father. These are precious rogues,
To rail upon a woman they never saw :
So they would use their kindred.

[*Aside.*

Piso. We have heard though,
She is very fair and goodly.

Father. Such another,
Just of the same complexion, making, speech,
But a thought sweeter, is my lady.

Lod. Then
She must be excellent indeed.

Father. Indeed she is ;
And you will find it so. You do believe me ?

Lod. Yes, marry, do I ; and I am so alter'd——

Father. Your happiness will alter any man.
Do not delay the time, sir : at a house
Where Don Velasco lay, the Spanish signior,
Which now is signior Angelo's, she is.

Lod. I know it.

Father. But before you shew yourself,
Let it be night by all means ; willingly
By day she would not have such gallants seen
Repair unto her ; 'tis her modesty.

Lod. I'll go and fit myself.

Father. Do ; and be sure
You send provision in, in full abundance,
Fit for the marriage ; for this night, I know,
She will be yours. Sir, have you never a token
Of worth to send her back again ? you must ;
She will expect it.

Lod. Yes ; pray, give her this, [Gives a ring.
And with it, all I have.—I am made for ever. [Exit.

Piso. Well, thou hast fool's luck. Should I live as long
As an old oak, and say my prayers hourly,
I should not be the better of a penny ;
I think the devil be my ghostly father :
Upon my conscience, I am full as handsome ;
I am sure I have more wit, and more performance,
Which is a pretty matter.

Father. Do you think, sir,
That your friend, Signior Piso, will be constant
Unto my lady? you should know him well.

Piso. Who? Signior Piso!

Father. Yes, the gentleman.

Piso. Why, you are wide, sir.

Father. Is not his name Piso?

Piso. No; mine is Piso.

Father. How!

Piso. It is indeed, sir;

And his is Lodovic.

Father. Then I am undone, sir;
For I was sent at first to Piso. What a rascal
Was I, so ignorantly to mistake you!

Piso. Peace;
There is no harm done yet.

Father. Now 'tis too late,
I know my error: at turning of a street,
For you were then upon the right-hand of him,
You chang'd your places suddenly; where I,
Like a cross blockhead, lost my memory.
What shall I do? my lady utterly
Will put me from her favour.

Piso. Never fear it;
I'll be thy guard, I warrant thee.—Oh, oh,
Am I at length reputed? [*Aside.*—For the ring,
I'll fetch it back with a light vengeance from him:
H'ad better keep tame devils than that ring.
Art thou not steward?

Father. No.

Piso. Thou shalt be shortly.

Father. Lord, how he takes it!

[*Aside.*]

Piso. I'll go shift me straight.
Art sure it was to Piso?

Father. Oh, too sure, sir!

Piso. I'll mount thee, if I live, for 't.—Give me patience,
Heaven, to bear this blessing, I beseech thee!
I am but man.—I prithee, break my head,
To make me understand I am sensible.

Father. Lend me your dagger, and I will, sir.

Piso. No;

I believe now, like a good Christian.

Father. Good sir, make haste; I dare not go without you,
Since I have so mistaken.

Piso. 'Tis no matter:

Meet me within this half-hour at St. Margaret's.—

Well, go thy ways, old leg^k! thou hast the trick on 't. [*Exit.*]

Enter ANGELO and JULIO.

Ang. How now? the news?

Father. Well, passing well; I have 'em
Both in a leash, and made right for my purpose.

Julio. I am glad on 't. I must leave you.

Ang. Whither, man?

Julio. If all go right, I may be fast enough too.

Ang. I cry you mercy, sir; I know your meaning:
Clora's the woman; she's Frank's bedfellow.
Commend me to 'em; and go, Julio,
Bring 'em to supper all, to grace this matter:
They'll serve^l for witnesses.

Julio. I will. Farewell.

[*Exeunt on one side JULIO, on the other ANGELO and
FATHER.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in FREDERICK'S house.*

Enter CLORA, FRANK, FREDERICK, and Maid.

Fred. Sister, I brought you Jacomo to the door:
He has forgot all that he said last night;
And shame of that makes him more loath to come.
I left Fabricio persuading him;
But 'tis in vain.

Frank. Alas, my fortune, Clora!

^k *leg*] The second folio, "lad."

^l *They'll serve*] The first folio has, "*They serve*;" the second, "*They will serve.*"

Clora. Now, Frank, see what a kind of man you love,
That loves you when he 's drunk¹!

Frank. If so,
Faith, I would marry him : my friends, I hope,
Would make him drink.

Clora. 'Tis well consider'd, Frank,
He has such pretty humours then : besides,
Being a soldier, 'tis better he should love you
When he 's drunk, than when he 's sober ; for then he will
Be sure to love you the greatest part on 's life.

Frank. And were not I a happy woman then ?

Clora. That ever was born, Frank, i' faith.

Enter FABRICIO.

Fred. How now ! what says he ?

Fab. Faith, you may as well
'Tice^m a dog up with a whip and bell,
As him by telling him of love and women :
He swears they mock him.

Fred. Look how my sister weeps !

Fab. Why, who can help it ?

Fred. Yes, you may safely swear she loves him.

Fab. Why, so I did ; and may do all the oaths
Arithmetic can make, ere he believe me ;
And since he was last drunk, he is more jealous
They would abuse him. If we could persuade him
She lov'd, he would embrace it.

Fred. She herself
Shall bate so much of her own modesty,
To swear it to him, with such tears as now
You see rain from her.

Fab. I believe 'twould work ;
But would you have her do 't i' the open street ?
Or, if you would, he'll run away from her.
How shall we get him hither ?

Fred. By entreaty.

¹ *That loves you when he's drunk*] Ought we not to read,—

“ *That loves you only when he's drunk* ” ?

^m 'Tice] Sympson printed, for the metre, “ Entice.”

Fab. 'Tis most impossible. No ; if we could
Anger him hither (as there is no way
But that to bring him), and then hold him fast,
Women and men, whilst she delivers to him
The truth seal'd with her tears, he would be pliant^a
As a pleas'd child. He walks below for me,
Under the window.

Clora. We'll anger him, I warrant you :
Let one of the maids take a good bowl of water,
Or say it be a piss-pot, and pour 't on 's head.

Fab. Content : hang me, if I like not the cast of it^o rarely ;
for no question it is an approved receipt to fetch such a fellow.
Take all the women-kind in this house, betwixt the age of
one and one hundred, and let them take unto them a pot or
a bowl containing seven quarts or upwards, and let them
never leave till the above-named pot or bowl become full ;
then let one of them stretch out her arm, and pour it on his
head ; and *probatum est*, it will fetch him, for in his anger he
will run up ; and then let us alone.

Clora [*to Maid.*] Go you and do it.

Frank. Good Clora, no.

Clora. Away, I say, and do it. [*Exit Maid.*] Never fear ;
We have enough of that water ready distill'd.

Frank. Why, this will make him mad, Fabricio ;
He'll neither love me drunk nor sober now.

Fab. I warrant you. What, is the wench come up ?

Re-enter Maid above with a pot.

Clora. Art thou there, wench ?

Maid. Ay.

Fab. Look out, then, if thou canst see him.

Maid. Yes, I see him ; and, by my troth, he stands so fair,
I could not hold, were he my father : his hat 's off too, and
he 's scratching his head.

Fab. Oh, wash that hand, I prithee !

^a *pliant*] Seward's conjecture. The folios have "plaine" and "plain ;" which Sympson (though Seward had furnished him with the right reading) chose to retain in the text, while he proposed in a note "fain."

^o *the cast of it*] i. e. the device, contrivance, project of it. The modern editors, having tortured this speech into verse, print, "the cast on't."

Maid. God send thee good luck ! this [is] the second time I have thrown thee out to-day. [*Empties the pot from the window.*] Ha, ha, ha ! just on 's head.

Frank. Alas !

Fab. What does he now ?

Maid. He gathers stones ; God's light, he breaks all the street-windows !

Jac. [*within*]. Whores ! bawds ! your windows, your windows !

Maid. Now he is breaking all the low windows with his sword : excellent sport ! now he's beating a fellow that laughed at him ; truly the man takes it patiently : now he goes down the street gravely, looking on each side ; there's not one more dare laugh.

Frank. Does he go on ?

Maid. Yes.

Frank. Fabricio, you have undone a maid [*Kneels.*
By treachery : know you some other better,
You would prefer your friend to ? if you do not,
Bring him again ! I have no other hope
But you that made me lose hope ; if you fail me,
I ne'er shall see him, but shall languish out
A discontented life, and die contemn'd.

Fab. This vexes me. I pray you, be more patient ;
If I have any truth, let what will happen, [*Raises her.*
I'll bring him presently. Do you all stand
At the street-door, the maids and all, to watch
When I come back, and have some private place
To shuffle me into ; for he shall follow
In fury, but I know I can out-run him :
As he comes in, clap all fast hold on him,
And use your own discretions.

Fred. We will do it.

Fab. But suddenly ; for I will bring him hither
With that unstopp'd speed, that he shall run over
All that's in 's way : and though my life be ventur'd,
'Tis no great matter, I will do 't.

Frank. I thank you,
Worthy Fabricio.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before FREDERICK'S house.**Enter JACOMO.*

Jac. I ever knew no woman could abide me ;
 But am I grown so contemptible, by being
 Once drunk amongst 'em, that they begin to throw
 Piss on my head ? for surely it was piss :
 Huh, huh !

[*Smells.*]*Enter FABRICIO.**Fab.* Jacomo, how dost thou ?*Jac.* Well ; something troubled with waterish humours.*Fab.* Foh, how thou stinkest ! prithee, stand further off me. Methinks, these humours become thee better than thy dry choleric humours, or thy wine-wet humours ; ha !*Jac.* You are pleasant ; but, Fabricio, know I am not in the mood of suffering jests.*Fab.* If you be not i' the mood, I hope you will not be moody. But, truly, I cannot blame the gentlewomen ; you stood eavesdropping under their window, and would not come up.*Jac.* Sir, I suspect now, by your idle talk, Your hand was in 't ; which, if I once believe, Be sure you shall account to me.*Fab.* The gentlewomen and the maids have counted to you already ; the next turn, I see, is mine.*Jac.* Let me die, but this is very strange ! Good Fabricio, do not provoke me so.*Fab.* Provoke you ! you're grown the strangest fellow ; there's no keeping company with you : phish ! take you that. [*FABRICIO gives him a box on the ear, and throws him from him.* JACOMO draws his sword.*Jac.* Oh, all the devils !—Stand, slave !*Fab.* Follow me, if thou darest.[*Exit running.*]*Jac.* Stay, coward, stay ![*Exit running.*]

SCENE IV.—*A room in FREDERICK'S house.*

Enter FREDERICK, FRANK, CLORA, Servant, and Maid.

Clora. Be ready ; for I see Fabricio running,
And Jacomo behind him.

Enter FABRICIO.

Fab. Where 's the place ?

Fred. That way, Fabricio.

[*Exit FABRICIO.*]

Enter JACOMO.

Jac. Where art thou, traitor^p ?

[*FREDERICK, CLORA, Servant, and Maid, lay hold on JACOMO.*]

What is the matter, sirs^q ?

Why do you hold me ? I am basely wrong'd :

Torture and hell be with you ! let me go !

[*They drag him to a chair, and hold him down in it.*]

Fred. Good Jacomo, be patient ; and but hear
What I can say : you know I am your friend ;
If you yet doubt it, by my soul I am.

Jac. 'Sdeath, stand away ! I would my breath were poison !

Fred. As I have life, that which was thrown on you,
And this now done, were but to draw you hither
For causes weighty, that concern yourself,
Void of all malice ; which this maid, my sister,
Shall tell you.

Jac. Puh ! a pox upon you all ! you will not hold me
For ever here ; and, till you let me go,
I'll talk no more.

Frank. As you're a gentleman,
Let not this boldness make me be believ'd
To be immodest. If there were a way
More silently to be acquainted with you,
God knows, that I would choose ; but as it is,
Take it in plainness. I do love you more
Than you do your content. If you refuse

[*Kneels.*]

^p *traitor*] i. e. traitor.

^q *sirs*] See note, p. 183.

To pity me, I'll never cease to weep ;
And when mine eyes be out, I will be told
How fast the tears I shed for you do fall ;
And if they do not flow abundantly,
I'll fetch a sigh shall make 'em start and leap,
As if the fire were under.

Jac. Fine mocking, fine mocking.

Fred. Mocking ! look how she weeps !

Jac. Does she counterfeit crying too ?

Fred. Behold how the tears flow ! or pity her,
Or never more be call'd a man.

Jac. How's this ?

Soft you, soft you, my masters ! is 't possible,
Think you, she should be in earnest ?

Clora. Earnest !

Ay, in earnest : she is a fool to break
So many sleeps, that would have been sound ones,
And venture such a face and so much life
For e'er an humorous ass i' the world.

Frank. Why, Clora, I have known you cry as much
For Julio, that has not half his worth ;
All night you write and weep, too much, I fear :
I do but what I should.

Clora. If I do write,
I am answer'd, Frank.

Frank. I would I might be so !

Jac. Good Frederick, let me go ; I would fain try
If that thing do not counterfeit.

Fred. Give me your sword, then.

Jac. No ; but take my word,
As I am man, I will not hurt a creature
Under this roof, before I have deliver'd
Myself, as I am now, into your hands,
Or have your full consent.

Fred. It is enough.

[*They let him loose.*]

Jac. Gentlewoman, I pray you, let me feel your face :—
I am an infidel, if she do not weep !
Stay ; where's my handkerchief ? I'll wipe the old

Wet off: the fresh tears come! Pox on 't, I am
A handsome gracious fellow amongst women,
And knew 't not.—Gentlewoman, how should I know
These tears are for me? is not your mother dead?

Frank. By Heaven, they are for you!

Jac. 'Slight, I'll have my head
Curl'd and powder'd to-morrow by break of day.—
If you love me, I pray you kiss me; for if I
Love you, it shall be such love as I will
Not be asham'd of.—If this be a mock, [Kisses her.
It is the heartiest and the sweetest mock
That e'er I tasted: mock me so again. [Kisses her again.

Fred. Fie, Giacomo! why do you let her kneel
So long?

Jac. It's true; I had forgot it, and
Should have done this twelvemonth:—pray you, rise.—
[Raises her.
Frederick,

If I could all this while have been persuaded
She could have lov'd me, dost thou think I had
Not rather kiss her than another should?
And yet you may gull me, for aught I know;
But if you do, hell take me if I do not
Cut all your throats sleeping!

Fred. Oh, do not think of such a thing!

Jac. Otherwise,
If she be in earnest, the short is, I am.

Frank. Alas, I am!

Jac. And I did not think it possible any woman
Could have lik'd this face: it's good for nothing, is 't?

Clora. Yes, it's worth forty shillings to pawn, being lin'd
Almost quite through with velvet.

* *velvet*] At p. 285, we have the following description of Giacomo;

“*Host.* Has he no beard to shew him?

Piso. Faith, but a little; yet enough to note him,

Which grows in parcels, here and there a remnant:

And that thou mayst not miss him, he is one

That wears his forehead in a velvet scabbard.”

Frank. 'Tis better than your Julio's.

Jac. Thou think'st so ;

But otherwise, in faith, it is not, Frank.

[*Kisses her.*]

Re-enter FABRICIO.

Fab. Hist, Jacomo ! how dost thou, boy, ha ?

Jac. Why, very well, I thank you, sir.

Fab. Dost thou perceive the reason of matters and passages yet, sirrah, or no ?

Jac. 'Tis wondrous good, sir.

Fab. I have done simply for you : but now you are beaten to some understanding, I pray you, dally not with the gentlewoman, but despatch your matrimony with all convenient speed.

Fred. He gives good counsel.

Jac. And I will follow it.

Fab. And I you. Prithee, do not take it unkindly ; for, trust me, I boxed thee for thy advancement,—a foolish desire I had to joggle thee into preferment.

Jac. I apprehend you, sir ; and if I can study out a course how a bastinadoing may any ways raise your fortunes in the state, you shall be sure on't.

Fab. Oh, sir, keep your way :
God send you much joy !

Clora. And me my Julio !
Oh, God, I hear his voice ? Now he is true,
Have at a marriage, Frank, as soon as you !

[*Exeunt all except FREDERICK.*]

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Sir, I would speak with you.

Fred. What is your hasty business, friend ?

Mess. The duke commands your present attendance at court.

Sympson says that Clora alludes here to the "velvet scabbard ;" but Gifford (*MS. note* on ed. 1778) insists that the allusion is to the hair on Jacomo's face.

Fred. The cause ?

Mess. I know not in particular : but this ;
Many are sent for more, about affairs
Foreign, I take it, sir.

Fred. I will be there
Within this hour : return my humble service.

Mess. I will, sir.

Fred. Farewell, friend. [Exit Messenger.]

Enter a Servant.

What news with you ?

Serv. My mistress would desire you, sir, to follow
With all the haste you can : she is gone to church,
To marry Captain Jacomo ; and Julio,
To do as much for the young merry gentlewoman,
Fair mistress Clora.

Fred. Julio marry Clora!
Thou art deceiv'd, I warrant thee.

Serv. No, sure, sir ;
I saw their lips as close upon the bargain
As cockles.

Fred. Give 'em joy ! I cannot now go ;
The duke hath sent for me in haste.

Serv. This note, sir, [Giving letter.]
When you are free, will bring you where they are. [Exit.]

Fred. [reads.] *You shall find us all at Signior Angelo's,
Where Piso, and the worthy Lelia
Of famous memory, are to be married ;
And we not far behind. Would I had time
To wonder at this last couple in hell^s!*

Re-enter Messenger.

Mess. You are stay'd for, sir.

Fred. I come.—Pray God, the business
Hold me not from this sport ! I would not lose it. [Exeunt.]

^s *this last couple in hell*] See note, p. 112.

SCENE V.—*An apartment in ANGELO'S house.*

Enter FATHER, ANGELO, PISO, and LELIA.

Ang. God give you joy, and make you live together
A happy pair ?

Piso. I do not doubt we shall.—

There was never poor gentleman had such a sudden
Fortune ! I could thrust my head betwixt two pales,
And strip me out of my old skin like a snake.— [*Aside.*
Will the guests come, thou saidst thou sentest for
To solemnise the nuptials ?

Father. They will ;
I look'd for 'em ere this.

Enter JULIO, JACOMO, FABRICIO, FRANK, and CLORA.

Julio. By your leave, all.

Father. They are here, sir.

Julio. Especially, fair lady,
I ask your pardon ; to whose marriage-bed
I wish all good success. I have here brought you
Such guests as can discern your happiness,
And best do know how to rejoice at it,
For such a fortune they themselves have run ;
The worthy Jacomo, and his fair bride ;
Noble Fabricio, whom this age of peace
Has not yet taught to love aught but the wars,
And his true friend^t, this lady, who is but
A piece of me.

Lelia. Sir, you are welcome, all.—
Are they not, sir ?

Piso. Bring in some wine ;
Some of the wine Lodovic the fool sent hither.—[*Exit Father.*
Whoever thou bid'st welcome, shall find it.

Lelia. An unexpected honour you have done
To our too hasty wedding.

Jac. Faith, madam, our weddings were as hasty as yours :

^t *friend*] Both the folios, " friends."

we're glad to run up and down any whither, to see where we can get meat to our wedding.

Piso. That Lodovic hath provided too, good ass.

Ang. I thought you, Julio, would not thus have stolen a marriage, without acquainting your friends.

Julio. Why, I did give thee inklings.

Ang. If a marriage should be thus slubbered up in a play, ere almost any body had taken notice you were in love, the spectators would take it to be but ridiculous.

Julio. This was the first, and I will never hide Another secret from you.

Re-enter Father, followed by a Servant with wine.

Father. Sir, yonder's your friend Lodovic: hide yourself, And it will be the best sport!

Piso. Gentlemen,

I pray you, take no notice I am here:
The coxcomb^u Lodovic is coming in.

[*Exit.*

Enter LODOVICO.

Lod. Is that the lady?

Father. That is my lady.

Lod. As I live, she's a fair one! What make all these here?

Father. Oh, Lord, sir, she is so pester'd!

Fab. Now will the sport be; it runs right as Julio Told us.

Lod. Fair lady, health to you! Some words I have, that require an utterance more private Than this place can afford.

Lelia. I'll call my husband;
All business I hear with his ears now.

Lod. Good madam, no,——but I perceive your jest,—
You have no husband; I am the very man
That walk'd the streets so comely.

Lelia. Are you so?

Lod. Yes, faith; when Cupid first did prick your heart.

^u *coxcomb*] i. e. fool.

I am not cruel; but the love begun
I' the street I'll satisfy i' the chamber fully.

Lelia. To ask a madman whether he be mad
Were but an idle question: if you be,
I do not speak to you; but if you be not,
Walk in the streets again, and there perhaps
I may dote on you; here I not endure you.

Lod. Good madam, stay; do not you know this ring?

Lelia. Yes, it was mine; I sent it by my man
To change, and so he did; it has a blemish,
And this he brought me for it: did you change it?
Are you a goldsmith?

Lod. Sure, the world is mad!—
Sirrah, did you not bring me this ring from your lady?

Father. Yes, surely, sir, did I; but your worship must even
bear with me, for there was a mistaking in it; and so, as I
was saying to your worship, my lady is now married.

Lod. Married! to whom?

Father. To your worship's friend, Piso.

Lod. 'Sdeath! to Piso!

Piso. [*within.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Ang. Yes, sir, I can assure you
She's married to him; I saw't with these grey eyes.

Lod. Why, what a rogue art thou, then? thou hast
made me
Send in provision too.

Father. Oh, a gentleman should not have such foul words
in's mouth! but your worship's provision could not have
come in at a fitter time. Will it please you to taste any of
your own wine? it may be the vintner has cozened you.

Lod. Pox, I am mad!

Ang. You have always plots, sir; and see how they fall out!

Jac. You had a plot upon me: how do you like this?

Lod. I do not speak to you.

Fab. Because you dare not.

Lod. But I will have one of that old rogue's teeth
Set in this ring.

Father. Dost not thou know that I can beat thee?
 Dost thou know it now? [*Discovers himself.*
Lod. He beat me once indeed.
Father. And if you have forgot it, I can call a witness.—
 Come forth, Piso!

Re-enter Piso.

Remember you it?

Piso. Faith, I do call to mind such a matter^v.

Father. And if I cannot still do 't, you are young,
 And will assist your father-in-law.

Piso. My father-in-law!

Ang. Your father-in-law,
 As sure as this is widow Lelia.

Piso. How, widow Lelia!

Father. I' faith, 'tis she, son.

Lod. Ha, ha, ha! let my provision go:
 I am glad I have miss'd the woman.

Piso. Have you put a whore upon me?

Lelia. By Heaven, you do me wrong! I have a heart
 As pure as any woman's; and I mean
 'To keep it so for ever.

Father. There is no starting now, son; if you offer 't,
 I can compel you. Her estate is great,
 But all made o'er to me before this match:
 Yet if you use her kindly, as I swear
 I think she will deserve, you shall enjoy it
 During your life, all, save some slender piece
 I will reserve for my own maintenance;
 And if God bless you with a child by her,
 It shall have all.

Piso. So I may have the means,
 I do not much care what the woman is.—
 Come, my sweetheart; as long as I shall find
 Thy kisses sweet, and thy means plentiful,
 Let people talk their tongues out.

[*Aside.*

^v *such a matter*] Symson printed, "some *such a matter.*"

Lelia. They may talk
Of what is past ; but all that is to come
Shall be without occasions.

Julio. Shall we not
Make Piso and Lodovic friends ?

Jac. Hang 'em, they
Dare not be enemies ; or, if they be,
The danger is not great.

Enter FREDERICK.

Welcome, Frederick !

Fred. First, joy unto you all ! and next, I think
We shall have wars.

Jac. Give me some wine ! I'll drink to that.

Fab. I'll pledge.

Frank. But I shall lose you then.

Jac. Not a whit, wench ;
I'll teach thee presently to be a soldier.

Fred. Fabricio's command and yours are both
Restor'd.

Jac. Bring me four glasses, then !

Fab. Where are they ?

Ang. You shall not drink 'em here : 'tis supper time ;
And from my house no creature here shall stir
These three days ; mirth shall flow as well as wine.

Father. Content. Within, I'll tell you more at large
How much I am bound to all, but most to you,
Whose undeservèd liberality
Must not escape thus unrequited.

Jac. 'Tis happiness to me, I did so well :
Of every noble action the intent
Is to give worth reward, vice punishment.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

IF you mislike (as you shall ever be
Your own free judges) this play utterly,
For your own nobleness yet do not hiss ;
But, as you go by, say it was amiss,
And we will mend : chide us, but let it be
Never in cold blood. O' my honesty,
(If I have any) this I'll say for all ;
Our meaning was to please you still, and shall.

THE
HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

The Honest Mans Fortune.

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

The second folio adds, "*A tragi-comedy.*"

“FOR the king’s company. An olde play called *The Honest Mans Fortune*, the originall being lost, was re-allowed by mee at Mr. Taylor’s intreaty, and on condition to give mee a booke [*The Arcadia*], this 8 Februa. 1624.” From Sir Henry Herbert’s Office-book,—Malone’s *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 229. The MS. copy, which was licensed by Sir Henry in 1624, is entitled “*The Honest Mans Fortune, Plaide in the yeare 1613:*” “it was therefore,” says Malone, “probably the joint production of Beaumont and Fletcher. This piece was acted at the Globe, and the copy which had been licensed by Sir George Buc, was without doubt destroyed by the fire which consumed that theatre in the yeare 1613.” According to Weber, the greater part of this drama was the work of Beaumont.

The above-mentioned MS. came into my possession at the sale of Mr. Heber’s library ; and (as the reader will perceive) it has furnished me with many very important corrections of the text.

Langbaine remarks, “As to the plot of Montaign’s [*Montague’s*] being prefer’d by Lamira to be her Husband, when he was in Adversity, and least expected ; the like Story is related by Heywood in his *History of Women*, Book 9. p. 641.” *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 209. The following is the story to which Langbaine refers ; but even supposing that our authors had an eye to that tale, they must have become acquainted with it in some earlier work, as the first edition of Heywood’s *History* was not published till 1624.

“*Loosenesse of life first conuerted, and the conuersion rewarded, in a home-bred historie.*

“A ciuile gentleman (within memorie) in the heat of summer hauing beene walking alone in the fields, contemplating with himselfe, and returning backe not the same way hee went out, but through another part of the suburbes, to which hee was a meere stranger, and finding himselfe extreemely athirst, hee stepped into the first house that fairelyest offered itselfe to him, and called for a cup of beere, seating himselfe in the first roome next to the street. He had not well wiped the sweat

from his face with his handkerchiefe, but two or three young wenches came skittishly in and out the roome; who seeing him a man of fashion, and therefore likely to be of meanes, they thought to make of him some bootie, being (it seemes) set on by the grandam of the house, for, as it proued, it was a common brothel-house. The youngest and handsomest amongst the rest was put vpon him; who entreated him not to be seene below, where euerie porter, carman, and common fellow came to drinke, but to take a more conuenient and retyred roome. The gentleman suspecting the place (as it was indeed) to be no better than it should be, and being willing to see some fashions, tooke her gentle proffer, and went with her vp the stayres: where they two being alone, (and a bed in the roome,) beere being brought vp, shee began to offer him more than common courtesie, being so farre from modestie, that shee almost prostituted herselfe vnto him. Which hee apprehending, asked her in plaine tearmes, if these were not meere prouocations to incite him to lust? which shee as plainly confessed. To whom he replied, that since it was so, he was most willing to accept of her kind proffer; onely for modestie sake, hee desired her to shew him into a darker roome. To which she assented, and leads him from one place to another; but hee still told her that none of all these was darke enough: insomuch that shee began at length somewhat to distaste him, because in all that time hee had not made vnto her any friendly proffer. At length shee brought him into a close narrow roome, with nothing but a loope-hole for light, and told him, Sir, vnlesse you purpose to goe into the coale-house, this is the darkest place in the house: how doth this please you? To whom he answered, Vnlesse, thou strumpet, thou canst bring me to a place so palpably tenebrious, into which the eyes of Heauen cannot pierce and see me, thou canst not persuade me to an act so detestable before God and good men; for cannot he, that sees into the hearts and reins of all, behold vs here in our wickednesse? and further proceeding, told her the heynousnesse of her sinne towards God, that her prostitution was in sight of him and his angels, and the euerlasting punishment thereto belonging; or if (irreligious as shee was) shee held these but dreames and fables, hee bad her consider her estate in this world, and what her best could be,—a whore, the name odious, the profession abominable, despised of the indifferent, but quite abandoned of those confirmed in vertue; that shee was in herselfe but a meere leprosie to destroy herselfe and infect others, a sinke of sinne and diseases; or if her extraordinarie good fortune were such to escape the spittle and the surgeon, yet shee was a continuall vassall to euerie constable and beadle,

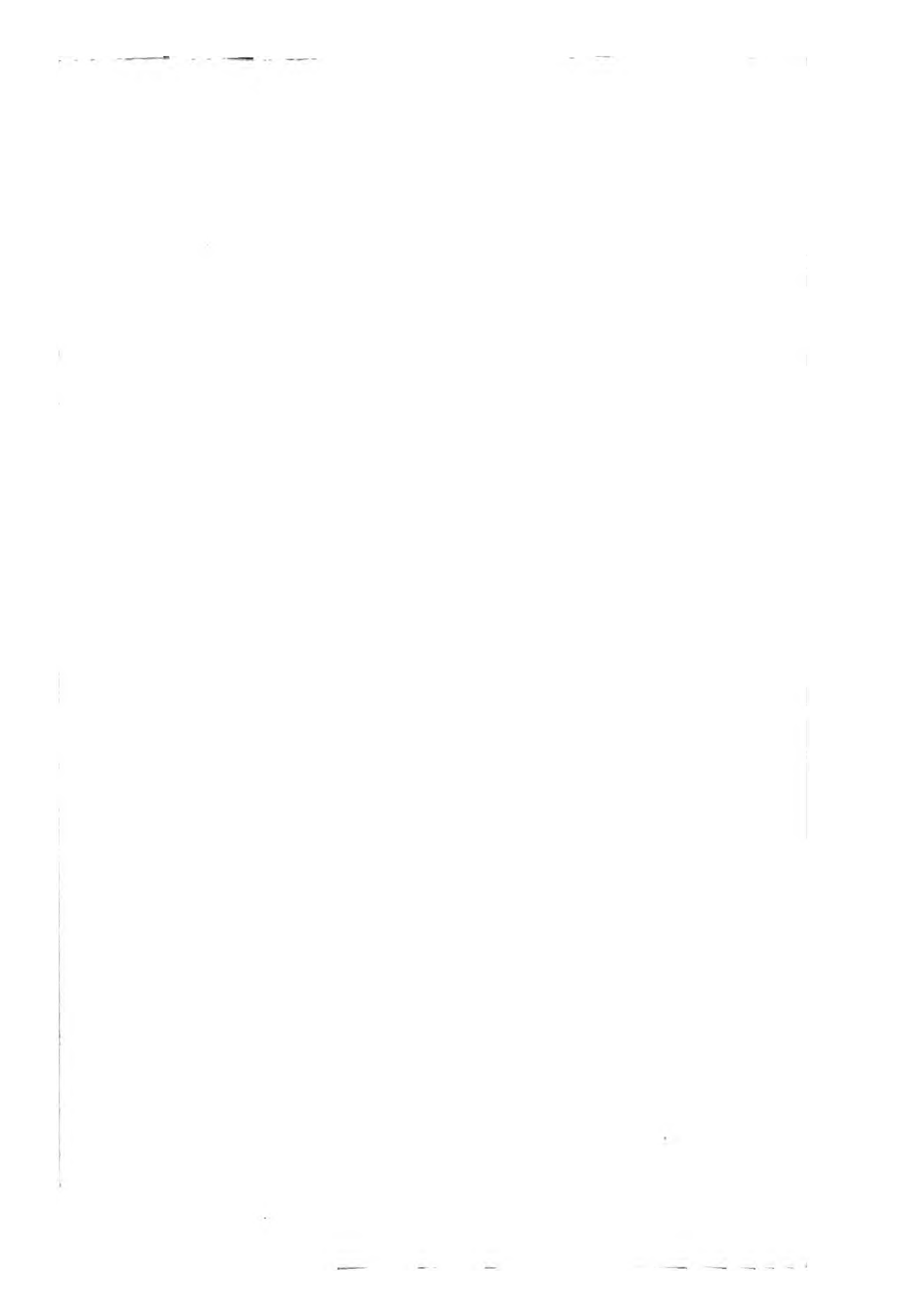
neuer certaine of her lodging, if not in the stocks, in the cage, but the chiefest of her hopes in Bridewell, &c. To conclude, hee read vnto her so strict and austere a lecture concerning her base and debosht life, that from an impudent strumpet hee wrought her to be a repentant conuertite. Her brasen forehead melted at his fierie zeale, and all those skales of inmodestie (like a maske plucked off) fell from her face, and shee appeared to him in her former simple and innocentious life. When further questioning with her of her birth and countrey, shee freely confessed vnto him, that shee was borne in the north countrey; her father a gentleman once of faire reuenue, but being impouerished by peeuish suites in law, her mother first, and hee (whether by age or grieffe shee knew not) soone after died. Shee being an orphant, and left distressed, loth to begge of those whom her parents had before relieued, finding charitie there cold, and willing rather to appeare base any where than where shee was knowne, sold such small things as shee had, to come vp to London with the carriers; where shee was no sooner allighted at her inne, but shee was hyred by this bawd, (altogether vnacquainted with her base course of life,) who by degrees trayned her to such base prostitution: but withall protested with teares, that course of life was hatefull vnto her; and had shee any friend or kinsman that could propose her any meanes to relinquish that trade, which in her soule she detested, she would become a new woman, desiring that one moneth of her leaudnesse might be forgot; for from that houre shee protested chastitie all her lifetime after. Her apparant teares and seeming penitence much perswading with the gentleman, he protested, if it lay in him, he would otherwise dispose of her according to her wishes; and withall charging her, that if hee sent vnto her within two or three dayes with money to acquit her of the house, that shee would attyre herselfe as modestly as shee could possibly, not bringing with her any one ragge that belonged to that abhominable house, or any borrowed garment in which she had offended, but instantly to repaire vnto him at his first sending: and this being agreed betwixt them, for that time they parted. The gentleman, wonderous carefull of his vndertaking (because shee was now his new creature), came to a matron-like gentlewoman, a kinswoman of his afarre off (with whom and her husband hee had familiar acquaintance, and by that meanes daily accesse to the house, who had prettie fine children, and were of a faire reuenue), and told her there was a ciuile maid (a kinswoman of his lately come out of the countrey) who wanted a seruice, whom if shee pleased to entertaine, it might prooue a great good to her, and no lesse courtesie to him. Briefely, the motion was accepted, shee

sent for according to appointment, and (after he had tutored her in all things which shee should answer) accepted and entertained. Her modest behavior and faire carriage, with her tender loue and diligence about the children, woon her in short time a good opinion of her maister, a greater affection from her mistresse, and a generall loue of the whole household ; insomuch that within lesse than a yeere shee was rayseed from a chambermaid to be waiting-gentlewoman and the onely bosome-friend of her mistresse : who, falling sicke, euen to death, readie to expire her last, so much doted on her new seruant, that shee sent for her husband, and besought him (if it stood with his good liking so to dispose of himselfe) after her decease to make that woman his wife and mother to his children ; for one more louing and carefull hee should not finde, and search England thorow and thorow. The gentlewoman soone after dyes, hee is left a widower, and the charge of the whole house committed to our new conuertite, with the bringing vp of his children ; which shee executed with such fidelitie, that hee casting a more curious eye vpon her youth and beautie, and withall remembring his wiues last words, not knowing for the present how better to dispose of himselfe (time, place, and opportunitie, all things furthering her preferment), hee contracted himselfe vnto her, and they were soone after married. But before any of these late passages happened, I must remember you, that instantly vpon the preferment of this young woman, the gentleman who brought her this fortune aduentured all his meanes upon a voyage which miscarried ; for the shippe wherein hee sayled was taken by the Spaniard, and hee almost a tweluemonth kept prisoner in Lisbone. But at length (by what meanes I know not) being ransomed, he came for his countrey, but so poorely and deieted, that hee was ashamed to shew himselfe to any of his friends ; for hauing tryed some, and finding their charitie cold, hee was loth to make prooffe of the rest ; insomuch that hee walked by owle-light, without a cloake, and scarce had honest ragges to couer him from nakednesse, or hide him from shame. It happened that iust vpon his returne the old gentleman died too, and left her possessed of eight hundred a yeere during the minoritie of the children, but the thirds howsoeuer ; and withall (so great and good opinion he had of her) that he made her full executor. Now, iust as shee followed the herse to the church (hauing diuerse suitors before her husbands bodie was scarce cold), this gentleman by chance comming by, like the picture of the prodigall (as I before related him to you), shee, casting her eye aside, had espied him, and presently apprehended him to be the man he was ; and whispering a seruant in the eare (willing to be truly satisfied), bad him to

fall into discourse with him, to enquire his name, his lodging, with other questions, as she directed him, and so proceeded to the funerall, but in any case to speake nothing as from her. The seruant fell off from the trayne, and did as he was commanded, and, without suspition of him that was questioned, brought her true word how all things stood. The next morning (by her appointment) came a gentleman very early to his lodging (shee hauing taught him his lesson before hand), who desired to speake with him, and first asked him his name, which (though loth) he told him: the other proceeded, that if he were the same man he pretended, he had heard of his worth and noble qualities, and withall of his casualties at sea; and, not willing that any gentleman should groane beneath so great a burthen, told him there was a hundred pounds, bad him furnish himselfe with apparrell and other necessaries; and so was readie to take his leaue. The other, extasied with so great a courtesie from a stranger whom hee had not seene before, enforced him backe, to know what reason he had to be so charitable, entreating him to consider what hope he had of future satisfaction, or at least to resolue him what securitie he demanded. The other answered, that for the first, his courtesie was grounded vpon his worth, his satisfaction was in his acknowledgment, and his securitie, in that he knew him honest; and told him, some three dayes after he would call vpon him, when hee was habited like himselfe, to entreat his further acquaintance, and so presently left him; but troubled in his mind aboue wonder to receiue such bountie from a man vnknowne, when all his kindred and familiar friends were ashamed of his acquaintance; yet tooke the benefit of the present occasion, and suited himselfe according to his former, not his present fortunes. When the gentleman came according to promise, he seemed glad to see this present alteration, and withall entreated him to walke abroad with him to dinner: hee (who could not denie him any thing) seemed willingly to assent, not once demanding whither. In the meane time, the late widow had prouided a great feast, whither shee had inuited all her suitors (who were not few), this gentleman whom shee had imployed (and knew no further of her mind) being one of the chiefest. Meat was vpon the table, the guests readie to sit downe; now the last that came in were the two new friends late remembred: in comes the widow to bid them all welcome. This new-made-*vp* gentleman, ignorant of whatsoever had before happened, demanded of his friend, if it were not such a woman? who briefly told him all; how shee came a stranger to the house, and what a fortune by her good demeanure shee had in a short time purchased; that shee was now a widow, had such and such

meanes left, and all or most of those gentlemen (and himselfe amongst the rest) were suitors, and that their hope was, this day shee would make choyse of a husband. Whatsoever he thought, he said nothing for the present. The widowes turne was to place euerie man according to his degree, or at least to her owne fancie: this new gentleman was neglected, and, the stooles being furnisht, left standing at a bay-window: shee tooke place at the tables end, only leauing her husbands chaire emptie, when suddenly starting up, Methinks, saith she, some one in this roome might be well spared, for we haue more guests than stooles. The gentleman at these words bit his lip, and was intreated to sit downe by his friend; but whilst they were straining curtesie, she proceeded, Is this a suitor too? no question some that either hath borrowed his clothes, or engaged all his credit for this one new suit, in hope to gaine the widdow; but women are now-a-daies growne more wise: by whose acquaintance came he hither? Mine, answered his friend. Then, saith she, perhaps he wants a dinner, and hath not mony to pay for his ordinarie: well, he may sit downe amongst the rest; some of you there make him some small elbow roome. These words made him wish himselfe againe prisoner in Lisbone, or any where, saue where he was. This was sport to the rest, but torture to him, who much blamed her ingratitude, yet, arming him with patience (the rather for his friends sake who brought him thither), he sate downe silent with an ill stomack, eating as little as he spake. All were merrie at the table; some of them making him their mirth, the rather to please her. A health went round to the widowes next husband: all pledged it gladly, hee enforcedly. At length rising from her stoole, Me thinkes, saith she, we are all merrie, onely that gentleman at the lower end of the table is melancholy: but I know the reason, it is perhaps because he is placed so low; but if that be his disease, I haue for it a present remedie: when, walking to him where he sat, she pluckt him by the sleeue, desiring him to remooue, for she had another place for him. Who, desiring her to torment him no further, refused to rise: but shee would needs enforce him, the rest likewise persuading, as wondering what further sport shee would make with him. Well, saith hee, I am this day yours, but will be mine owne euer hereafter: and so being drawne by her to the vpper end of the chamber, like a beare to the stake, where her late husbands chayre stood emptie; Now, sir, saith shee (with a more serious countenance than before), my new husband, sit here in my old husbands chayre, and bid these your guests welcome. Still hee fretted, and they laught as before: when she, crauing pardon for so abusing his patience, openly protested, that this

meeting was meerey for his sake, and to make them witnesses of their present contract; for if hee refused her to wife, shee vowed neuer to haue other husband, acknowledging that all her fortunes (next to the Divine Prouidence) came by his goodnesse (omitting the former circumstances), and that she knew no way better to expresse her gratitude, than to conferre them on him, by whom they first came. Thus the close proued better than the beginning, and the banquet of sweetmeats made amends for the harsh feast; for they found this last (of all the other passages) to be only serious. They were there contracted (the suitors witnesses), and soone after married. And thus his vertue and her conuersion had one ioint reward."—ΓΥΝΑΙΚΕΙΟΝ: *or Nine Bookes of Various History concerninge Women, &c.*, p. 458, ed. 1624.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<p>DUKE OF ORLEANS.</p> <p>EARL OF AMIENS, brother-in-law to ORLEANS.</p> <p>LORD MONTAGUE.</p> <p>LONGUEVILLE, } two followers of DUBOIS, } MONTAGUE.</p> <p>VERAMOUR, page to MONTAGUE.</p> <p>LAVERDINE, a courtier.</p> <p>LA-POOP, a sea-captain.</p> <p>MALLICORN, a citizen ^a.</p>	<p>Two Lawyers.</p> <p>Three Creditors.</p> <p>Officers.</p> <p>Servants.</p> <p>DUCHESS OF ORLEANS, wife to the DUKE OF ORLEANS, and sister to the EARL OF AMIENS.</p> <p>LAMIRA.</p> <p>CHARLOTTE, waiting-woman to LA- MIRA.</p>
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Scene, PARIS and the neighbouring country.

The principal actors were—

Nathan Field.	Joseph Taylor.
Rob. Benfield.	Will. Eglestone.
Emanuel Read.	Thomas Basse.

Fol. 1679.

^a LA-POOP, a sea-captain.

MALLICORN, a citizen.]—The second folio (which alone gives the *Dramatis Personæ*) calls the former "a foisting [i. e. cheating] captain," and the latter "a sharking citizen."

In terming La-Poop "a sea-captain," I follow the Editors of 1778 and Weber; for it seems to be his proper designation, though in the first scene where he appears, he speaks of his service by land, as "gentleman of a company."

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THE
HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A street in Paris, near the Hall of Justice.*

Enter ORLEANS and AMIENS severally.

Ami. Morrow, my lord of Orleans.

Orl. You salute me

Like a stranger : *brother* Orleans were, to me,
A title more belonging whom you call
The husband of your sister.

Ami. Would the circumstances of
Our^b brotherhood had never offer'd cause
To make our conversation less familiar !
But^c I meet you like a hindrance in your way :
Your great law-suit is now upon the tongue,
And ready for a judgment.

Orl. Came you from
The hall now ?

Ami. Without stay. The court is full ;
And such a press of people does attend
The issue, as if some great man were brought
To his arraignment.

Orl. Every mother's son

^b *Our*] So MS.—Both the folios “Your ;” and so the modern editors.

^c *But*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

Of all that multitude of hearers went
 To be a witness of the misery
 Your sister's fortunes must have come to, if
 My adversary, who did love her first,
 Had been her husband.

Ami. The success may draw
 A testimony from them, to confirm
 The same opinion; but they went prepar'd
 With no such hope or purpose.

Orl. And did you
 Increase^d the number of them that are gone^e
 With no such hope or purpose?

Ami. Tush! your own
 Experience of my heart can answer you.

Orl. This doubtful answer^f makes me clearly understand
 Your disposition.

Ami. If your cause be just,
 I wish you a conclusion like your cause.

Orl. I can have any common charity
 To such a prayer^g: from a friend I would
 Expect a love to what I prosper in^h,
 Without exceptions; such a love as might
 Make all my undertakings thankful to't:
 Precisely just is seldom faithful in
 Our wishes to another man's desires.
 Farewell.

[*Exit.*

^d *Increase*] Mason's correction; in which Heath (*MS. Notes*) had anticipated him. Both the folios have "intreat", and the MS. has "entreate;" and so the modern editors,—Weber explaining the passage to mean—"Did you ask their number?"—a very foolish question.

^e *gone*] So MS. (compare "they went" in the preceding speech). Both the folios "come;" and so the modern editors.

^f *answer*] So MS.,—the word being absolutely necessary to the sense. Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

^g *I can have any common charity*

To such a prayer] "The sense is this: Amiens having wished Orleans success, if his cause be just, Orleans replies, 'that such a wish might proceed from any common acquaintance,' " &c. *Ed.* 1778. Mason, very unnecessarily, would alter the text.

^h *a love to what I prosper in*] So MS. Both the folios have "a love to prosper in;" and so the modern editors.

Enter MONTAGUE, DUBOIS, LONGUEVILLE, and VERAMOUR carrying two caskets.

Dubois. Here comes your adversary's brother-in-law.

Long. The lord of Amiens.

Dubois. From the hall, I think.

Ami. I did so.—Save your lordship!

Mont. That's a wish,

My lord, as courteous to my present state
As ever honest mind was thankful for ;
For now my safety must expose itself
To question : yet to look for any free
Or hearty salutation, sir, from you,
Would be unreasonable in me.

Ami. Why?

Mont. Your sister is my adversary's wife ;
That nearness needs must consequently draw
Your inclination to him.

Ami. I will grant

Him all the nearness his alliance claims ;
And yet be nothing less impartial,
My lord of Montague.

Mont. Lord of Montague yet ;
But, sir, how long the dignity or state
Belonging to it will continue, stands
Upon the dangerous passage of this hour ;
Either for evermore to be confirm'd,
Or, like the time wherein 'twas pleaded, gone,—
Gone with it, never to be call'd again.

Ami. Justice direct your process to the end !
To both your persons my respect shall still
Be equal ; but the righteous cause is that
Which bears my wishes to the side it holds ;
Wherever, may it prosper !

Mont. Then my thanks

Are proper to you : if a man may raise
A confidence upon a lawful ground,
I have no reason to be once perplex'd

With any doubtful motion.

[*Exit Amiens.*

Longueville,

That lord of Amiens (didst observe him ?) has
A worthy nature in him.

Long. Either 'tis

His nature or his cunning.

Mont. That's the vizard

Of most men's actions, whose dissembled lives
Do carry only the similitude
Of goodness on 'em ; but for him, Duboisⁱ,
Honest behaviour makes a true report
What disposition does inhabit him,—
Essential virtue.

Long. Then 'tis pity that
Injurious Orleans is his brother.

Dubois^j. He

Is but his brother-in-law.

Long. Law ! that's as bad.

Dubois. How, is your law as bad ? I rather wish
The hangman thy executor, than that

Enter two Lawyers and two Creditors.

Equivocation should be ominous.

Long. Some of your lawyers.

First Law. What is ominous ?

Sec. Law. Let no distrust trouble your lordship's thought.

First Law. The evidences of your question'd land
Ha' not so much as any literal
Advantage in 'em to be made against
Your title.

Sec. Law. And your counsel understands^k
The business fully.

First Law. They're industrious, just——

Sec. Law. And very confident.

ⁱ *Dubois*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

^j *Dubois*] MS. has "*Mont.*"

^k *understands*] Mason, on account of the next speech, "They're," &c., would read "understand,"—unnecessarily.

First Law. Your state endures
A voluntary trial ; like a man
Whose honours are maliciously accus'd.

Sec. Law. The accusation serves to clear his cause—

First Law. And to approve his truth more.

Sec. Law. So shall all
Your adversary's pleadings strengthen your
Possession—

First Law. And be set upon record,
To witness the hereditary right
Of you and yours.

Sec. Law. Courage ! you have the law.

Long. And you, the profit¹.

Mont. If discouragement
Could work upon me, your assurances
Would put me strongly into heart again :
But I was never fearful ; and let fate
Deceive my expectation, yet I am
Prepar'd against dejection.

First Cred. So are we.

Sec. Cred. We have receiv'd a comfortable hope
That all will speed well.

Long. What is he, Dubois ?

Dubois. A creditor.

Long. I thought so ; for he speaks
As if he were a partner in his state.

Mont. Sir, I am largely indebted to your loves—

Long. More to their purses.

Mont. Which you shall not lose.

First Cred. Your lordship—

Dubois. That's another creditor.

First Cred. Has interest in me—

Long. You have more of him.

First Cred. And I have had so many promises
From these, and all your learnèd counsellors,
How certainly your cause will prosper, that—

¹ *profit*] So MS.—Both the folios “ profits ;” and so the modern editors.

Long. You brought no sergeants with you^m.

Dubois. To attend

His ill success.

Mont. Good sir, I will not be
Unthankful either to their industries
Or your affections.

First Law. All your land, my lord,
Is at the bar now ; give me but ten crowns,
I'll save you harmless.

Long. Take him at his word :
If he does lose, you're sav'd by miracle ;
For I never knew a lawyer yet undone.

First Law. Then now you shall, sir, if this prospers not.

Long. Sir, I beseech you, do not force your voice
To such a loudness, but be thrifty now :
Preserve it till you come to plead at bar ;
It will be much more profitable in
The satisfaction than the promise.

First Law. Is
Not this a satisfaction, to engage
Myself for his assurance ?

Dubois. If he dare trust youⁿ.

Mont. No, sir ; my ruin never shall import
Another's loss, if not by accident,
And that my purpose is not guilty of :
You are engag'd in nothing but your care. [*Exeunt Lawyers.*
Attend the procurator to the court ;
Observe how things incline, and bring me word.

Long. I dare not, sir ; if I be taken there,
Mine ears will be in danger.

Mont. Why ? hast thou
Committed something that deserves thine ears ?

^m *You brought no sergeants with you*] So MS.—Both the folios have an interrogation-point at the end of this speech.

ⁿ *Myself for his assurance ?*

Dubois. If he dare trust you] So MS.—The two folios have merely,—

“ *My selfe for this assurance, if he —* ”

and so the modern editors.

Long. No, but I fear the noise : my hearing will
Be perish'd by the noise ; and^o 'tis as good
To want a member, as to lose the use.

Mont. The ornament excepted^p.

Long. Well, my lord,
I'll put 'em to the hazard.

[*Exit.*

First Cred. Your desires
Be prosperous to you !

Sec. Cred. Our best prayers wait
Upon your fortune.

Dubois. For^q yourselves, not him. [*Exeunt Creditors.*

Mont. Thou canst not blame 'em ; I am in their debts.

Ver. But had your large expense (a part whereof
You owe 'em) for unprofitable silks
And laces been bestow'd among the poor,
They^r would have pray'd the right way, for you, not
Upon you.

Mont. For unprofitable silks
And laces ? now, believe me, honest boy,
Thou'st hit upon a reprehension that
Belongs unto me.

Ver. By my troth^s, my lord,
I had not so unmannerly a thought,
To reprehend you.

Mont. Why, I love thee for't ;
Mine own acknowledgment confirms thy words.
For once, I do remember, coming from
The mercer's, where my purse had spent itself
On those unprofitable toys thou speak'st of,
A man half naked with his poverty
Did meet me, and requested my relief :

^o *and*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

^p *The ornament excepted*] So MS.—Both the folios have, “ *The ornament is excepted ;*” and so the modern editors.

^q *For*] Omitted by Weber !

^r *They*] So MS.—Both the folios “ *That ;*” and so the modern editors. Veramour quibbles here,—“ *pray'd* ”—“ *prey'd.*”

^s *my troth*] So MS.—Both the folios mark the omission of the words by a break. The Editors of 1778 and Weber printed “ *my soul.*”

I wanted whence to give it ; yet his eyes
 Spoke for him ; those I could have satisfied
 With some unfruitful sorrow (if my tears
 Would not have added rather to his grief
 Than eas'd it), but the true compassion that
 I should have given I had not. This began
 To make me think how many such men's wants
 The vain superfluous cost I wore upon
 My outside would have cloath'd, and left myself
 A habit as becoming : to encrease
 This new consideration, there came one
 Clad in a garment plain and thrifty, yet
 As decent as these fair dear follies, made
 As if it were of purpose to despise
 The vanity of show ; his purse had still
 The power to do a charitable deed,
 And did it.

Dubois. Yet your inclination, sir,
 Deserv'd no less to be commended than
 His action.

Mont. Prithee, do not flatter me.
 He that intends well, yet deprives himself
 Of means to put his good thoughts into deed^t,
 Deceives his purpose of the due reward
 That goodness merits. Oh, antiquity,
 Thy great examples of nobility
 Are out of imitation ; or at least
 So lamely follow'd, that thou art as much
 Before this age in virtue as in time !

Dubois. Sir, it must needs be lamely follow'd, when
 The chiefest men that^u love to follow it
 Are for the most part cripples.

Mont. Who are they ?

Dubois. Soldiers, my lord, soldiers.

Mont. 'Tis true, Dubois ;

^t *thoughts into deed*] MS. has "thought *into* deeds."

^u *that*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios. The modern editors supply
 "who."

But if the law disables me no more
 For noble actions than good purposes,
 I'll practise how to exercise the worth
 Commended to us by our ancestors :
 The poor neglected soldier shall command
 Me from a lady's courtship, and the form
 I'll study shall no more be taught me by
 The tailor, but the scholar ; that expense,
 Which hitherto has been to entertain
 Th' intemperate pride and pleasure of the taste,
 Shall fill my table more to satisfy,
 And less to surfeit.

What an honest work it would be, when we find
 A virgin in her poverty and youth
 Inclining to be tempted, to employ
 As much persuasion and as much expense
 To keep her upright, as men use to do
 Upon her falling !

Dubois. 'Tis a^v charity
 That many maids will be unthankful for ;
 And some will rather take it for a wrong,
 To buy 'em out of their inheritance,
 The thing that they were born to.

Re-enter LONGUEVILLE.

Mont. Longueville,
 Thou bring'st a cheerful promise in thy face ;
 There stands no pale report upon thy cheek,
 To give me fear or knowledge of my loss ;
 'Tis red and lively.

Long. That's with labour, sir^w,

^v a] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

^w 'Tis red and lively.

Long. That's with labour, sir] So MS.—The first folio has,—

“ 'Tis red and lively. How proceeds my suit ?

Long. That's with labour, sir.”

The second folio differs from the first only in having “leave” instead of “labour ;” and the modern editors follow it. There can be no doubt that the

A labour that to those of Hercules
 May add another, or, at least, be call'd
 An imitation of his burning shirt ;
 For 'twas a pain of that unmerciful
 Perplexity, to shoulder through the throng
 Of people that attended your success :
 My sweaty linen fix'd upon my skin,
 Still, as they pull'd me, took that with it ; 'twas
 A fear I should have left my flesh among 'em :
 Yet I was patient, for, methought, the toil
 Might be an emblem of the difficult
 And weary passage to get out of law :
 And, to make up the dear similitude,
 When I was forth, seeking my handkercher^x
 To wipe my sweat off, I did find a cause
 To make me sweat more ; for my purse was lost
 Among their fingers.

Dubois. There 'twas rather found.

Long. By them.

Dubois. I mean so.

Mont. Well, I will restore

Thy damage to thee. How proceeds my suit ?

Long. Like one at broker's ; I think, forfeited.

Your promising counsellor^y at the first
 Put strongly forward with a labour'd speed,
 And such a violence of pleading, that
 His fee in sugar-candy scarce will make
 His throat a satisfaction for the hurt
 He did it ; and he carried the whole cause
 Before him with so clear a passage, that
 The people in the favour of your side
 Cried " Montague, Montague !" in the spite of him

MS. affords the correct text : the question, " How proceeds my suit ? " belongs to the next speech of Montague.

^x *handkercher*] So MS., and first folio. The second folio has " handkerchief ; " and so the modern editors.

^y *counsellor*] So MS.—The folios " counsell " and " counsel ; " and so the modern editors.

That cried out "silence", and began to laugh
 Your adversary's advocate to scorn;
 Who, like a cunning footman, set me forth
 With such a temperate easy kind of course,
 To put him into exercise of strength,
 And follow'd his advantages so close,
 That when your hot-mouth'd pleader thought h'ad won,
 Before he reach'd^z it he was out of breath,
 And then the other stript^a him.

Mont. So, all is lost!

Long. But how I know not; for, methought, I stood
 Confounded with the clamour of the court,
 Like one embark'd upon a storm at sea,
 Where the tempestuous noise of thunder, mix'd
 With roaring of the billows and the thick
 Imperfect language of the seamen, takes
 His understanding and his safety both
 Together from him.

Mont. Thou dost bring ill news.

Long. Of what I was unwilling to have been
 The first reporter.

Mont. Didst observe no more?

Long. At least no better.

Mont. Then thou'rt not inform'd
 So well as I am: I can tell thee that
 Will please thee; for, when all else left my cause,
 My very adversary^b took my part.

Long. Pox on him^c! whosoever told you that,
 Abus'd you.

Mont. Credit me, he took my part
 When all forsook me.

Long. Took it from you.

Mont. Yes,

^z *he reach'd*] Weber chose to print "*he had reach'd*."

^a *stript*] "i. e. outstript." MASON.

^b *adversary*] So MS.—Both the folios "adversaries;" and so the modern editors.

^c *Pox on him*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios (which have a break, to indicate the omission); and by the modern editors.

I mean so ; and I think he had just cause
To take it, when the verdict gave it him.

Dubois. His spirit would ha' sunk him, ere he could
Have carried an ill fortune of this weight
So lightly.

Mont. Nothing is a misery,
Unless our weakness apprehend it so ;
We cannot be more faithful to ourselves
In any thing that's manly, than to make
Ill fortune as contemptible to us
As it makes us to others.

Long. Here come they,
Whose very countenances will tell you how
Contemptible it is to others.

Re-enter two LAWYERS.

Mont. Sir !

Long. The *Sir* of knighthood may be given 'em^d,
Ere they hear you now.

Mont. Good sir, but a word !

Dubois. How soon the loss of wealth makes any man
Grow out of knowledge !

Long. Let me see : I pray, sir,
Never stood you upon the pillory ?

First Law. The pillory !

Long. Oh, now I know you did not ;
You 've ears, I thought you had lost 'em : pray, observe ;
Here's one that once was gracious in your eyes.

First Law. Oh, my lord, I have an eye upon him^e !

Long. But ha' you ne'er a counsel to redeem
His land yet from the judgment ?

Sec. Law. None but this ;
A writ of error to remove the cause.

Long. No more of error ; we have been in that
Too much already.

^d 'em] So MS.—Both the folios “ him ; ” and so the modern editors.

^e Oh, my lord, I have an eye upon him] Both the folios omit “ I.” The MS. has merely “ O my lord.” Seward printed, “ Oh, oh ! my lord,—I have an eye upon him ; ” and so the Editors of 1778.

Sec. Law. If you will reverse
The judgment, you must trust to that delay——

Long. Delay ! indeed, he 's like to trust to that,
With you has any dealing.

Sec. Law. Ere the law
Proceeds to an *habere facias*
Possessionem.

Dubois^f. That 's a language, sir,
I understand not.

Long. Thou 'rt a very strange
Unthankful fellow, to have taken fees
Of such a liberal measure, and then give^g
A man hard words for 's money.

Mont. So, 'tis gone^h !

First Law. If men will hazard their salvations,
What should I say ? I 've other business.

Mont. You 're i' the right ; that 's it you should say, now
Prosperity has left me. [*Exeunt Lawyers*ⁱ.]

Re-enter two Creditors.

First Cred. Have an eye upon him ; if
We lose him now, he 's gone for ever : stay,
And dog him ; I'll go fetch the officers.

Long. Dog him, you blood-hound ! by this point, thou shalt
[*Draws his sword.*

More safely dog an angry lion than
Attempt him.

Mont. What 's the matter ?

Long. Do but stir
To fetch a sergeant, and, besides your loss

^f *Dubois*] So, not only the two folios, but the MS. also. The modern editors give this speech to "*Mont.*"

^g *then give*] The modern editors print, "*then to give.*"

^h *Mont. So, 'tis gone*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

ⁱ *Exeunt Lawyers*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

Of labour, I will have you beaten till
Those casements in your faces be false lights.

Dubois. Falser than those you sell by^j.

Mont. Who gave you
Commission to abuse my friends thus?

Long. Sir,
Are those your friends that would betray you?

Mont. 'Tis
To save themselves, rather than betray me.

First Cred. Your lordship makes a just construction of it.

Sec. Cred. All our desire is but to get our own.

Long. Your wives' desires and yours do differ, then.

Mont. So far as my ability will go,
You shall have satisfaction.—Longueville,—

Long. And leave yourself neglected? every man
Is first a debtor to his own demands,
Being honest.

Mont. As I take it, sir, I did
Not entertain you for my counsellor.

Long. Counsel's the office of a servant, when
The master falls upon a danger, as
Defence is. Never threaten with your eyes;
They are no cockatrices. Do you hear?
Talk with the girdler^k or the milliner;
They^l can inform you of a kind of men
That first undid the profit of those trades
By bringing up the form of carrying
Their morglays^m in their hands: with some of those
A man may make himself a privilege
To ask a question at the prison-gates,
Without your good permission.

^j *Falser than those you sell by*] See note, vol. i. 292.

^k *girdler*] i. e. maker of girdles. Nares, having cited the present passage, remarks, "The *girdlers* sold sword-belts, and the *milliners* ribands and tassels, which were not wanted when the swords were carried in the hand." *Gloss. in v.*

^l *They*] So MS.—Both the folios "He;" and so the modern editors.

^m *morglays*] "*Morglay* was the sword of Bevis of Southampton; and from thence a sword, in antient writers, is frequently called by that name. See *Every Man in his Humour*, act iii. scene i." REED.

Sec. Cred. By your leave—

Mont. Stay, sir : what one example, since the time
That first you put your hat off to me, have
You noted in me to encourage you
To this presumption? By the justice now
Of thine own rule, I should begin with thee ;
I should turn thee away ungratified
For all thy former service, and forget
Thou ever didst me anyⁿ. 'Tis not fear
Of being arrested makes me thus incline
To satisfy you ; for you see by him,
I lost not all defences with my state :
The curses of a man, to whom I am
Beholding^o, terrify me more than all
The violence he can pursue me with.—
Dubois, I did prepare me for the worst ;
These two small cabinets^p do comprehend
The sum of all the wealth that it hath pleas'd
Adversity to leave me ; one as rich
As th' other, both in jewels ; take thou this,
And, as the order put within it shall
Direct thee, distribute it half between
Those creditors, and th' other half among
My servants ; for, sir, they are my creditors
As well as you are ; they have trusted me
With their advancements^q. If the value fail
To please you all, my first increase of means
Shall offer you a fuller payment : be content

ⁿ *For all thy former service, and forget
Thou ever didst me any.*] So MS.—Both the folios have,—
“ *For all thy former kindnesse, forget
Thou ever didst me any service.*”

Seward and the Editors of 1778 printed,—

“ *For all thy former kindnesses, forget,*” &c.

^o *Beholding*] i. e. Beholden,—as frequently before.

^p *These two small cabinets*] i. e. the “two caskets” carried by Veramour :
see p. 343.

^q *advancements*] So MS.—Both the folios “advancement ;” and so the
modern editors.

To leave me something ; and imagine that
You put a new beginner into credit.

Creditors. So prosper our own blessings, as we wish
You to your merit !

Mont. Are your silences
Of discontentment^r or of sorrow ?

Dubois. Sir,
We would not leave you.

Long. Do but suffer us
To follow you, and what our present means
Or industries hereafter can provide,
Shall serve you.

Mont. Oh, desire me not to live
To such a baseness, as to be maintain'd
By those that serve me ! Pray, begone ; I will
Defend your honesties to any man
That shall report you have forsaken me :
I pray, begone. [*Exeunt all except MONTAGUE and VERAMOUR.*]

Why dost thou weep, my boy ?
Because I do not bid thee go too ?

Ver. No ;
I weep, my lord, because I would not go ;
I fear you will command me.

Mont. No, my child,
I will not ; that would discommend th' intent
Of all my other actions : thou art yet
Unable to advise thyself a course,
Should I put thee to seek it ; after that^s,
I must excuse, or at the least forgive,
Any uncharitable deed that can
Be done against myself.

Ver. Every day,
My lord, I tarry with you, I'll account

^r *discontentment*] So MS.—Both the folios “discontent ;” and so the modern editors.

^s *after that*] “This expression is rather obscure ; but signifies, ‘Should I dismiss you, *after that* cruelty, I should have no right to complain of any injury done to myself.’” *Ed.* 1778.

A day of blessing to me ; for I shall^t
 Have so much less time left me of my life
 When I am from you ; and if misery
 Befal you (which I hope so good a man
 Was never born to), I will take my part,
 And make my willingness increase my strength
 To bear it. In the winter I will spare
 Mine own clothes from myself to cover you ;
 And in the summer carry some of yours,
 To ease you : I'll do any thing I can.

Mont. Why, thou art able to make Misery
 Asham'd of hurting, when thy weakness can
 Both bear it, and despise it. Come, my boy ;
 I will provide some better way for thee
 Than this thou speak'st of. 'Tis the comfort that^u
 Ill fortune has undone me into the fashion ;
 For now, in this age, most men do begin
 To keep but one boy, that kept many men.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the Duke's palace.*

Enter ORLEANS and Servant.

Orl. Where is she ? call her.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. I attend you, sir.

Orl. Your friend, sweet madam——

Duch. What friend, good my lord ?

Orl. Your Montague, madam, he will shortly want
 Those courtly graces that you love him for :
 The means wherewith he purchas'd this and this,
 And all his own provisions, to the least
 Proportion of his feeding or his clothes,
 Came out of that inheritance of land

^t *for I shall*] Here Seward, with his usual unscrupulousness, printed "*for at least I shall,*" to suit his arrangement of the speech.

^u *that*] MS. has "it :'" the right reading probably is "yet."

Which he unjustly liv'd on ; but the law
 Has given me right in 't and possession : now
 Thou shalt perceive his bravery^v vanish, as
 This jewel does from thee now, and these pearls
 To him that owes^w 'em. [*Taking them from her person.*

Duch. You are the owner, sir,
 Of every thing that does belong to me.

Orl. No, not of him, sweet lady.

Duch. Oh, good Heaven !

Orl. But in a while your mind will change, and be
 As ready to disclaim him, when his wants
 And miseries have perish'd his good face,
 And taken off the sweetness that has made
 Him pleasing in a woman's understanding.

Duch. Oh, Heaven, how gracious had creation been
 To women, who are born without defence,
 If to our hearts there had been doors, through which
 Our husbands might have look'd into our thoughts,
 And made themselves undoubtful !

Orl. Made 'em mad !

Duch. With honest women ?

Orl. Thou dost still pretend
 A title to that virtue : prithee, let
 Thy honesty speak freely to me now.
 Thou knowest that Montague, of^x whose land
 I am the master, did affect thee first,
 And should have had thee, if the strength of friends
 Had not prevail'd above thine own consent :
 I have undone him ; tell me how thou dost
 Consider his ill fortune and my good ?

Duch. I'll tell you justly. His undoing is
 An argument for pity and for tears,
 In all their dispositions that have known
 The honour and the goodness of his life :
 Yet that addition of prosperity

^v *bravery*] i. e. finery, splendour of appearance.

^w *owes*] i. e. owns, rightfully possesses.

^x *of*] Seward printed " he of."

Which you have got by 't, no indifferent man
Will malice or repine at, if the law
Be not abus'd in 't. Howsoever, since
You have the upper fortune of him, 'twill
Be some dishonour to you to bear yourself
With any pride or glory over him.

Orl. This may be truly spoken ; but in thee
It is not honest.

Duch. Yes ; so honest, that
I care not if the chaste Penelope
Were now alive to hear me.

Orl. Who comes there ?

Enter AMIENS.

Duch. My brother.

Ami. Save ye !

Orl. Now, sir ; you have heard
Of prosperous Montague ?

Ami. No, sir ; I have heard
Of Montague, but of your prosperity.

Orl. Is he distracted ?

Ami. He does bear his loss
With such a noble strength of patience, that,
Had Fortune eyes to see him, she would weep
For having hurt him, and pretending that
She did it but for trial of his worth,
Hereafter ever love him.

Orl. I perceive
You love him ; and, because I must confess
He does deserve it^y, though, for some respects,
I have not given him that acknowledgment,
Yet in mine honour I did still conclude
To use him nobly.

Ami. Sir, that will become
Your reputation, and make me grow proud
Of your alliance.

Orl. I did reserve

^y *it*] So MS.—Both the folios “that ;” and so the modern editors,—Seward excepted, who printed “it” from conjecture.

The doing of this friendship till I had
His fortunes at my mercy, that the world
May tell him 'tis a willing courtesy.

Duch. This change will make me happy.

Orl. 'Tis a change ;

Thou shalt behold it : then observe me. When
That Montague had possession of my land,
I was his rival, and at last obtain'd
This lady, who, by promise of her own
Affection to him, should ha' been his wife :
I had her, and withheld her like a pawn,
Till now my land is render'd to me again ;
And since it is so, you shall see I have
The conscience not to keep her. Give him her ;

[*Draws his sword.*]

For, by the faithful temper of my sword,
She shall not tarry with me.

Ami. Give me way !— [*Draws his sword ; Duchess holds him.*]

Thou most unworthy man !—Death^z, give me way !
Or, by the wrong he does the innocent^a,
I'll end thy misery and his wickedness
Together !

Duch. Stay, and let me justify
My husband in it^b ! I have wrong'd his bed— [*Exit AMIENS*^c.
Never—all shames that can afflict me fall
Upon me, if I ever wrong'd you !

Orl. Didst

Thou not confess it ?

Duch. 'Twas to save your blood

^z *Death*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios (the omission being indicated by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied “ God.”

^a *the innocent*] MS. has “ thy innocence.”

^b *it*] So MS.—Both the folios “ that ;” and so the modern editors.

^c *Exit Amiens*] So MS.—The first folio has,—

“ *Enter Amiens in amazement, the servants following him :*”

The second folio gives,—

“ *Exeunt Am : Orl.*”

Enter Orleans in amazement, the servants following him.”

Both these stage-directions are obviously wrong. “ The reader will observe how exquisitely striking and poetical is the instantaneous departure of Amiens on the self-accusation of his sister.” WEBER (qy. Sir Walter Scott ?).

From shedding: it^d has turn'd my brother's edge.
 He, that beholds our thoughts as plainly as
 Our faces, knows that I did^e never hurt
 My honesty, but by accusing it.

Orl. Women's consents are sooner credited
 Than their denials; and I'll never trust
 Her body, that prefers any defence
 Before the safety of her honour.—Here!

Enter two Servants^f.

Shew forth that stranger.—Give me not a word;
 Thou see'st a danger ready to be tempted.

Duch. Cast that upon me, rather than my shame;
 And, as I am a-dying^g, I will vow
 That I am honest!

Orl. Put her out of doors.—
 But that I fear my land may go again
 To Montague, I would kill thee! I am loath
 To make a beggar of him that way^h; or else—
 Go! now you have the liberty of flesh;
 And you may put it to a double use,
 One for your pleasure, th' other to maintain
 Your well-belovèd,—he will be in wantⁱ:
 In such a charitable exercise
 The virtue will excuse you for the vice.

*[Exeunt on one side the DUCHESS and Servants,
 on the other ORLEANS.]*

^d *it*] So MS.—Both the folios “that;” and so the modern editors.

^e *that I did*] So MS.—Both the folios “it, *I did*;” and so the modern editors.

^f *two Servants*] So MS.—Both the folios “Servant” (but compare the stage-direction cited from them in the preceding page); and so the modern editors.

^g *a-dying*] So MS.—Both the folios (nonsensically) “now *dying*;” and so the modern editors.

^h *To make a beggar of him that way*] “i. e. by forfeiting my life and estate to the king, give Montague an opportunity of begging it from him.” SEWARD.

ⁱ *he will be in want*] So MS.—Both the folios “*he will want*;” and so the modern editors.

SCENE III.—*A grove near the city.*

*Enter, on one side, AMIENS with his sword drawn, on the other,
MONTAGUE and VERAMOUR.*

Mont. What means your lordship?

Ver. For the love of Heaven^j —

Ami. Thou hast advantage of me; cast away
That buckler^k.

Mont. So he is, sir; for he lives
With one that is undone.^l—Avoid us, boy.

Ver. I'll first avoid my safety.—
Your rapier shall be button'd^m with my head,
Before it touch my master.

Ami. Montague!

Mont. Sir?

Ami. You know my sister?

Mont. Yes, sir.

Ami. For a whore.

Enter DUCHESS.

Mont. You lie! and shall lie lower, if you dare
Abuse her honour.

Duch. I am honest.

Ami. Honest!

Duch. Upon my faith, I am.

Ami. What did, then, persuade thee to condemn thyself?

Duch. Your safety.

Ami. I had rather be expos'd
To danger than dishonour: thou 'st betray'd
The reputation of my family

^j *Heaven*] So MS. and the second folio. The first folio "God;" and so Weber.

^k *That buckler*] So MS.—Both the folios "This *buckler*;" and so the modern editors. The "buckler" means Veramour, who has thrown himself before Montague.

^l *So he is, sir; for he lives*

With one that is undone] Weber rightly explains the quibble here,—“So he is (*cast away*), for he lives with me who am undone.”

^m *button'd*] “Alluding to the *button* on a foil.” *Ed.* 1778.

More basely by the falseness of that word,
 Than if thou hadst deliver'd me asleep
 Into the hands of a base enemyⁿ.
 Relief will never make thee sensible
 Of thy disgraces : let thy wants compel thee to it. [Exit.

Duch. Oh, I am a miserable woman !

Mont. Why, madam, are you utterly without
 Means to relieve you ?

Duch. I have nothing, sir,
 Unless by changing of these clothes for worse,
 And then at last the worst for nakedness.

Mont. Stand off, boy.—Nakedness would be a change
 To please us, madam, to delight us both.

Duch. What nakedness, sir ?

Mont. Why, the nakedness
 Of body, madam ; we were lovers once.

Duch. Never dishonest lovers.

Mont. Honesty
 Has no allowance now to give ourselves^o.

Duch. Nor you allowance against honesty.

Mont. I'll send my boy hence : opportunity
 Shall be our servant. Come, and meet me first
 With kisses like a stranger at the door,
 And then invite me nearer, to receive
 A more familiar inward welcome ; where,
 Instead of tapers made of virgin-wax^p,
 Th' increasing flames of our desires shall light
 Us to a banquet ; and before the taste
 Be dull with satisfaction, I'll prepare
 A nourishment compos'd of every thing
 That bears a natural friendship to the blood,

ⁿ *the hands of a base enemy*] So MS.—The first folio has “*the hands of base enemy*,” and the second folio changes “*enemie*” to “*enemies*.” Seward printed, “*the hands of basest enemies* ;” the Editors of 1778 and Weber, “*the hand of a base enemy*.”

^o *give ourselves*] Heath (*MS. Notes*) would read “*gyve ourselves*,”—fetter or restrain our inclinations.

^p *virgin-wax*] So MS.—Both the folios “*virgins wax* ;” and so Weber !

And that shall set another edge upon 't ;
 Or else, between the courses of the feast,
 We'll dally out an exercise of time,
 That ever, as one appetite expires,
 Another may succeed it.

Duch. Oh, my lord,
 How has your nature lost her worthiness ?
 When our affections had their liberty,
 Our kisses met as temperately as
 The hands of sisters or of brothers, yet^a
 Our bloods were then as moving ; then you were
 So noble, that I durst have trusted your
 Embraces in an opportunity
 Silent enough to serve a ravisher,
 And yet come from you undishonour'd. How
 You think me alter'd, that you promise your
 Attempt success, I know not ; but were all
 The sweet temptations that deceive us set
 On this side, and on that side all the wants^r,
 These neither should persuade me, nor they^s force.

Mont. Then misery may waste your body.

Duch. Yes ;

But lust shall never.

Mont. I have found you still
 As uncorrupted as I left you first.
 Continue so, and I will serve you with
 As much devotion as my word, my hand,
 Or purse can shew you ; and, to justify
 That promise, here is half the wealth I have : [*Gives money.*
 Take it ; you owe me nothing, till you fall
 From virtue ; which the better to protect,

^a *yet*] So MS. ; and so Weber from Mason's conjecture. Both the folios have "that ;" and so the Editors of 1778. Seward printed "tho'."

^r *wants*] So MS. Both the folios have "waiters." Seward printed "tortures ;" and so his successors. I may add that Heath (*MS. Notes*) had conjectured the right reading.

^s *they*] So MS.—The first folio has "the ;" the second "these," which Weber gave. Seward and the Editors of 1778 printed "those."

I have bethought me of a present means.—
 Give me the letter [*to VERAMOUR*].—This commends my boy
 Into the service of a lady, whose
 Free goodness you have been acquainted with,
 Lamira.

Duch. Sir, I know her.

Mont. Then believe
 Her entertainment will be noble to you :
 My boy shall bring you thither, and relate
 Your manner of misfortune, if your own
 Report needs any witness. So, I kiss
 Your hand, good lady.

Duch. Sir, I know not how
 To promise ; but I cannot be unthankful.

Mont. All that you can implore in thankfulness
 Be yours, to make you the more prosperous !—
 Farewell, my boy.—I am not yet oppress'd,
 Having the power to help one that 's distress'd.

[*Exeunt on one side the DUCHESS and VERAMOUR,
 on the other MONTAGUE.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A street.*

Enter LONGUEVILLE and DUBOIS.

Long. What shall we do now ? swords are out of use,
 And words are out of credit.

Dubois. We must serve.

Long. The means to get a service will first spend
 Our purses ; and except we can allow
 Ourselves an entertainment, service will
 Neglect us : now 'tis grown into a doubt
 Whether the master or the servant gives
 The countenance.

Dubois. Then fall in with mistresses.

Long. They keep more servants^t now, indeed, than men ;
But yet the age is grown so populous
Of those attendants, that the women are
Grown full too.

Dubois. What shall we propound ourselves ?

Long. I'll think on 't.

Dubois. Do. Old occupations have
Too many setters-up to prosper ; some
Uncommon trade would thrive now.

Long. We'll e'en
Make up some half a dozen proper men,
And set up a male stews ; we should get more
Than all your female sinners^u.

Dubois. If the house
Be seated, as it should be, privately.

Long. Ay ; but that would make a multitude of witches.

Dubois. Witches ! how, prithee ?

Long. Thus : the bawds would all turn witches to revenge
Themselves upon us ; and the women that
Come to us, for disguises must wear beards ;
And that 's, they say, a token of a witch.

Dubois. What shall we, then, do ?

Long. We must study on 't
With more consideration. Stay, Dubois ;
Are not the lord of Orleans and the lord
Of Amiens enemies ?

^t *servants*] See note, vol. i. 213.

^u *We'll e'en*

*Make up some half a dozen proper men,
And set up a male stews ; we should get more*

Than all your female sinners] So MS. (in which the present speech and the following speeches as far as "Stay, Dubois," &c. are drawn through with a pen by the licenser, though still legible.) This offensive passage stands mutilated in both the folios thus,—

*"Wee'l e'en make up some half a dozen proper men,
And should not we get more
Then all your female sinners ?"*

and so the modern editors.

Dubois. Yes ; what of that ?

Long. Methinks the factions of two such great men
Should give a promise of advancement now
To us that want it.

Dubois. Let the plot be thine,
And in the enterprize I'll second thee.

Long. I have it : we will first set down ourselves
The method of a quarrel, and make choice
Of some frequented tavern, or such a place
Of common notice, to perform it in,
By way of undertaking to maintain
The several honours of those enemies ;
Thou for the lord of Orleans, I for Amiens.

Dubois. I like the project ; and I think 'twill take
The better, since their difference first did rise
From his occasion whom we follow'd once.

Long. We cannot hope less, after the report,
Than entertainment or gratuity ;
Yet those are ends I do not aim at most :
Great spirits that are needy, and will thrive,
Must labour whiles such troubles are alive.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A room in a tavern.*

Enter LAVERDINE and LA-POOP.

La-P. Hunger^v is sharper than the sword : I have fed
this^w three days upon leaf-tobacco, for want of other victuals.

Lav. You have lived the honestest, captain. But be not
so dejected ; but hold up thy head, and meat will sooner fall
i' thy mouth.

La-P. I care not so much for meat, so I had but good
liquor, for which my guts croak like so many frogs for rain.

Lav. It seems you are troubled with the wind-cholic : if you

^v *Hunger*] So MS. ; and so Weber from the conjecture of Mason (who had been anticipated by Heath, *MS. Notes*). Both the folios "Slander;" and so the other modern editors.

^w *this*] The modern editors choose to print "these."

be^x, captain, swallow a bullet; 'tis present remedy, I'll assure you.

La-P. A bullet! why, man, my paunch^y is nothing but a pile of bullets: when I was in any service, I stood between my general and the shot, like a mud wall; I am all lead; from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, not a sound bone about me.

Lav. It seems you have been in terrible hot service, captain.

La-P. It has ever been the fault^z of the Low-Country wars to spoil many a man; I ha' not been the first, nor shall not be the last. But, I'll tell you, sir, (hunger has brought it into mind): I served once at the siege of Brest, ('tis memorable to this day,) where we were in great distress for victuals; whole troops fainted more for want of food than for blood, and died; yet we were resolved to stand it out. I myself was but then gentleman of a company, and had as much need as any man: and indeed I had perished, had not a miraculous providence preserved me.

Lav. As how, good captain?

La-P. Marry, sir, e'en as I was fainting and falling down for want of sustenance, the enemy made a shot at me, and struck me full i' the paunch with a penny-loaf.

Lav. Instead of a bullet?

La-P. Instead of a bullet.

Lav. That was miraculous indeed: and that loaf sustained you?

La-P. Nourished me, or I had famished with the rest.

Lav. You have done worthy acts, being a soldier. And now you shall give me leave to requite your tale, and to

^x *if you be*] So MS.—Omitted in both folios; and by the modern editors: see next note.

^y *A bullet! why, man, my paunch, &c.*] So MS. The first folio reads, "*A bullet; if you be Captain, my panch,*" &c. The second folio has, "*A bullet? I'll tell you Sir, my panch,*" &c.; and so the modern editors. In the reading of the first folio, the words "*if you be, Captain*" belong (as the MS. has shown) to the preceding speech. The reading of the second folio rests on no authority, being evidently a conjectural emendation of the editor to give some meaning to the passage.

^z *fault*] So MS.—Both the folios "*fate;*" and so the modern editors.

acquaint you with the most notorious deeds that I have done, being a courtier : I protest, captain, I will lie no more than you have done.

La-P. I can endure no lies.

Lav. I know you cannot, captain, therefore I'll only tell you of strange things. I did once a deed of charity, for itself ; I assisted a poor widow in a suit, and obtained it ; yet, I protest, I took not a penny for my labour.

La-P. This is^a no such strange thing.

Lav. By Mars, captain, but it is, and a very strange thing too, in a courtier ; it may take the upper-hand of your penny loaf for a miracle. I could ha' told you how many ladies have languished for my love, and how I was once solicited by the mother, the daughter, and grandmother ; out of the least of which I might have digged myself a fortune ; they were all great ladies, for two of them were so big I could hardly embrace them ; but I was sluggish in my rising courses, and therefore let them pass. What means I had is spent upon such as had the wit to cheat me ; that wealth being gone, I have only bought experience with it, with a strong hope to cheat others.—But see, here comes the much-declined Montague, who had all his^b manor-houses, which were the body of his estate, overthrown by a great wind.

Enter MONTAGUE and MALLICORN.

La-P. How ! by a great wind ? was he not overthrown by law ?

Lav. Yes, marry, was he ; but there was terrible puffing and blowing before he was overthrown, if you observed ; and believe it, captain, there's no wind so dangerous to a^c building as a lawyer's breath.

La-P. What's he with him ?

Lav. An eminent citizen, Monsieur Mallicorn :
Let's stand aside, and listen their designs^d. [*They retire.*

^a *This is*] So MS.—Both the folios “'Tis” ; and so the modern editors.

^b *his*] So MS.—Both the folios “the” ; and so the modern editors.

^c *to a*] MS. has “to ruine a.”

^d *designs*] So MS.—Both the folios “design” ; and so the modern editors.

Mal. Sir, profit is the crown of labour; it is the life, the soul of the industrious merchant: in it he makes his Paradise, and for it neglects wife, children, friends, parents, nay, all the world, and delivers up himself to the violence of storms, and to be tossed into unknown airs. As there is no faculty so perilous, so there is ^e none so worthy-profitable ^f.

Mont. Sir, I am very well possessed of it ^g; and what of my poor fortunes remains, I would gladly hazard upon the sea; it cannot deal worse with me than the land, though it sink or throw it into ^h the hands of pirates. I have yet five hundred pounds left, and your honest and worthy acquaintance may make me a young merchant: the one moiety of what I have I would gladly adventure.

Mal. How! adventure? you shall hazard nothing; you shall only join with me in certain commodities that are safe arrived unto the key: you shall neither be in doubt of danger nor damage; but so much money disbursed, so much received ⁱ. Sir, I would have you conceive I pursue it not for any good your money will do me, but merely out of mine own freeness and courtesy to pleasure you.

Mont. I can believe no less; and you express a noble nature, seeking to build up a man so ruined as myself.

Lav. Captain, here is subject for us to work upon, if we have wit. You hear that there is money yet left, and it is going to be laid out in rattles, bells, hobby-horses, brown paper, or some such-like sale commodities ^j: now it would do

^e *there is*] So MS.—Both the folios “there’s”: but see what precedes.

^f *worthy-profitable*] Seward printed, “worthy as the profitable”! The Editors of 1778 rightly explain the passage,—“As there is no profession incurs so much danger as the merchant, so there is none so reputably lucrative.”

^g *possessed of it*] “i. e. acquainted with or informed of it.” REED.

^h *into*] So MS.—Both the folios “in”; and so the modern editors.

ⁱ *received*] So MS.—Both the folios “receive”; and so the modern editors.

^j *laid out in rattles, bells, hobby-horses, brown paper, or some such-like sale commodities*] “The usurers of the time, in order to defraud those who wanted to borrow money, and, at the same time, to avoid the laws against usury, undertook to furnish them with such articles as are mentioned by Laverdine, which they were forced to convert into money with infinite loss. Many old writers introduce allusions to this system of cheating. The following instance is quoted by Reed from Wilson’s *Discourse upon Usury*:—‘I have need

better in our purses, or^k upon our backs in good gold-lace and scarlet; and then we might pursue our projects and our devices towards my lady Lamira^l. Go to; there's a conceit newly landed: hark; I stand in good reputation with him, and therefore may the better cheat him: captain, take a few instructions from me.

Mont. What moneys I have is at your disposing; and upon twelve I will meet you at the palace with it.

Mal. I will there expect you; and so I take my leave. [*Exit.*

Lav. You apprehend me?

La-P. Why, do you think I am a dunce?

Lav. Not a dunce, captain; but you might give me leave to misdoubt that pregnancy^m in a soldier, which is proper and hereditary to a courtier: but prosecute it; I will both second and give credit to it. [*Comes forward with LA-POOP.*]—Good monsieur Montague, I would your whole revenues lay within the circuit of mine arms, that I might as easily bestow or restore it unto you as my courtesy!

La-P. My zealous wishes, sir, do accompany his for your good fortunes.

Lav. Believe it, sir, our affection towards you is a strong bondⁿ of friendship.

of money, and deale with a broker; hee aunswereth me that hee cannot helpe me with money, but yf I list to have wares, I shall speede. Well! my necessitie is great; hee bringeth mee blotting-paper, pak-thread, fustians, chamblets, hawks bells and hoodes, or I wote not what: I desire hym to make sale for mine advantage, askyng what he thinketh will be my loss; hee aunswereth, not past twelve pounde in the hundred. When I come to receive, I do finde that I lose more than twentye in the hundred." WEBER. See Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, act iv. sc. 3, and the notes of the commentators.—A friend would read "stale commodities"; but the reading in the text is that of the MS. as well as of both the folios.

^k or] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

^l *Lamira*] So MS.—Both the folios "Annabella"; and so the modern editors. I can account for the latter reading only by supposing that it was the name which in the original draught of the play the authors had given to the lady whom they afterwards termed Lamira, and that in the transcript used for the first folio it had been left by an oversight unaltered.

^m *pregnancy*] "i. e. readiness of wit." WEBER. "*Pregnancy of wit, Dives ingenii vena.*" Coles's *Dict.*

ⁿ *bond*] Both the folios and MS. have "band" (—the words were formerly

Mont. To which I shall most willingly seal: but, believe me, gentlemen, in a broken estate the bond of friendship oft is forfeited; but that it is your free and ingenuous natures^o to renew it.

Lav. Sir, I will amply extend myself to your use, and am very zealously afflicted, as not one of your least friends, for your crooked fate: but let it not seize you with any dejection; you have, as I hear, a sufficient competency left, which, well disposed, may erect you as high in the world's account as ever.

Mont. I cannot live to hope it, much less enjoy it: nor is it any part of my endeavour; my study is, to render every man his own, and to contain myself within the limits of a gentleman.

Lav. I have the grant of an office given me by some noble favourites of mine in court; there stands but a small matter between me and it: if your ability be such to lay down the present sum, out of the love I bear you, before any other man, it shall be confirmed yours.

Mont. I have heard you often speak of such a thing. If it be assured to you, I will gladly deal in it: that portion I have I would not hazard upon an unknown course^p, for I see the most certainest is incertain^q.

La-P. Having money, sir, you could not light upon men that could give better direction. There is at this time a friend of mine upon the seas,—to be plain with you, he is a pirate,—that hath wrote to me to work his freedom; and by this gentleman's means, whose acquaintance is not small at court, we have the word of a worthy man for it: only there is some money to be suddenly disbursed; and if your happi-

synonymous—), but in the next speech they read “bond of friendship”; and the alteration made here by the modern editors is necessary for the sake of consistency.

^o *natures*] So MS.—Both the folios “nature”; and so the modern editors.

^p *upon an unknown course*] So MS.—Both the folios “upon one course”; and so the modern editors.

^q *the most certainest is incertain*] So the first folio.—MS. has “the most certainest is incertaintye.” The second folio reads “the most certain is incertain”; and so the modern editors,—printing “uncertain.”

ness be such to make it up, you shall receive treble gain by it, and good assurance for it.

Mont. Gentlemen, out of the weakness of my estate you seem to have some knowledge of my breast, that would, if it were possible, advance my declined fortunes, to satisfy all men of whom I have had credit; and I know no way better than these which you propose: I have some money ready under my command; some part of it is already promised, but the remainder is yours to such uses as are propounded.

Lav. Appoint some certain place of meeting; for these affairs require expedition.

Mont. I will make it my present business. At twelve I am to meet Mallicorn, the merchant, at the palace,—you know him, sir,—about some negotiation of the same nature; there I will be ready to tender you that money upon such conditions as we shall conclude of.

Lav. The care of it be yours, so much as the affair concerns you.

Mont. Your caution is effectual; and till then I take my leave.

Lav. Good Master Montague! [Exit MONTAGUE.]
[Voices within.] Down with their weapons!

Enter LONGUEVILLE and DUBOIS, with their swords drawn; Servants and Others between them.

First Ser. Nay, gentlemen, what mean you? pray, be quiet; have some respect unto the house.

Long. A treacherous slave!

Dubois. Thou dost revile thyself, base Longueville!

Long. I say thou art a villain, and a corrupt one, that hast some seven years fed on thy master's trencher, yet never bredst good blood towards him; for, if thou hadst, thou'dst have a sounder heart^r.

^r for if thou hadst, thou'dst have a sounder heart] So MS. and the second folio; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778. The first folio has "for if, thou

Dubois. So, sir! you can use your tongue something nimbler than your sword.

Long. Would you could use your tongue well of your master's friend^s! you might have better employment for your sword.

Dubois. I say again, and I will speak it loud and often, that Orleans is a noble gentleman, with whom Amiens is too light to poise the scale.

Long. He is the weaker for taking of a praise out of thy mouth.

Dubois. This hand shall seal his merit at thy heart.

Lav. Part them, my masters, part them!

First Serv. Part them, sir! why do not you^t part them? you stand by with your sword in your hand, and cry *part 'em!*

Lav. Why, you must know, my friend, my clothes are better than yours; and in a good suit I do never use to part any body.

La-P. And it is discretion.

Lav. Ay, marry, is it, captain.

Long. Dubois,
Though this place privilege thee, know, where next we meet,
The blood, which at thy heart flows, drops at thy feet! [*Exit.*]

Dubois. I would not spend it better
Than in this quarrel and on such a hazard.

Enter AMIENS in haste, with his sword drawn.

Ami. What uproar's this? must my name here be question'd
In tavern-brawls, and by affected ruffians?

Lav. Not we indeed, sir.

Dubois. Fear cannot make me shrink out of your fury,
Though you were greater than your name doth make you;

hadst have a sounder heart." Weber chose to print, "*for if thou hadst, thou hadst a sounder heart."*

^s *master's friend*] So MS.—Both the folios "*master, friend*"; and so the modern editors.

^t *not you*] So MS.—Both the folios "*you not*"; and so the modern editors.

I am one, and the opposer : if your sworn rage
Have aught in malice to enforce, express it.

Ami. I seek thee not ; nor shalt thou ever gain
That credit which a blow from me would give thee.
By my blood^u, I more detest that fellow
Which took my part than thee, that he durst offer
To take my honour in his feeble arms,
And spend it in a drinking-room. Which way went he?

Lav. That way, sir.—I would you would after ! for I do
fear we shall have some more scuffling. [*Aside.*]

Ami. I'll follow him ; and, if my speed o'ertake him,
I shall ill thank him for his forwardness. [*Exit.*]

Lav. I am glad he's gone ; for I do not love to see a
sword drawn in the hand of a man that looks so furious ;
there's no jesting with edge-tools : how say you, captain ?

La-P. I say, 'tis better jesting than to be in earnest with
them.

Enter ORLEANS.

Orl. How now !
What's the difference ? They say there have been swords
drawn,
And in my quarrel : let me know that man,
Whose love is so sincere to spend his blood
For my sake ; I will bounteously requite him.

Lav. We were all of your side ; but there he stands
began^v it.

Orl. What's thy name ?

Dubois. Dubois.

Orl. Give me thy hand :
Thou hast receiv'd no hurt ?

Dubois. Not any ; nor, were this body
Stuck full of wounds, I should not count them hurts,
Being taken in so honourable a cause
As the defence of my most worthy lord.

^u *blood*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied "soul."

^v *began*] So MS.—Both the folios "begun" ; and so the modern editors.

Orl. The dedication of thy love to me
Requires my ample bounty : thou art mine ;
For I do find thee made unto my purposes.—
Monsieur Laverdine, pardon my neglect ;
I not observèd you : and how runs rumour ?

Lav. Why, it runs, my lord, like a footman without a cloak,
to shew that what once is rumoured cannot be hid^x.

Orl. And what say the rabble? am not I the subject of
their talk ?

Lav. Troth, my lord, the common mouth speaks foul words.

Orl. Of me, for turning away my wife, do they not ?

Lav. Faith, the men do a little murmur at it, and say, 'tis
an ill precedent in so great a man ; marry, the women, they
rail outright.

Orl. Out upon them, rampallions ! I'll keep myself safe
enough out of their fingers. But what say my pretty jolly-
composed gallants, that censure every thing more desperate^y
than it is dangerous ? what say they ?

Lav. Marry, they are laying wagers what death you shall
die : one offers to lay five hundred pounds, and yet he had
but a groat about him, and that was in two twopences too,
to any man that would make it up a shilling, that you were
killed with a pistol charged with white powder^z ; another
offered to pawn his soul for five shillings, and yet nobody
would take him, that you were stabbed to death, and should
die with more wounds than Cæsar.

Orl. And who should be the butchers^a that should do it ?
Montague and his associates ?

Lav. So 'tis conjectured.

^x *what once is rumoured cannot be hid*] So MS.—Both the folios have
“ what's once rumour'd it cannot be hidde ; ” and so the modern editors,—
Seward omitting “ it.”

^y *desperate*] MS. has “ desperately.”

^z *white powder*] “ *White powder* was generally imagined to occasion no
sound when used in discharging a pistol. Some of the conspirators in Queen
Elizabeth's time confessed that their intention was to have murdered the queen
with fire-arms charged in this manner.” REED. See Sir Thomas Brown's
Vulg. Errors, B. ii. c. 5.

^a *butchers*] MS. has “ Brutus ” ; but the reading of the two folios seems to
be preferable.

La-P. And, believe it, sweet prince, it is to be feared, and therefore prevented.

Orl. By turning his purpose on himself,—were not that the way?

Lav. The most direct path for your safety :
For where doth danger sit more furious
Than in a desperate man?

La-P. And being you have declin'd^b his means, you have increas'd his malice.

Lav. Besides the general report that steams in every man's breath, and stains you all over with infamy, that Time, the devourer of all things, cannot eat out.

La-P. Ay, for that former familiarity which he had with your lady.

Lav. Men speak it as boldly as words of compliment ; *good morrow, good even, or God save you, sir,* are not more usual : if the very^c word *cuckold* had been written upon your forehead in great capital letters, it could not have been dilated with more confidence.

Orl. He shall not sleep another night ; I will have his blood, though it be required at^d my hands again !

Lav. Your lordship may, and without hazarding your own person ; here's a gentleman in whose looks I see a resolution to perform it.

Dubois. Let his lordship give me but his honourable word for my life^e, I'll kill him as he walks.

Lav. Or pistol him as he sits at meat——

La-P. Or at game——

Lav. Or as he is drinking——

Dubois. Any way.

Orl. Wou't thou? call what is mine thine own ! Thy reputation shall not be brought in question for it, much less thy life ; it shall be named a deed of valour in thee, not murder. Farewell. [*Exit.*

^b *declin'd*] i. e. caused to decline.—I may notice that this and the preceding speech stand as verse (with the above arrangement) in MS.

^c *very*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

^d *at*] Altered by Weber to "of."

^e *life*] MS. has "safetie."

Dubois. I need no more encouragement ; it is a work I will persuade myself that I was born to.

Lav. And you may persuade yourself too that you shall be saved by it^g, being that it is^h for his honourable lordship.

Dubois. But you must yield me means, how, when, and where.

Lav. That shall be our tasks ; nay, more, we will be Agents with thee : this hour we are to meet him On the receipt of certain moneys, which Indeed we purpose honestly to cheat him of, And that's the main cause I would have him slain : Who works with safety makes a double gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A street.*

Enter LONGUEVILLE, AMIENS following him.

Ami. Stay, sir ! I have took some pains to overtake you. Your name is Longueville ?

Long. I have the word Of many honest men for't.—I crave your lordship's pardon ! Your sudden apprehension on my steps Made me to frame an answer unwitting, And unworthy your respect.

Ami. Do you know me ?

Long. Yes, my lord.

Ami. I know not you ; nor am I well pleas'd to make This time, as the affair now stands, the induction Of your acquaintance : you are a fighting fellowⁱ.

^g *And you may persuade yourself too that you shall be saved by it*] So the second folio, the meaning, of course, being—And besides persuading yourself that you were born to do this deed, you may also persuade yourself that it will be the means of your salvation. The first folio has, "*And you may perswade your selfe to that you shall be sav'd by it.*" MS. reads, "*And you may perswade your selfe to that you shall merit by it.*"

^h *being that it is*] Seward chose to print, "seeing 'tis."

ⁱ *you are a fighting fellow*] So the second folio and MS.—The first folio has an interrogation-point after these words ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

Long. How, my lord ?

Ami. I think I too much grace you ;
Rather you are a fellow dares not fight,
But spit and puff and make a noise, whilst
Your trembling hand draws out your sword, to lay^j it
Upon andirons, stools, or tables, rather
Than on a man.

Long. Your honour may best speak this :
Yet, by my life^k, with little safety, if
I thought it serious.

Ami. Come, you are a mere^l braggart ;
And you have given me cause to tell you so :
What weakness have you ever seen in me
To prompt yourself that I could need your help ?
Or what other reasons could induce you to it ?
You never yet had a meal's meat from my table,
Nor, as I remember, from my wardrobe
Any cast suit.

Long. 'Tis true ;
I never durst yet have such a servile spirit
To be the minion of a full-swoln lord,
But always did detest such slavery :
A meal's meat, or a cast suit ! I would first eat the stones,
And from such rags the dunghills do^m afford
Pick me a garment.

Ami. I have mistook the man : his resolute spirit
Proclaims him generous ; he has a noble heart,
As free to utter good deeds as to act them ;
For had he not been right and of one piece,
He would have crumpled, curl'd, and shrunkⁿ himself

^j *lay*] MS. "try."

^k *by my life*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break) ; and by the modern editors.

^l *mere*] So MS.—The first folio "merry." The second folio "verie" ; and so the modern editors.

^m *dunghills do*] So the second folio. The first folio and MS. read "dunghils does." Weber printed "dunghill does."

ⁿ *shrunk*] So MS.—Both the folios "struck" ; and so the modern editors.

Out of the shape of man into a shadow.—

[*Aside.*

But, prithee, tell me, if no such fawning hope
Did lead thee on to hazard life for my sake,
What was it that incited thee? tell me; speak it
Without the imputation of a sycophant.

Long. Your own desert^o; and with it was join'd
Th' unfeignèd friendship that I judg'd you ever
Held unto my former lord.

Ami. The noble Montague?

Long. Yes; the noble and much-injur'd Montague.

Ami. To such a man as thou art, my heart
Shall be a casket; I will lock thee up
There, and esteem thee as a faithful friend,
The richest jewel that a man enjoys:
And, being thou didst follow once my friend,
And in thy heart still dost, not with his fortunes
Casting him off,
Thou shalt go hand in hand with me, and share
As well in my ability as love:
'Tis not my end^p
To gain men for my use, but a true friend.

[*Exeunt.*

^o *Your own desert, &c.*] In several places of this scene I doubt the integrity of the text. The present speech (which could hardly have been intended for prose) will admit of no better arrangement than the above: Seward silently altered it thus;

“ *Your own desert, sir; and with it was join'd
Th' unfeignèd friendship that I judg'd you ever
Held to my former lord.*”

^p *'Tis not my end, &c.*] In speeches concluding with a couplet, our early dramatists did not think it necessary that the first line should consist of as many feet as the second: see my note on Middleton's *Works*, i. 424.

SCENE IV.—*Another street.**Enter DUBOIS.*

Dubois. There's no such thriving way to live in grace,
 As to have no sense of it; his back nor belly
 Shall not want warming, that can practise mischief^a:
 I walk now with a full purse, grow high and wanton,
 Prune^r and bask^s myself in the bright shine
 Of his good lordship's favours; and for what virtue?
 For fashioning myself a murderer.
 Oh, noble Montague, to whom I owe my heart,
 With all my best thoughts, though my tongue have promis'd
 To exceed the malice of thy destiny,
 Never in time of all my service knew I
 Such a sin tempt thy bounty! those that did feed
 Upon thy charge, had merit or else need.

*Enter LAVERDINE and LA-POOP, with disguises.**Lav.* Dubois! most prosperously met!*Dubois.* How now! will he come this way?*Lav.* This way immediately; therefore, thy assistance,
 dear Dubois!*Dubois.* What, have you cheated him of the money you
 spoke of?*Lav.* Fough! as easily as a silly country-wench of her
 maidenhead; we had it in a twinkling.*Dubois.* 'Tis well.—Captain, let me help you [*assists LA-POOP*
in putting on his disguise]; you must be our leader in this action.*La-P.* Tut! fear not; I'll warrant you, if my sword hold,
 we'll make no sweating sickness^t of it.

^a *practise mischief*] So MS.—Both the folios “*practise me mischief*”; and so the Editors of 1778.

^r *Prune*] Birds (especially hawks) are said to *prune* themselves when they pick, oil, and arrange their feathers.

^s *bask*] So MS.—Both the folios “*briske*”; and so the modern editors,—Seward printing “*brisk up*.”

^t *sweating sickness*] MS. has “*sweating business*.”—“*The Sweating Sickness, called Sudor Anglicus, and Febris Ephemera Britannica, is by some supposed to have been a disorder peculiarly incident to the English nation. It first*

Dubois. Why, that's well said. But let's retire a little, that we may come on the more bravely : this way, this way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter MONTAGUE, with three Officers and three Creditors.

First Cred. Officers, look to him ; and be sure you take good security before he part from you.

Mont. Why, but, my friends,
You take a strange course with me : the sums I owe you
Are rather forgetfulness, they are so slight,
Than want of will or honesty to pay you.

First Cred. Ay, sir, it may be so ; but we must be paid, and we will be paid before you scape : we have wife and children, and a charge ; and you are going down the wind, as a man may say ; and therefore it behoves us to look to 't in time.

Sec. Cred. Your cloak here would satisfy me ; mine's not above a three-pound matter, besides the arrest.

Third Cred. Faith, and mine is much about that matter too ; your girdle and hangers^u, and your beaver, shall be sufficient bail for 't.

First Cred. If you have ever a plain black suit at home, this silken one, with your silk stockings, garters, and roses^v, shall pacify me too ; for I take no delight, if I have a sufficient pawn, to cast any gentleman in prison ; therefore 'tis but an

appeared in the year 1485, and afterwards in 1506, 1517, 1528, and 1551, and each time made a prodigious havock in the human species. Dr. Mead supposes it originally to have been imported by the French troops, brought over by Henry VII., who caught the infection from others, about that time returned from the siege of Rhodes. The violence of the disease eluded every effort made by the physicians to stop the progress of it. Those who were attacked by it seldom lived more than twenty-four hours, and many were carried off in half the time. The most singular circumstance attending it was this, which is related by several writers, that the natives of every other country but England escaped it, and that those natives who fled into foreign climates were pursued by it, and fell victims to its malignity. Dr. Mead supposes it to have been a species of the pestilence.—A very poetical and accurate account of its symptoms and effects may be read in Dr. Armstrong's *Art of Preserving Health*, book iii. line 532, &c." REED.

^u *hangers*] See note, p. 39.

^v *roses*] i. e. knots of ribands on the shoes.

untrussing matter, and you are free. We are no unreasonable creatures, you see: for mine own part, I protest I am loath to put you to any trouble but ^w for security.

Mont. Is there no more of you? he would next demand my skin.

First Cred. No, sir, here's no more of us; nor do any of us demand your skin,—we know not what to do with it; but it may be, if you owed your glover any money, he knew what use to make of it.

Mont. Ye dregs of baseness, vultures amongst men,
That tire upon^x the hearts of generous spirits!

First Cred. You do us wrong, sir; we tire no generous spirits; we tire nothing but our hackneys.

Mont. But here comes one^y made of another piece;
A man well meriting that free-born name
Of citizen.

Enter MALLICORN.

Welcome, my deliverer! I am faln
Into the hands of blood-hounds, that for a sum
Lesser than their honesties, which is nothing,
Would tear me out of my skin.

Mal. Why, sir, what's the matter?

First Cred. Why, sir, the matter is, that we must have our money; which if we cannot have, we'll satisfy ourselves with his carcase, and be paid that ways.—You had as good, sir, not have been so peremptory.—Officers^z, hold fast.

First Off. The strenuous fist of vengeance now is clutch'd;
Therefore fear nothing.

Mal. What may be the debt in gross?

Mont. Some forty crowns; nay, rather not so much:
'Tis quickly cast.

^w *but*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

^x *tire upon*] i. e. ravenously feed upon. The hawk, vulture, &c. were said to *tire on* their prey, when they pulled at and tore it to pieces.

^y *But here comes one, &c.*] So the speech stands in both the folios and in MS. The modern editors (with the exception of Seward, who, however, tampered with the text) arrange it differently.

^z *Officers*] So MS.—Both the folios “Officer”; and so the modern editors.

Mal. 'Tis strange to me, that your estate should have
So low an ebb, to stick at such slight sums.—
Why, my friends, you are too strict in your accounts,
And call too sudden on this gentleman ;
He has hopes left yet to pay you all.

First Cred. Hopes ! ay, marry : bid him pay his friends
with hopes, and pay us with current coin. I knew a gallant
once that fed his creditors still with hopes, and bid 'em they
should fear nothing, for he had 'em tied in a string ; and
trust me, so he had indeed, for at last he and all his hopes
hopt in a halter.

Mont. Good sir, with what speed you may, free me out of
the company of these slaves, that have nothing but their
names to shew 'em men.

Mal. What would you wish me do, sir ? I protest I ha' not
the present sum, small as it is, to lay down for you ; and for
giving my word, my friends, no later than yesternight, made
me take bread and eat it, that I should not do it for any man
breathing i' the world : therefore, I pray, hold me excused.

Mont. You do not speak this seriously ?

Mal. As ever I said my prayers, I protest to you.

Mont. What may I think of this ?

Mal. Troth, sir, thought is free for any man ; we abuse our
betters in it ; I have done it myself.

Mont. Trust me, this speech of yours doth much amaze me ;
Pray, leave this language ; and out of that same sum
You lately did receive of me, lay down
As much as may discharge me.

Mal. You are a merry man, sir ; and I am glad you take
your crosses so temperately. Fare you well, sir : and yet I
have something more to say to you ; a word in your ear, I
pray. To be plain with you, I did lay this plot to arrest you,
to enjoy the^a money I have of yours with the more safety. I
am a fool to tell you this now ; but, in good faith, I could
not keep it in ; and the money would ha' done me little good

^a *the*] So MS. (where it is carefully substituted for "this").—Both the folios
"this" ; and so the modern editors.

else. An honest citizen cannot wholly enjoy his own wife for you ; they grow old before they have true use of them, which is a lamentable thing, and, truly, much hardens the hearts of us citizens against you. I can say no more, but am heartily sorry for your heaviness ; and so I take my leave. [*Exit.*

First Cred. Officers, lay^b hold on him again ; for Monsieur Mallicorn will do nothing for him, I perceive.

Re-enter DUBOIS, LA-POOP, and LAVERDINE.

Dubois. Nay, come on^c, my masters ; leave dancing of the old measures, and let's assault him bravely.

Lav. By no means ; for it goes against my stomach to kill a man in an unjust quarrel.

La-P. It must needs be a clog to a man's conscience all his life-time.

Lav. It must indeed, captain : besides, do you not see he has gotten a guard of friends about him, as if he had some knowledge of our purpose ?

Dubois. Had he a guard
Of devils, as I think them little better,
My sword should do the message that it came for.

Lav. If you will be so desperate, the blood lie upon your own neck, for we'll not meddle in 't.

Dubois [*aside to Montague*]. I am your friend and servant : struggle with me, and take my sword.

[DUBOIS runs upon MONTAGUE, and, struggling, yields him his sword : the Officers draw ; and, during the scuffling which ensues, LAVERDINE and LA-POOP exeunt : MONTAGUE chases the Officers about^d the stage, himself wounded ; the third Officer falls.

Noble sir, make your way ! you have slain an officer. [*Exit.*

^b *lay*] So MS.—Both the folios “take” (which perhaps is a misprint, the compositor's eye having caught the word in the preceding speech) ; and so the modern editors.

^c *come on*] So MS. (compare Dubois's speech at p. 382. “that we may *come on* the more bravely.”)—Both the folios omit “on” ; and so the modern editors.

^d *about*] So MS.—Both the folios “off” ; and so the modern editors.

Mont. Some one of them has certainly requited me ;
For I do lose much blood. [Exit.

First Off. Udsprecious, we have lost a brother ! pursue
the gentleman !

Sec. Off. I'll not meddle with him : you see what comes
on 't ; besides, I know he will be hanged ere he be taken.

First Off. I tell thee, yeoman, he must be taken ere he be
hanged : he is hurt in the guts ; run afore therefore, and know
how his wife will rate his sausages a-pound.

Third Off. Stay, brother ! I may live ; for surely I find
I'm but hurt in the leg,—a dangerous kick on the shin-bone.
[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The country. A grove near the house of LAMIRA.*

Enter LAMIRA, Duchess, and VERAMOUR.

Lam. You see, lady,
What harmless sports our country-life affords ;
And though you meet not here with city-dainties
Or courtly entertainment, what you have
Is free and hearty.

Duch. Madam, I find here
What is a stranger to the court, content :
And receive courtesies done for themselves,
Without an expectation of return,
Which binds me to your service.

Lam. Oh, your love !
My homely house, built more for use than show,
Observes the golden mean, equally distant
From glittering pomp and sordid avarice.
For masques, we will observe the works of nature ;
And in the place of visitation, read ;
Our physic shall be wholesome walks ; our viands

Nourishing, not provoking : for I find
Pleasures are tortures that leave stings behind.

Duch. You have a great estate.

Lam. A competency
Sufficient to maintain me and my rank ;
Nor am I, I thank Heaven, so courtly bred
As to employ the utmost of my rents
In paying tailors for fantastic robes ;
Or, rather than be second in the fashion,
Eat out my officers and my revenues
With grating usury ; my back shall not be
The base on which your soothing citizen
Erects his summer-house^e ; nor, on th' other side,
Will I be so penuriously wise
As to make money, that 's my slave, my idol ;
Which yet to wrong merits as much reproof
As to abuse our servant.

Duch. Yet, with your pardon,
I think you want the crown of all contentment.

Lam. In what, good madam ?

Duch. In a worthy husband.

Lam. Humh^f ! it is strange the galley-slave should praise
His oar or strokes ; or you, that have made shipwreck
Of all delight upon this rock call'd Marriage,
Should sing encomions^g on 't.

Duch. Madam, though one
Fall from his horse and break his neck, will you
Conclude from that it is unfit to ride ?
Or must it follow, because Orleans,
My lord, is pleas'd to make his passionate trial
Of my suspected patience, that my brother
(Were he not so, I might say worthy Amiens)

^e *summer-house*] So MS.—Both the folios “*summer-houses* ;” and so the modern editors.

^f *Humh*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied “*God*.” I may just notice that in the preceding play, p. 303, the exclamation “*umh*” occurs several times.

^g *encomions*] Altered by the modern editors to “*encomiums*.”

Will imitate his ills, that cannot fancy
What's truly noble in him^h?

Lam. I must grant

There's as much worth in him as can be look'd for
From a young lord; but not enough to make
Me change my golden liberty, and consent
To be a servant to it, as wives are
To the imperious humours of their lords.
Methinks, I'm well: I rise and go to bed
When I think fit; eat what my appetite
Desires, without control; my servants' study
Is my contentment, and to make me merry
Their farthest aimⁱ; my sleeps are inquir'd after,
My rising-up saluted with respect:
Command and liberty now wait upon
My virgin state; what would I more? change all,
And for a husband? no; these freedoms die,
In which they live, with my virginity:
'Tis in her^j choice, that's rich, to be a wife,
But not, being yok'd, to choose the single life.—
Boy!^k

Ver. Madam?

Lam. How like you the country?

Ver. I like the air of it well, madam: and the rather
because, as on Irish timber your spider will not make his web^l,

^h that my brother

Will imitate his ills, that cannot fancy

What's truly noble in him] "That is," says Mason, "that the worthy Amiens will imitate the ill qualities of a man who has no relish for his virtues? Seward's amendment [*that you can't fancy*]' proves that he did not understand the passage."—But neither did Mason understand it: the meaning is—that my brother, who cannot fancy even what is truly noble in Orleans, will imitate his evil qualities?

ⁱ *aim*] So MS.—Both the folios "ayms;" and so the modern editors.

^j *her*] So MS.—Both the folios "their;" and so the modern editors.

^k *Boy*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios. Seward and his successors supplied the omission by "Veramour."

^l *on Irish timber your spider will not make his web*] "The spider is vulgarly supposed to be poisonous; and the same quality is here given to timber brought from Ireland, as was attributed to the country in general, that no poisonous

so, for aught I see yet, your cheater, pandar, and informer, being in their dispositions too foggy for this piercing climate, shun it, and choose rather to walk in mists in the city.

Lam. Who did you serve first, boy ?

Ver. A rich merchant's widow ; and was by her preferred to a young court-lady.

Duch. And what difference found you in their service ?

Ver. Very much ; for look, how much my old city-madam gave to her young visitants, so much my lady received from her hoary court-servants.

Lam. And what made you to leave her ?

Ver. My father, madam, having^m a desire to have me a tall manⁿ, took me from thence.

Lam. Well, I perceive you inherit the wag from your father.

Ver. Doves beget doves, and eagles eagles, madam : a citizen's heir^o, though left never so rich, seldom at the best proves a gentleman^p ; the son of an advocate, though dubbed like his father, will shew a relish of his descent and the father's thriving practice ; as I have heard, she that of a chambermaid is metamorphosed into a madam will yet remember how oft her [father's^q] daughter by her mother ventured to lie

animal could subsist in it. Ben Jonson also speaks of this quality in his *Alchemist* [act II. sc. i.] :

"*Sur.* Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch ?

"*Mam.* He did ;

Which proves it was the primitive tongue.

"*Sur.* What paper ?

"*Mam.* On cedar board.

"*Sur.* O, that, indeed, they say,
Will last 'gainst worms.

"*Mam.* 'Tis like your *Irish wood*
" 'Gainst cobwebs."

WEBER.—St. Patrick was said to have purged Ireland of all venom.

^m *having*] So MS.—Both the folios "had ;" and so the modern editors,—Seward excepted, who printed "having" from conjecture.

ⁿ *a tall man*] *i. e.* a bold, a brave fellow : see note, p. 238.

^o *a citizen's heir*] So MS.—Both the folios, "a citizen here ;" and so the modern editors,—except Seward, who chose to print, "*A citizen left ne'er so rich,*" &c. !

^p *proves a gentleman*] MS. has "*proues but a griffin gentleman.*"

^q [*father's*] "Is inserted at the suggestion of Mason, the text being nonsense without it." WEBER. Though "father's" is not found even in the MS., it is obviously necessary to the sense.

upon the rushes^r, before she could get in that which makes many ladies.

Duch. But what think you of your late master ?

Ver. Oh, madam !

[*Sighs.*^s

Lam. Why do you sigh ? you are sorry that you left him ;
He made a wanton of you.

Ver. Not for that ;

Or, if he did, for that my youth must love him.

Oh, pardon me, if I say, liberty

Is bondage, if compar'd with his kind service !

And but to have power now to speak his worth

To its desert, I should be well content

To be an old man when his praise were ended :

And yet, if at this instant you were pleas'd

I should begin, the livery of age

Would take his lodging up^t upon this head

Ere I should bring it to a period.

In brief, he is a man (for Heaven^u forbid

That I should ever live to say he *was*)

Of such a shape as would make one belov'd

That never had good thought ; and to his body

He hath a mind of such a constant temper,

In which all^v virtues throng to have a room ;

Yet 'gainst this noble gentleman, this Montague,

(For in that name I comprehend all goodness,)

Wrong, and the wrested law, false witnesses,

And Envy sent from hell, have rose in arms,

And, though not pierc'd, batter'd his honour'd shield.

What shall I say ?—I hope you will forgive me,—

That, but yourself, if you were pleas'd to love^w,

I know no Juno worthy such a Jove.

^r *rushes*] See note, p. 183.

^s *Sighs*] So both the folios and MS.

^t *up*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors,—Seward changing “ *upon* ” to “ *on*,” and altering the arrangement.

^u *Heaven*] So the second folio and MS.—The first folio “ *God* ;” and so Weber.

^v *all*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios.—Seward inserted it on conjecture ; and so his successors.

^w *That, but yourself, if you were pleas'd to love*] So MS.—Both the folios have,

Enter CHARLOTTE with a letter.

Lam. 'Tis well yet that I have the second place
In your affection.—From whence?

Charl. From the lord Amiens, madam.

Lam. 'Tis welcome, though it bear his usual language.

[*Reads.*

I thought so much; his love-suit speaks his health.

What's he that brought it^x?

Charl. A gentleman of good rank, it seems.

Lam. Where is he?

Charl. Receiving entertainment in your house,
Sorting with his degree.

Lam. 'Tis well.

Charl. He waits

Your ladyship's pleasure.

Lam. He shall not wait long.—

I'll leave you for a while.—Nay, stay you, boy;

Attend the lady. [*Exeunt LAMIRA and CHARLOTTE.*

Ver. Would I might live once
To wait on my poor master!

Duch. That's a good boy!
This thankfulness looks lovely on thy forehead;
And in it, as a book, methinks I read
Instructions for myself, that am his debtor,
And would do much that I might be so happy
To repair that which to our grief is ruin'd.

Ver. It were a work a king might glory in,

“*That if you were but pleas'd to love;*”

and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber. Seward printed,

“*That unless you yourself were pleas'd to love.*”

^x *his love-suit speaks his health.*

What's he that brought it] MS. has,

“*his loue sute speakes his health.*

'Twould showe well in a nightcap.

L. Orle. [i. e. *Duch.*] But in him

I hope, as he meanes, appeares honorable.

Lamy. On those termes I receaue it. *Whats he that brought it?*”

If he saw with my eyes. If you please, madam,
 (For, sure, to me you seem unapt to walk,)
 To sit, although the churlish birds deny
 To give us music in this grove, where they
 Are prodigal to others, I'll strain my voice
 For a sad song; the place is safe and private.

Duch. 'Twas my desire: begin, good Veramour.

*VERAMOUR sings; at the end of the song, enter MONTAGUE fainting,
 his sword drawn.*

Duch. What's he, Veramour?

Ver. A goodly personage.

Mont. Am I yet safe? or is my flight a dream?
 My wounds and hunger tell me that I wake:
 Whither have my fears borne me? no matter where;
 Who hath no place to go to, cannot err:
 What shall I do? cunning calamity,
 That others' gross wits uses to refine,
 When I most need it, dulls the edge of mine.

Duch. Is not this Montague's voice?

Ver. My master's! fie!

Mont. What sound was that? pish!
 Fear makes the wretch think every leaf o' the jury.¹
 What course to live? beg? better men have done it,
 But in another kind: steal? Alexander,
 Though styl'd a conqueror, was a proud thief,
 Though he robb'd with an army. Fie, how idle
 These meditations are! though thou art worse
 Than Sorrow's tongue can speak thee, thou art still,
 Or shouldst be, honest Montague.

Duch. 'Tis too true.

Ver. 'Tis he!

What villain's hand² did this? Oh, that my flesh
 Were balm! in faith, sir, I would pluck it off
 As readily as this. Pray you, accept
 My will to do you service: I have heard

¹ leaf o' the jury] MS. "leafe a jurye."

² hand] So MS.—Both the folios "hands;" and so the modern editors.

The mouse once sav'd the lion in his need,
As the poor scarab spill'd^a the eagle's seed.

Duch. How do you?

Mont. As a forsaken man.

Duch. Do not say so; take comfort;
For your misfortunes have been kind in this,
To cast you on a hospitable shore,
Where dwells a lady——

Ver. She to whom, good master,
You preferr'd me.

Duch. In whose house, whatsoever
Your dangers are, I'll undertake your safety.

Mont. I fear I am^b pursued; and doubt that I,
In my defence, have kill'd an officer.

Ver. Is that all? There's no law under the sun
But will, I hope, confess, one drop of blood
Shed from this arm is recompence enough,
Though you had cut the throats of all the catchpoles
In France, nay, in the world.

Mont. I would be loath
To be a burden, or feed like a drone
On the industrious labour of the^c bee;
And baser far I hold it, to owe for
The bread I eat what's not in me to pay,
Than that, since my full fortunes are declin'd,
To their low ebb I fashion my high mind^d.

^a *spill'd*] Altered by Seward to "spoil'd;" and so his successors.—"The fable is, that the scarab, or beetle, threw the eagle's eggs down from her nest, and thereby *spilled her seed.*" HEATH (MS. Notes).

^b *I am*] So MS.—Both the folios "that *I am*;" and so the modern editors.

^c *the*] So MS.—Both the folios "a;" and so the modern editors.

^d *And baser far I hold it, to owe for
The bread I eat what's not in me to pay,
Than that, since my full fortunes are declin'd,
To their low ebb I fashion my high mind*] So MS., and, no

doubt, rightly.—Both the folios have,

"*And baser far I hold it to owe for
The bread I eate, what's not in me to pay;
Then since my full fortunes are declined,
To their low ebb Ile fashion my high mind:*"

and so the modern editors,—Seward and Weber printing the last line but one thus,

"Then since my once full fortunes are declin'd."

It was no shame to Hecuba, to serve
 When Troy was firèd : if 't be in your power
 To be a means to make her entertain me ^e,—
 And far from that I was, but to supply
 My want with habit fit for him that serves,—
 I shall owe much to you.

Duch. Leave that care to me.

Ver. Good sir, lean on my shoulder.— Help, good madam.—
 Oh, that I were a horse for half an hour,
 That I might carry you home on my back !
 I hope you will love me still ?

Mont. Thou dost deserve it, boy ^f. .
 That I should live to be thus troublesome !

Duch. Good sir, 'tis none.

Ver. Trouble ! most willingly I would be chang'd
 Like Apuleius ^g, wear his ass's ears ^h,
 Provided I might still this burden bear.

Duch. 'Tis a kind boy !

Mont. I find true proof of it.

[*Exeunt.*

^e *entertain me*] So MS. ; and so (from conjecture) Seward and his successors.—Both the folios have “entertainment.”

“It has been objected to this passage—How could Montague be personally unknown or want a recommendation to Lamira, when he had expressly recommended to her both the persons he speaks to ? Had the poets foreseen the objection, an additional line might have taken it clearly off ; since it is very common for persons of remarkable goodness, living at great distances, and personally unknown to each other, to contract great friendships merely from character and the intercourse of mutual friends ; or perhaps what is still a greater band of friendship, their concurrence in the same works of charity and benevolence.” SEWARD.

“Our poets must certainly plead guilty to this charge of inadvertency, which they might have removed so easily. It possibly arose from their not sufficiently comparing together the acts allotted to each. ‘*Entertain*’ in the text, as in many other old plays, means, engage as a servant.” WEBER.

^f *Thou dost deserve it, boy, &c.*] I may just notice that such is the arrangement of this speech in MS. In both the folios it is regulated thus :

“Thou dost deserve it, boy. That I should live
 To be thus troublesome !”

^g *Like Apuleius, &c.*] “See *Apuleius's Golden Asse*, translated into English by William Adlington, 1571.” REED, who seems to have forgotten that Beaumont and Fletcher could read the original Latin.

^h *ears*] So both the folios, as also MS.—Seward and his successors, for the aske of a rhyme, print “ear.”

SCENE II.—*Paris. A portico¹ before the palace of Orleans.*

Enter AMIENS, and LONGUEVILLE with a letter.

Ami. You'll carry it?

Long. As I live, although my packet
Were like Bellerophon's^j. What have you seen
In me or my behaviour, since your favours
So plentifully shower'd upon my wants,
That may beget distrust of my performance?

Ami. Nay, be not angry; if I entertain'd
But the least scruple of your love or courage,
I would make purchase of one with my state^k
Should do me right in this: nor can you blame me,
If in a matter of such consequence
I am so importunate.

Long. Good my lord,
Let me prevent your further conjurations
To raise my spirit. I know this is a challenge
To be deliver'd unto Orleans' hand;
And that my undertaking ends not there,
But I must be your second, and, in that,

¹ *A portico*] Weber marked this scene "*A street,*" &c., which I have altered, in order to avoid, as far as possible, an inconsistency; for Dubois presently says, "*Were it not in a house,*" &c. It is plain that when Amiens and Longueville enter, they are not *within* the palace of Orleans: and I strongly suspect that (as moveable painted scenery was not then in use,) the writer intended the audience to suppose that at the opening of the scene, the stage represented a street, and that, immediately after the exit of Amiens, it represented an outer apartment in the palace of Orleans.

like Bellerophon's] "*Bellerophon carried a letter from Proetus, king of Argos, to his father-in-law, in which he enjoined him to put Bellerophon to death.*" MASON.

^k *I would make purchase of one with my state*] So MS., in which "*purchase*" is carefully substituted for what was first written—"choice": here, as elsewhere in these plays, "*state*" means estate. The first folio has,

"*I would make of one which my state.*"

The second folio reads,

"*I would make choyce of one which my estate;*"

and so the Editors of 1778. Seward and Weber printed,

"*I would make choice of one with my estate.*"

Not alone search your enemy, measure weapons,
 But stand in all your hazards, as our bloods
 Ran in the self-same veins ; in which if I
 Better not your opinion, as a limb
 That's putrified and useless cut me off,
 And underneath the gallows bury it.

Ami. At full you understand me, and in this
 Bind me, and what is mine, to you and yours :
 I will not so much wrong you as to add
 One syllable more ; let it suffice I leave
 My honour to your guard, and in that prove
 You hold the first place in my heart and love. [Exit.]

Long. The first place in a lord's affection ! very good : and
 how long doth that last ? perhaps the changing of some three
 shirts in the tennis-court. Well, it were very necessary that
 an order were taken (if it were possible) that younger brothers
 might have more wit or more money ; for now, however the
 fool hath long been put upon him that inherits, his revenue
 hath bought him a sponge, and wiped off the imputation ; and
 for the understanding of the younger, let him get as much
 rhetoric as he can, to grace his language, they will see he shall
 have gloss little enough to set out his bark.

Enter DUBOIS.

Stand, Dubois. Look about : all safe¹ ?

Dubois. Approach not near me but with reverence,
 Laurel, and adoration^m ! I have done
 More than deserves a hundred thanksⁿ.

Long. How now ? what's the matter ?

Dubois. With this hand, only aided by this brain,
 Without an Orpheus' harp, redeem'd, from hell's
 Three-headed porter, our Eurydice.

¹ *all safe*] So the first folio and MS.—The second folio “'s *all safe* ?” and so the modern editors (printing “is”).

^m *adoration*] So MS.—Both the folios “adorations” ; and so the modern editors.

ⁿ *a hundred thanks*] MS. has “10000 ducketts,”—perhaps the preferable reading.

Long. Nay, prithee, speak sense: this is like the stale braggart in a play.

Dubois. Then, in plain prose, thus, and with as little action as thou canst desire; the three-headed porter was^o three unexorable^p catchpoles, out of whose jaws, without the help of Orpheus' harp, bail^q or bribe, (for those two strings make the music that mollifies those flinty Furies,) I rescued our Eurydice; I mean my old master, Montague.

Long. And is this all? a poor rescue! I thought thou hadst reversed the judgment for his overthrow in his suit; or wrought upon his adversary Orleans, taken the shape of a ghost, frightened his mind into distraction, and, for the appeasing of his conscience, forced him to make restitution of Montague's lands, or such like. Rescued^r! 'sight, I would have hired a^s crocheteur^t for two cardecues^u to have done so much with his whip.

Dubois. You would, sir? and yet 'tis more than three on their foot-cloths^v durst do for a sworn brother in a coach.

Long. Besides, what proof^w of it? for aught I know, this may be a trick; I had rather have him in prison^x, where I

^o was] So MS.—Both the folios “were”; and so the modern editors.

^p unexorable] So both the folios, as also MS.—Altered by the modern editors to “inexorable.”

^q bail] So MS.—The folios have “baite” and “bait”; and so the modern editors.

^r Rescued] So the first folio and MS.—The second folio “Rescue.”

^s a] So the second folio and MS.—Omitted in the first folio.

^t crocheteur] i. e. porter. “Why,” says Nares (alluding to the present passage), “he has a whip does not appear, but Cotgrave gives him ‘*Le crochet d'un crocheteur*, the forke or crooked staffe, used by a burthen-bearing porter.’” *Gloss* in v.—Heath observes, “A *crocheteur* is properly a porter; and as goods are often carried in cities upon small carts, it thence may come to signify a carter too, and so our authors, by mentioning his whip, seem to have understood the word.” *MS. Notes.*

^u cardecues] It has been already noticed that a *cardecu* was a French coin—*quart d'écu*, the quarter of a crown.—MS. has “crownes.”

^v foot-cloths] See note, p. 195.

^w proof] So MS.—The first folio “proofs”; and so the modern editors. The second folio “proof's.”

^x in prison] So MS.—Both the folios “a prisoner”; and so the modern editors.

might visit him, and do him service, than not at all, or I know not where.

Dubois. Well, sir, the end will shew it. What's that? a challenge?

Long. Yes; where's Orleans? though we fight in jest, he must meet with Amiens in earnest.

Enter ORLEANS^y behind.

Fall off! we are discovered.

Orl. My horse, *garçon*, ha^z!

Dubois. Were it not in a house, and in his house^a
To whom I owe all duty——

Long. What would it do?

Prate, as it does; but be as far from striking,
As he that owes^b it, Orleans.

Dubois. How!

Long. I think thou art his porter,
Set here to answer creditors, that his lordship
Is not within, or takes the diet. I am sent,
And will grow here until I have an answer,
Not to demand a debt of money, but
To call him to a strict account for wrong
Done to the honour^c of a gentleman,
Which nothing but his heart-blood shall wash off.

Dubois. Shall I hear this?

Long. And more; that if I may not
Have access to him, I will fix this here,
To his disgrace and thine——

^y *Enter ORLEANS*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios,—which afterwards mark the entrance of Orleans, immediately before he exclaims, “Forbear, upon your lives!”—and so the modern editors.

^z *Orl. My horse, garçon, ha*] So MS.—Both the folios make “*my horse, garçon, ha*” a portion of the preceding speech; and so the modern editors, who appear to have been quite satisfied with the absurdity.

^a *house*] So MS.—Both the folios “presence”; and so the modern editors: but Dubois is pretending not to see Orleans. The reading of the two folios is the more extraordinary, because they have not yet marked the entrance of Orleans; see note above.

^b *owes*] i. e. owns, is the master of.

^c *honour*] So MS.—Both the folios “honors”; and so the modern editors.

Dubois. And thy life with it.

Long. Then have the copies of it pasted on posts,
Like pamphlet-titles, that sue to be sold;
Have his disgrace talk for tobacco-shops,
His picture baffled ^d—

Dubois. All respect away!
Were 't in a church—

Long. This is the book I pray with.

[*They draw their swords.*]

Orl. [*coming forward.*] Forbear, upon your lives!

Long. What, are you roused? I hope your lordship can read [*giving letter*], though you stain not your birth with scholarship ^e.—Doth it not please you? now, if you are ^f a right monsieur, muster up the rest of your attendance, which is a page, a cook, a pandar, coachman ^g, and a footman (in these days a great lord's train); pretending I am unworthy to bring you a challenge, instead of answering it, have me kicked ^h.

Dubois. If he does, thou deservest it.

Long. I dare you all ⁱ to touch me: I'll not stand still.
What answer you?

Orl. That thou hast done to Amiens
The office of a faithful friend, which I

^d *His picture baffled*] See note, vol. ii. 286. The following passage of Holinshed may be cited here: "Then he was content that the Scots should bafful him, which is a great reproch among the Scots, and is vsed when a man is openlie periured, and then they make of him an image painted, reuersed, with his heeles vpward, with his name, woondering, crieng, and blowing out on him with hornes," &c. *Chron.* iii. 827, ed. 1587.

^e *though you stain not your birth with scholarship*] So MS.—Both the folios "*though he staine not his birth with scholler-ship*"; and so the modern editors: but Dubois, to whom only "he" could apply, was not a person of "birth." The meaning is, I hope your lordship can at least read, though you do not profess scholarship, which you would consider a disgrace to your rank.

^f *Doth it not please you? now, if you are, &c.*] So MS.—Both the folios point the passage, "*Doth it not please you now? if you are, &c.*"; and so the modern editors.

^g *coachman*] Qy. "a coachman"? though the article is omitted as well in MS. as in both the folios.

^h *have me kicked*] MS. "thrust me downe the staires."

ⁱ *all*] MS. has "both": but "all" includes the "attendance" mentioned in Longueville's preceding speech.

Would cherish in thee, were he not my foe.
 However, since on honourable terms
 He calls me forth, say I will meet with him ;
 And by Dubois, ere sun-set, make him know
 The time and place, my sword's length, and whatever
 Scruple of circumstance he can expect.

Long. This answer comes unlook'd-for. Fare you well :
 Finding your temper thus, would I had said less ! [Exit.]

Orl. Now comes thy love to the test.

Dubois. My lord, 'twill hold,
 And in all dangers prove itself true gold. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The country. A hall in LAMIRA'S house.*

Enter LAVERDINE, LA-POOP, MALLICORN, and Servant.

Serv. I will acquaint my lady with your coming :
 Please you repose yourselves here.

Mal. There's a tester^j ;

Nay, now I am a wooer, I must be bountiful.

Serv. If you would have two three-pences for it, sir,
 To give some of your kindred as you ride,
 I'll see if I can get them ; we use not,
 Though servants, to take bribes^k. [Exit.]

Lav. Then thou art unfit
 To be in office, either in court or city.

La-P. Indeed, corruption is a tree, whose branches are of
 an unmeasurable length ; they spread everywhere, and the
 dew that drops from them^l hath infected some chairs and
 stools of authority.

Mal. Ah, captain, lay not all the fault upon officers ! you
 know you can shark, though you be out of action,—witness
 Montague.

^j *tester*] i. e. sixpence.

^k *to take bribes*] MS. adds to this speech, in a different hand, "but I may spare my labour, heares my lady,"—the whole of what follows till the entrance of Lamira, &c., being marked for omission in the representation.

^l *them*] So MS.—Both the folios "thence ;" and so the modern editors.

Lav. Hang him ! he's safe enough : you had a hand in it too, and have gained by him : but I wonder you citizens, that keep so many books, and take such strict accounts for every farthing due to you from others, reserve not so much as a memorandum for the courtesies you receive.

Mal. Would you have a citizen book those ? thankfulness is a thing we are not sworn to in our indentures ; you may as well urge conscience.

Lav. Talk no more of such vanities. Montague is irrecoverably sunk : I would we had twenty more to send after him ! The snake that would be a dragon, and have wings, must eat a spider^m ; and what implies that, but this,—that in this cannibal age, he that would have the suit of wealth must not careⁿ whom he feeds on ? And, as I have heard, no flesh battens better than that of a professed friend ; and he that would mount to honour must not make dainty to use the head of his mother, back of his father, or neck of his brother, for ladders to his preferment ; for but observe, and you shall find, for the most part, cunning Villainy sit at a feast as principal guest, and innocent Honesty wait as a contemned servant with a trencher.

La-P. The ladies !

Enter LAMIRA, Duchess, CHARLOTTE, MONTAGUE bareheaded and dressed as a servant, and VERAMOUR.

Mont. Do you smell nothing ?

^m *a spider*] So MS.—These words, to the destruction of the sense, have dropt out from both the folios, and the modern editors were quite unconscious of the omission.

The Greek proverb, Ὅφεις ἢν μὴ φάγη ὄφιν, δράκων οὐ γενήσεται, is frequently employed by our early writers ; and even in Dryden we find,

“ A serpent ne'er becomes a flying dragon
Till he has eat a serpent.” *Edipus*, act iii. sc. 1.

Why the authors of the present play chose to alter the ancient proverb, it would be useless to inquire ; but Jonson, a few years before, had taken a similar liberty, saying in his *Catiline*,

“ A serpent, ere he comes to be a dragon,
Does eat a bat.” Act iii. sc. 3.—*Works* (by Gifford), iv. 269.

ⁿ *care*] In both the folios (but not in MS.), this word has a break after it, perhaps to mark the omission of “ a curse.”

Charl. Not I, sir.

Mont. The carrion of three ^z knaves is very strong in my nostrils.

Lav. We came to admire ; and find fame was a niggard,
Which we thought prodigal in your ^a report,
Before we saw you.

Lam. Tush, sir ! this courtship's old.

La-P. I'll fight for thee, sweet wench ;
This is my tongue, and woos for me. [*Touching his sword.*

Lam. Good man of war,
Hands off ! if you take me, it must be by siege,
Not by an onset : and for your valour, I
Think that I have deserv'd few enemies,
And therefore need it not.

Mal. Thou needest nothing, sweet lady, but an obsequious husband ; and where wilt thou find him, if not in the city ? we are true Muscovites to our wives, and are never better pleased than when they use us as slaves, bridle and saddle us. Have me, thou shalt command all my wealth as thine own ; thou shalt sit like a queen in my warehouse ; and my factors, at their ^b return with my ships, shall pay thee tribute of all the rarities of the earth ; thou shalt wear gold, feed on delicacies ; the first peascods, strawberries, grapes, cherries, shall——

Lam. Be mine : I apprehend what you would say.
Those dainties, which the city pays so dear for,
The country yields for nothing, and as early ;
And, credit me, your far-fet ^c viands please not
My appetite better than those that are near hand.
Then, for your promis'd service and subjection
To all my humours when I am your wife,
(Which, as it seems, is frequent in the city,)

^z *three*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

^a *your*] So MS.—Both the folios “our.”

^b *their*] So MS.—Both the folios “the ;” and so the modern editors.

^c *far-fet*] i. e. far fetched.—Seward printed “*far-felcht* ;” and such, indeed, is the reading of MS. : but when this play was written, the older form of the word was still in common use.

I cannot find what pleasure they receive
 In using their fond husbands like their maids :
 But of this more hereafter. I accept
 Your proffer kindly,—and yours : my house stands open
 To entertain you ; take your pleasure in it,
 And ease after your journey.

Duch. Do you note
 The boldness of these^d fellows ?

Lam. Alas, madam !
 A virgin must in this be like a lawyer ;
 And as he takes all fees, she must hear all suitors,
 The one for gain, the other for her mirth.—
 Stay with the gentlemen [*to MONTAGUE*] : we'll to the
 orchard^e.

[*Exeunt LAMIRA, Duchess, CHARLOTTE, and VERAMOUR.*]

La-P. Hum^f ! what art thou ?

Mont. An honest man, though poor : [*Puts on his hat.*]
 And look such^g like to monsters ? are they so rare ?

Lav. Rose from the dead ?

Mal. Do you hear, monsieur Serviteur ? didst thou never
 hear of one Montague, a prodigal gull, that lives about Paris ?

Mont. So, sir !

Lav. One that, after the loss of his main estate in a law-
 suit, bought an office in the court ?

La-P. And should have had letters of mart, to have taken
 the Spanish treasure^h as it came from the Indies ? were not
 thou and he twins ? put off thy hat ; let me see thy forehead.

Mont. Though you take privilege to use your tongues,
 I pray you, hold your fingers.

^d *these*] So MS.—Both the folios “ the ;” and so the modern editors.

^e *orchard*] So MS.—Both the folios “ orchards ;” and so the modern editors.

^f *Hum*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios (which have a break here).
 The Editors of 1778 supplied “ Zounds,” Weber, “ Pox”.

^g *such*] So MS. (where it is substituted for the originally-written “ they.”)—
 Both the folios “ they ;” and so the modern editors.

^h *And should have had letters of mart, to have taken the Spanish treasure,*
 &c.] So MS.—Both the folios read “ *And should have letters of mart, to have*
the Spanish treasure,” &c.—*Letters of mart* mean — Letters of marque : see
 Nares's *Gloss*.

'Twas your base cozenage made me as I am ;
 And, were you somewhere else, I would take off
 This proud film from your eyes, that will not let you
 Know I am Montague.

Re-enter LAMIRA, and conceals herself behind the arras.

Lam. I will observe this better. [*Aside.*

Lav. And art thou he ? I will do thee grace ; give me thy hand ; I am glad thou hast taken so good a course : serve God, and please thy mistress ; if I prove to be thy master, as I am very likely, I will do for thee.

Mal. Faith, the fellow's well-made for a serving-man, and will no doubt carry a chine of beef with a good grace.

La-P. Prithee, be careful of me in my chamber :
 I will remember thee at my departure.

Mont. All this I can endure, under this roof ;
 And so much owe I her, whose now I am,
 That no wrong shall incense me to molest
 Her quiet house : while you continue here,
 I will not be asham'd to do you service
 More than to her, because such is her pleasure.
 But you that have broke thrice, and fourteen times
 Compounded for two shillings in the pound,
 Know I dare kick you in your shop !—do you hear ?—
 If ever I see Paris, though an army
 Of musty murrionsⁱ, rusty brown bills^j, and clubs,
 Stand for your guard—I have heard of your tricks.—
 And you that smell of amber^k at my charge,
 And triumph in your cheat—well, I may live
 To meet thee ; be it among a troop of such
 That are upon the fair face of the court
 Like running ulcers, and before thy whore,
 Trample upon thee !

ⁱ *musty murrions*] See note, p. 72. The same words occur in *Philaster*, vol. 1, 300.

^j *bills*] A sort of pikes or halberds with hooked points,—mentioned several times before.

^k *amber*] i. e. ambergris, which was formerly much used as a perfume.

La-P. Is¹ this a language for a livery?
Take heed; I am a captain.

Mont. A coxcomb, are you not? That thou and I,
To give proof which of us dares most, were now
In midst of a rough sea, upon a piece
Of a split ship, where only one might ride,
I would—but foolish anger makes me talk
Like a player^m.

Lam. [*coming forward from the arras*] Indeed, you act a part
Doth ill become my servantⁿ; is this your duty?

Mont. I crave your pardon,
And will hereafter be more circumspect.

Lav. Oh, the power of a woman's tongue!
It hath done more than we three with our swords
Durst undertake; put a mad man to silence.

Lam. Why, sirrah, these are none of your comrades,
To drink with in the cellar; one of them^o,
For aught you know, may live to be your master.

La-P. There's some comfort yet. [*Aside.*]

Lam. Here's choice of three; a wealthy merchant—

Mal. Hem! she's taken; she hath spied my good calf,
And many ladies choose their husbands by that. [*Aside.*]

Lam. A courtier that's in grace; a valiant captain:
And are these mates for you? away, begone!

Mont. I humbly pray you will be pleas'd to pardon!
And, to give satisfaction to you, madam,
Although I break my heart, I will confess
That I have wrong'd them too, and make submission.

Lam. No; I'll spare that. Go bid the cook haste supper.

[*Exit MONTAGUE.*]

La-P. Oh, brave lady^p, thou art worthy to have servants,

¹ *Is*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

^m *Like a player*] MS. has "I know not what;" but the common reading seems to be preferable on account of "act a part" in the next speech.

ⁿ *become my servant*] So MS.—Both the folios "*become you my servant*;" and so the modern editors,—Seward excepted, who omitted "you."

^o *them*] Weber chose to print "those."

^p *Oh, brave lady*] In MS. these words are preceded by "Did she talk of supper!"

To be commandress of a family,
That knowest how to use and govern it !

Lav. You shall have many mistresses that will so mistake as to take their horse-keepers and footmen instead of their husbands ; thou art none of those.

Mal. But she that can make distinction of men, and know when she hath gallants and fellows of rank and quality in her house⁹.

Lam. Gallants indeed, if it be the gallants' fashion
To triumph in the miseries of a man,
Of which they are the cause ; one that transcends
(In spite of all that Fortune hath, or can be, done^r)
A million of such things as you. My doors
Stand open to receive all such as wear
The shape of gentlemen ; and my gentlier^s nature
(I might say weaker) weighs not the expense
Of entertainment : think you I 'll forget yet
What's due unto myself ? do not I know
That you have dealt with poor Montague but like
Needy commanders, cheating citizens,
And perjur'd courtiers ? I am much mov'd, else use not
To say so much : if you will bear yourselves
As fits such you would make me think you are,
You may stay ; if not, the way lies before you. [Exit.

Mal. What think you of this, captain ?

La-P. That this is a bawdy-house, with pinnacles and turrets, in which this disguised Montague goes to rut *gratis* ; and that this is a landed pandress, and makes her house a brothel for charity.

Mal. Come, that's no miracle ; but from whence derive you the supposition ?

⁹ house] So MS.—Both the folios have “house—”, as if the speech were imperfect ; and so the modern editors.

^r be, done] These words are omitted in MS. : but whether they be omitted or retained, the line will still read awkwardly.—Seward boldly printed,

“ In spite of all that Fortune hath, or can do.”

^s gentlier] So the first folio and MS.—The second folio “gentler ;” and so Seward.

Lav. Observe but the circumstance. You all know, that in the height of Montague's prosperity, he did affect, and had his love returned by, this lady Orleans: since her divorcement, and his decay of estate, it is known they have met; not so much as his boy is^t wanting; and that this can be any thing else than a mere plot for their night-work, is above my imagination to conceive.

Mal. Nay, it carries probability: let us observe it better; but yet with such caution, as our prying be not discovered: here's all things to be had without cost, and therefore good staying here.

La-P. Nay, that's true; I would we might woo her twenty years, like Penelope's suitors!—Come, Laverdine.

Lav. I follow instantly. [*Exeunt MALLICORN and LA-POOP.*] Yonder he is. The thought of this boy hath much cooled my affection to his lady; and by all conjectures this is a disguised whore: I will try if I can search this mine.—Page!

Re-enter VERAMOUR.

Ver. Your pleasure, sir?

Lav. Thou art a pretty boy.

Ver. And you a brave man: now I am out of your debt.

[*Going.*

Lav. Nay, prithee, stay.

Ver. I am in haste, sir.

Lav. By the faith of a courtier—

Ver. Take heed what you say; you have taken a strange oath.

Lav. I have not seen a youth that hath pleased me better: I would thou couldst like me, so far as to leave thy lady and wait on me! I would maintain thee in the bravest^u clothes—

Ver. Though you took them up on trust, or bought 'em at the broker's.

Lav. Or any way. Then thy employments should be so neat and cleanly—thou shouldst not touch a pair of pantables^v in a month; and thy lodging—

^t *boy is*] So the first folio and MS.—The second folio has “*boy but is.*”—*Qy.* does this speech belong to La-Poop?

^u *bravest*] i. e. richest, gayest.

^v *pantables*] i. e. a sort of slippers (perhaps a corruption of *pantofles*).

Ver. Should be in a brothel.

Lav. No ; but in mine arms.

Ver. That may be the circle of a bawdy-house, or worse.

Lav. I mean thou shouldst lie with me.

Ver. Lie with you ! I had rather lie with my lady's monkey : 'twas never a good world since our French lords^w learned of the Neapolitans to make their pages their bedfellows ; it^x doth more hurt to the suburb ladies^y than twenty dead vacations. 'Tis supper-time, sir. [Exit.

Lav. I thought so : I know by that 'tis a woman ; for because peradventure she hath made trial of the monkey, she prefers him before me, as one unknown. Well, These women are strange creatures^z, and have strange desires ; And men must use strange means to quench strange fires.

[Exit.

^w *French lords*] In MS. these words are drawn through with a pen, and have "gallantes" written over them.

^x *it*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios.

^y *suburb ladies*] The *suburbs* being, in all great towns, the resort of harlots.

^z *These women are strange creatures*] So MS.—Both the folios have, "These are standing creatures."—The modern editors print "These are strange creatures." In couplets at the end of a prose speech, our early dramatists were indifferent about the measure being exact ; and here the word "women" seems necessary to the sense.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A hall in LAMIRA'S house.*

Enter MONTAGUE^a.

Mont. Now, Montague, who discerns thy spirit now,
 Thy breeding or thy blood? here's a poor cloud
 Eclipseth all thy splendour: who can read
 In thy pale face, dead eye, or lenten^b suit,
 The liberty thy ever-giving hand
 Hath bought for others, manacled itself
 In gyves of parchment indissoluble?
 The greatest-hearted man, supplied with means,
 Nobility of birth, and gentlest parts,
 Ay, though the right hand of his sovereign,
 If virtue quit her seat in his high soul,
 Glitters but like a palace set on fire,
 Whose glory, whilst it shines, but ruins him;
 And his bright show, each hour to ashes tending,
 Shall at the last be rak'd up like a sparkle,
 Unless men's lives and fortunes feed the flame.
 Not for my own wants, though, blame I my stars,
 But suffering others to cast love on me,
 When I can neither take, nor thankful be:
 My lady's woman, fair and virtuous,
 Young as the present month, solicits me
 For love and marriage, now being nothing worth^c.

^a *Enter Montague*] Both the folios and MS. add "*in meane habit*;" and so the modern editors: but he has already appeared in his character of servant.

^b *lenten*] i. e. plain, mortified.

^c *For love and marriage, now being nothing worth*] So MS.—Both the folios have a break after "worth," as if the sense were incomplete. The modern editors retain the break,—those of 1778 and Weber absurdly pointing the line thus,—

"*For love and marriage; now, being nothing worth—*"

Enter VERAMOUR.

Ver. Oh, master, I have sought you a long hour !
 Good faith, I never joy^d out of your sight.
 For God's sake, sir, be merry, or else bear
 The buffets of your fortune^c with more scorn !
 Do but begin to rail ; teach me the way,
 And I'll sit down, and help your anger forth.
 I have known you wear a suit full worth a lordship ;
 Give to a man, whose need ne'er frighted you
 From calling of him *friend*, five hundred crowns,
 Ere sleep had left your senses to consider
 Your own important^f present uses : yet,
 Since, I have seen you with a trencher wait,
 Void of all scorn ; therefore I'll wait on you.

Mont. Would Heaven^g thou wert less honest !

Ver. Would to Heaven

You were less worthy ! I am even wi' you, sir.

Mont. Is not thy master strangely faln, when thou
 Serv'st for no wages, but for charity ?
 Thou dost surcharge me with thy plenteous love ;
 The goodness of thy virtue shewn to me
 More opens still my disability
 To quit^h thy pains : credit me, loving boy,
 A free and honest nature may be oppress'd,
 Tired with courtesies from a liberal spirit,
 When they exceed his means of gratitude.

Ver. But 'tis a viceⁱ in him that, to that end,
 Extends his love or duty.

Mont. Little world
 Of virtue, why dost love and follow me ?

^d *joy*] So MS.—Both the folios “joy'd ;” and so the modern editors.

^c *fortune*] So MS.—Both the folios “fortunes ;” and so the modern editors.

^f *important*] “i. e. importunate.” WEBER.

^g *Heaven*] So MS. and second folio here and in the next speech. The first folio in both places, “God ;” and so Weber.

^h *quit*] i. e. requite.

ⁱ *vice*] So MS.—Both the folios “due” (an undoubted misprint, see note, p. 164) ; and so the modern editors.

Ver. I will follow you^j through all countries ;
 I'll run (fast as I can) by your horse-side,
 I'll hold your stirrup when you do alight,
 And without grudging wait till you return :
 I'll quit assur'd means^k, and expose myself
 To cold and hunger, still to be with you ;
 Fearless I'll travel through a wilderness ;
 And when you are weary, I will lay me down,
 That in my bosom you may rest your head ;
 Where, whilst you sleep, I'll watch, that no wild beast
 Shall hurt or trouble you : and thus we'll breed
 A story to make every hearer weep,
 When they discourse our fortunes and our loves.

Mont. Oh, what a scoff might men of women make,
 If they did know this boy !—But my desire
 Is, that thou wouldst not (as thou usest still,
 When, like a servant, I 'mong servants sit)
 Wait on my trencher, fill my cups with wine :
 Why shouldst thou do this, boy ? prithee, consider,
 I am not what I was.

Ver. Curs'd be the day
 When I forget that Montague was my lord,
 Or not remember him my master still !

Mont. Rather curse me, with whom thy youth hath spent
 So many hours, and yet untaught to live
 By any worldly quality.

Ver. Indeed,
 You never taught me how to handle cards,
 To cheat and cozen men with oaths and lies ;
 Those are the worldly qualities to live :
 Some of our scarlet gallants teach their boys

^j *I will follow you, &c.]* Seward altered the passage thus ;

“ Sir, *I will follow you through all countries, I
 Will run,*” &c.

^k *I'll quit assur'd means]* So MS.—Both the folios “ *Ile quit offerd meanes.*”
 Seward printed, “ *I'll quit all offer'd means,*” the Editors of 1778 and Weber,
 “ *I will quit offer'd means.*”

These worldly qualities¹.
 Since stumbling Fortune then leaves Virtue thus,
 Let me leave Fortune, ere be vicious !

Mont. Oh, lad, thy love will kill me !

Ver. In truth^m,

I think in conscience I shall die for you.
 Good master, weep not : do you want aught, sir ?
 Will you have any money ? here's some silver,
 And here's a little gold ; 'twill serve to play,
 And put more troublesome thoughts out of your mind :
 I pray, sir, take it ; I'll get more with singing,
 And then I'll bring it you : my lady ga't me ;
 And, by my trothⁿ, it was not covetousness,
 But I forgot to tell you sooner on't.

Mont. Alas, boy, thou art not bound to tell it me,
 And less to give it ! buy thee scarfs and garters ;
 And when I have money, I will give thee a sword :
 Nature made thee a beauteous cabinet^o,
 To lock up all the goodness of the earth.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Ver. I have lost my voice with the very sight of this gentlewoman^p. [*Aside*]
 —Good sir, steal away : you were wont to be a curious avoider of women's company.

Mont. Why, boy, thou darrest trust me any where, darrest thou not ?

Ver. I had rather trust you by a roaring lion than a ravening woman.

Mont. Why, boy ?

Ver. Why, truly, she devours more man's flesh.

¹ *These worldly qualities*] Omitted in MS., which, in the preceding line but one, has no point after "live" ; rightly perhaps.

^m *In truth*] MS. "By my troth," a reading which I should have adopted for the sake of the measure, had not the words occurred afterwards in this speech.

ⁿ *by my troth*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied "by my soul."

^o *cabinet*] MS. "caskanet."

^p *I have lost my voice with the very sight of this gentlewoman*] MS. has "O m^r, heres a gentlewoman."

Mont. Ay, but she roars not, boy.

Ver. No, sir? why, she is never silent but when her mouth is full.

Charl. Monsieur Montague!

Mont. My sweet fellow! since you please to call me so.

Ver. O' my conscience, she would be pleased well enough to call you bed-fellow. Oh, master, do not hold her by the hand so! a woman is a lime-bush, that catcheth all she toucheth.

Charl. I do most dangerously suspect this boy to be a wench. Art thou not one? come hither, let me feel thee.

Ver. With all my heart.

Charl. Why dost thou pull off thy glove?

Ver. Why, to feel whether you be a boy or no.

Charl. Fie, boy, go to! I'll not look your head, nor comb your locks any more, if you talk thus.

Ver. Why, I'll sing to you no more, then.

Charl. Fie upon't, how sad you are! a young gentleman that was the very sun of France—

Mont. But I am in the eclipse now.

Charl. Suffer himself to be over-run with a lethargy of melancholy and discontent!

Rouze up thy spirit, man, and shake it off:

A noble soul is like a ship at sea,

That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm;

But when she rages, and the wind blows high,

He cuts his way with skill^q and majesty.

I would turn fool^r, or poet, or any thing, or marry, to make you merry: prithee, let's walk.—Good Veramour, leave thy master and me; I have earnest business with him.

Ver. Pray, do you leave my master and me; we were very merry before you came: he does not covet women's company; what have you to do with him?—Come, sir, will you go? and I'll sing to you again.—I' faith, his mind is stronger than to credit women's vows, and too pure to be capable of their loves.

^q *skill*] MS. "pride."

^r *turn fool*] So MS.; and so Seward from conjecture.—Both the folios "*turn a foole*;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

Charl. The boy is jealous. Sweet lad, leave us; my lady called for you, I swear: that's a good child! there's a piece of gold for thee; go, buy a feather.

Ver. There's two pieces for you; do you go and buy one, or what you will, or nothing, so you go.—Nay, then, I see you would have me go, sir; why, faith, I will, now I perceive you love her better than you do me: but, God bless you, whatever you do, or intend! I know you are a very honest man. [Exit.

Charl. Still shall I woo thee, whilst thy tears reply^s
I cannot, or I will not marry thee?

Why hast thou drawn the blood out of my cheeks,
And given a quicker motion to my heart?
Oh, thou hast bred a fever in my veins,
Call'd love, which no physician can cure!

Have mercy on a maid, whose simple youth—— [Kneels.

Mont. How your example, fairest, teacheth me
A ceremonious idolatry! [Kneels.

By all the joy of love, I love thee better
Than I or any man can tell another!
And will express the mercy which thou crav'st;
I will forbear to marry thee. Consider,
Thou art Nature's heir in feature, and thy parents'
In fair inheritance^t: rise with these thoughts; [Raises her.
And look on me, but with a woman's eye,
A decay'd fellow, void of means and spirit.

^s *Still shall I woo thee, whilst thy tears reply*] The first folio has,

“*Still shall I woo thee, whilst thy cares reply;*”

and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber. The second folio reads,

“*Still will I woo thee, whilst thy ears reply;*”

and so Seward. MS. has,

“*Still shall I woo thee, whilst thy yeares reply.*”

That “ears” is nonsense, no one will doubt; nor can I attach any meaning to “years.” I have adopted the conjecture of Mason, “tears,”—a reading which Heath had long ago proposed, *MS. Notes*: Charlotte has just been chiding Montague for his sadness; and, a little before, Veramour has said to him, “Good master, weep not,” p. 412. The Rev. J. Mitford would (rather boldly) alter “thy ears” to “I hear.”

^t *inheritance*] So MS.; and so Seward from conjecture. Both the folios “inheritances;” and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

Charl. Of spirit !

Mont. Yes ; could I else tamely live^v,
Forget my father's blood, wait, and make legs^w,
Stain my best breeches with the servile drops
That fall from others' draughts ?

Charl. This vizard wherewith thou wouldst hide thy spirit
Is perspective^x, to shew it plainlier :
This undervalue of thyself^y is but
Because I should not buy thee. What more speaks
Greatness of man than valiant patience,
That shrinks not under his fate's strongest strokes ?
These Roman deaths, as falling on a sword,
Opening of veins, with poison quenching thirst,
Which we erroneously do style the deeds
Of the heroic and magnanimous man,
Was dead-ey'd cowardice, and white-cheek'd fear ;
Who doubting tyranny, and fainting under
Fortune's false lottery, desperately run
To death, for dread of death : that soul's most stout,
That, bearing all mischance, dares last it out.
Will you perform your word, and marry me,
When I shall call you to 't ?

Mont. I 'faith, I will.

Charl. Who's this alights here ?

Enter LONGUEVILLE, with a riding-rod.

Long. With leave, fair creature,
Are you the lady-mistress of the house ? .

Charl. Her servant, sir.

Long. I pray, then, favour me,

^v *Yes ; could I else tamely live*] So MS.—Both the folios,

“ *Yes, could I tamely live.*”

Seward supplied “ else” from conjecture, placing it as it stands in MS. ; and so the Editors of 1778. Weber inserted it after “ *Yes.*”

^w *legs*] i.e. bows.

^x *perspective*] There was formerly a great variety of *perspective* glasses ; see note, vol. ii. 482. Todd, citing the present passage in his ed. of *Johnson's Dict.*, considers “ perspective” as an adjective,—rightly perhaps.

^y *thyself*] So MS.—Both the folios “ *thy life ;*” and so the modern editors.

To inform your lady and duke Orleans' wife
A business of import awaits 'em here,
And craves for speedy answer.

Charl. Are you in post, sir?

Long. No, I am in satin, lady;
I would you would be in post!

Charl. I will return, sweet^z.

[*Exit.*

Long. Honest friend, do you belong to the house?
I pray, be cover'd.

Mont. Yes, sir, I do.

Long. Ha! dream'st thou, Longueville? sure, 'tis not he.—

[*Aside.*]

Sir, I should know you.

Mont. So should I you, but that I am asham'd:
But, though thou know'st me, prithee, Longueville,
Mock not my poverty; pray, remember yourself:
Shews it not strangely for thy clothes to stand
Without a hat to mine? mock me no more.

Long. The pox^a embroider me all over, sir,
If ever I began to mock you yet!
The devil^b on me, why should I wear velvet
And silver lace? heart^c, I will tear it off!

Mont. Why, madman!

Long. Put on my hat! yes, when I am hang'd I will.
[*Death*^d,] I could break my head,
For holding eyes that knew not you at first!
But, Time and Fortune, run your courses with him;
He'll laugh and scorn^e you, when you shew most hate!

^z *sweet*] MS. (in a different hand) "sweet *instantly*."

^a *pox*] So MS.; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.—Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break).

^b *devil*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied "plague," altering the next word to "upon."

^c *heart*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied "'sdeath."

^d [*Death*] In both the folios, but not in MS., the omission of a word here is marked by a break. Weber supplied "Pox."

^e *scorn*] So MS.; and so from conjecture Seward and the Editors of 1778. Both the folios "storm," which Weber retained.

Enter LAMIRA, *Duchess*, LAVERDINE, LA-POOP, MALLICORN,
VERAMOUR *and* CHARLOTTE.

Lam. Your affair, monsieur^f?

Long. Do you mock me, lady?

Lam. Your business, sir, I mean?

Duch. Regard yourself, good monsieur Longueville.

Lam. You are too negligent of yourself and place ;
Cover your head, sweet monsieur.

Long. Mistake me not, fair ladies^g ;

'Tis not to you, nor you, that I stand bare.

Lav. Nay, sweet dear monsieur, let it not be^h to us, then.

La-P. A poxⁱ o' compliment !

Mal. And a plague^j of manners !

Pray, hide your head ; you^k gallants use to do 't.

Long. And you your foreheads. Why, you needful acces-
sary rascals,

That cannot live without your mutual knaveries,
More than a bawd, a pandar, or a whore,
From one another, how dare you suspect
That I stand bare to you ? what make you here ?—
Shift your house, lady, of 'em ; for I know 'em ;
They come to steal your^l napkins and your spoons ;
Look to your silver bodkin, gentlewoman,
'Tis a dead utensil ;—and, page, 'ware^m your pockets !—
My reverence is unto this man, my master ;

^f *Your affair, monsieur*] So MS.—Both the folios have, “You're a fair *Mounsier*” ; and so the modern editors, who ought to have seen from Lamira's next speech what was the right reading. Longueville, of course, understands her as if she had really spoken the words which the folios give.

^g *Mistake me not, fair ladies*] To this line MS. adds “by my blood.”

^h *not be*] Weber chose to print “*be not.*”

ⁱ *A pox*] So MS. ; and so, from conjecture, the Editors of 1778 and Weber.—Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break).

^j *a plague*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied “pox.”

^k *you*] So MS.—Both the folios “your ;” and so the modern editors,—Weber giving this speech to “*Mont.*” !

^l *your*] So MS. ; and so, from conjecture, the modern editors. Omitted in both the folios.

^m *'ware*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to print “beware.”

Whom you, with protestations and oaths,
As high as Heaven, as deep as Hell, which would
Deceive the wisest man of honest nature,
Have cozen'd and abus'd : but I may meet you,
And beat you one with t' other.

Mont. Peace, no more !

Long. Not a word, sir.

Lav. I am something thick of hearing ;
What said he ?

La-P. I hear him, but regard him not.

Mal. Nor I ; I am never angry fasting.

Long. My love
Keeps back my duty. Noblest lady, if
Husband or brother merit love from you,
Prevent their dangers ! this hour brings to trial
Their hereto-sleeping hates ; by this time, each
Within a yard is of the other's heart,
And met to prove their causes and their spirits
With their impartial swords' points : haste and save,
Or never meet them more, but at the grave ! [Exit^m.

Duch. Oh, my distracted heart ! that my wreck'd honour
Should for a brother's or a husband's life
Throw the undoing dieⁿ !

Lam. Amiens engag'd ?
If he miscarry, all my hopes and joys,
I now confess it loudly, are undone :
Caroch, and haste ! one minute may betray
A life more worth than all time can repay.

[*Exeunt* LAMIRA, DUCHESS, CHARLOTTE, and MONTAGUE.

Mal. Humph ! monsieur Laverdine pursues this boy extremely [*Aside*].—Captain, what will you do ?

La-P. Any thing but follow to this land-service^o. I am a

^m *Exit*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

ⁿ *Throw the undoing die*] So MS, except that instead of “die” it has “dice.”—Both the folios have, “Through thy *undoing die*” (which is stark nonsense) ; and so the modern editors.

^o *follow to this land-service*] So the second folio, and MS. (except that it omits “to”).—The first folio has “*follow to this sea-service*.”

sea-captain, you know, and to offer to part 'em without we could do 't like watermen with long staves, a quarter of a mile off, might be dangerous.

Mal. Why, then, let's retire, and pray for 'em. I am resolved to stay the event^p: abused more than we have been we cannot be, without they fall to flat beating on's; and that were unkindly done, i' faith^q.

[*Exeunt* MALLICORN and LA-POOP.]

Ver. Never stir^r, but you are the troublesomest ass that e'er I met with! retire: you smell like a woman's chamber, that's^s newly up, before she have pinched her vapours in with her clothes.

Lav. I will haunt thee like thy grandame's ghost; thou shalt never rest for me.

Ver. Well, I perceive^t 'tis vain to conceal a secret from you: believe it, sir, indeed I am a woman.

Lav. Why, la, I knew't; this prophetic tongue of mine never failed me: my mother was half a witch; never any thing that she forespake but came to pass. A woman! how happy am I! now we may lawfully come together, without fear of hanging: sweet wench, be gracious! in honourable sort I woo, no otherwise.

Ver. Faith, the truth is, I have loved you long—

Lav. So, so^u!

Ver. But durst not open it.

^p *I am resolved to stay the event*] So MS.—Both the folios read “*I am resolv'd to stop your intent*”. Seward printed “*I am resolv'd to stop here; your intent?*” and so the Editors of 1778; so too Weber, omitting “here.”

^q *and that were unkindly done, i'faith*] So MS.—Both the folios give these words to Laverdine; and so the modern editors: but it is quite evident, not only from the previous remark of Mallicorn, but also from the next speech, that Laverdine's attention is wholly occupied by Veramour.

^r *Never stir*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied “Curse me”!

^s *that's*] MS. “she.”

^t *Well, I perceive, &c.*] MS. has “*Well a pox of your musk tongue for me, I perceau,*” &c.

^u *So, so*] So MS.—Both the folios have “See, see” (a misprint occasioned doubtless by the words having been spelt in the copy used by the printer of the first folio, as they are spelt in my MS.—“Soe, soe”); and so the modern editors.

Lav. By gad^v, I think so!

Ver. But, briefly, when you bring it to the test, if there be not one gentleman in this house will challenge more interest in me than you can, I am at your disposal^w.

Lav. Oh, Fortunatus^x, I envy thee not .
For cap or pouch! this day I'll prove my fortune,
In which your lady doth elect her husband,
Who will be Amiens; 'twill save my wedding-dinner.
Pauvre La-Poop and Mallicorn! If all fail,
I will turn citizen: a beauteous wife
Is the horn-book to the richest tradesman's life. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A field in the neighbourhood of Paris.*

Enter ORLEANS, DUBOIS, AMIENS, LONGUEVILLE, two Lacqueys,
and a Page with two pistols.

Dubois. Here's a good even piece of ground, my lord^y:
Will you fix here?

Orl. Yes; any where.—Lacquey, take off my spurs.—
Upon a bridge, a rail, but my sword's breadth,
Upon a battlement, I'll fight this quarrel!

Dubois. O' the ropes, my lord?

Orl. Upon a line.

Dubois. So all our country duels
Are carried, like a firework on a thread.

Orl. Go, now; stay with the horses; and, do you hear?

^v *By gad*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied "*By* heaven."

^w *disposure*] Here both the folios have "Exit"; which was also originally in the MS., but has been drawn through with a pen. It is evident that Veramour is on the stage during the next speech, where mention is made of "*your* lady."

^x *Oh, Fortunatus, &c.*] "Every one is acquainted with the wishing-cap of Fortunatus, which transported him to any place he chose, and with his inexhaustible purse." WEBER. A drama by Dekker, entitled *Old Fortunatus*, was printed in 1600.

^y *lord*] So MS.—Both the folios "lords;" and so the modern editors.

Upon your lives, till some of us come to you,
Dare not to look this way.

Dubois. Except you see
Strangers or others, that, by chance or purpose,
Are like to interrupt us.

Orl. Then give warning. [*Exeunt Lacqueys and Page.*

Long. Who takes a sword ? the advantage is so small,
As he that doubts hath the free leave to choose.

Orl. Come, give me any, and search me : 'tis not
The ground, weapon, or seconds, that can make
Odds in these^z fatal trials, but the cause.

Ami. Most true ; and, but it is no time to wish
When men are come to do, I would desire
The cause 'twixt us were other than it is ;
But where the right is, there prevail our swords !
And if my sister have out-liv'd her honour,
I do not pray I may out-live her shame.

Orl. Your sister, Amiens, is a whore, at once.

Ami. You oft have spoke that sense to me before,
But never in this language, Orleans ;
And when you spoke it fair, and first, I told you
That it was possible you might be abus'd :
But now,
Since you forget your manners, you shall free me^a,
If I transgress my custom. You do lie,
And are a villain ! which I had rather yet
My sword had prov'd than I been forc'd to speak ;—
Nay, give us leave ;—and since you stand so haughtily
And highly on your cause, let you and I,
Without engaging these two gentlemen,
Singly determine it.

Long. My lord, you'll pardon us.

Dubois. I trust your lordships
Mean not to do us^b that affront.

^z *these*] So MS.—Both the folios “ those ; ” and so the modern editors.

^a *free me*] So MS.—Both the folios “ finde ” (which is not sense) ; and so the modern editors.

^b *Mean not to do us*] So MS.—Both the folios “ May not doe us ” ; and so the modern editors.

Ami. As how ?

Dubois. We kiss your lordship's hand, and come to serve
you

Here with our ^c swords.

Long. My lord, we understand ourselves.

Dubois. We have had the honour to be call'd unto
The business, and we must not now quit it ^d
On terms ^e.

Ami. Not terms of reason ?

Long. No ;

No reason for the quitting of our calling.

Dubois. True ;

If I be call'd to 't, I must ask no reason.

Long. Nor hear none neither, which is less, nor look for 't ^f :
It is a favour, if my throat be cut,
Your lordship does me, which I never can,
Nor must have hope how to requite.—What noise ?

[*Voices within, Down with their swords!*]

What cry is that ?—My lord, upon your guard !
Some treachery is a-foot.

*Enter DUCHESS, LAMIRA, and MONTAGUE, followed by the two
Lacqueys and Page ^g.*

Duch. Oh, here they are !—

My lord—Dear lady, help me ! help me, all !—
I have so woeful interest in both,
I know not which to fear for most ; and yet
I must prefer my lord.—Dear brother,
You are too understanding and too noble,

^c *our*] So MS. (which, however, omits "Here").—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.—According to the French mode of duelling, the seconds frequently fought as well as the principals.

^d *now quit it*] Qy. "quit it now" ?

^e *On terms*] Seward printed "On any terms."

^f *nor look for't*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

^g *two Lacqueys and Page*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.—They return, in consequence of what Dubois has said to them, p. 421.

To be offended when I know my duty,
Though scarce my tears will let me see^h to do it.

Orl. Out, loathèd strumpet !

Duch. Oh, my dearest lord,

If words could on me cast the name of whore,

I then were worthy to be loathèd : but

Know, your unkindness cannot make me wicked ;

And therefore should less use that power upon me.

Orl. Was this your art, to have these actors come,
To make this interlude ? Withdraw, cold man !

And, if thy spirit be not frozen up,

Give me one stroke yet at thee for my vengeance !

Ami. Thou shalt have strokes and strokes, thou gloriousⁱ
man^j,

Till thou breath'st^k thinner air than that thou talk'st.

Lam. My lord ! count Amiens !

Duch. Princely husband !

Orl. Whore !

Lam. You wrong her, impudent lord ! Oh, that I had
The bulk of those dull men ! look, how they stand,
And no man will revenge an innocent lady !

Ami. You hinder it, madam.

Lam. I would hinder you ;

Is there none else to kill him ?

Duch. Kill him, madam !

Have you learn'd that bad language ? Oh, repent,
And be the motive rather both kill me^l !

Orl. Then die, my infamy !

[*Runs at her.*

Mont. Hold, bloody man !

Orl. Art thou there, basilisk ?

Mont. To strike thee dead,

But that thy fate deserves some weightier hand.

^h see] So MS.—Both the folios “so.”

ⁱ glorious] “i. e. vain, proud, in the sense of the French *glorieux*.” WEBER.

^j man] MS. “voice.”

^k breath'st] MS. “beest.”

^l And be the motive rather both kill me.] “i. e. and rather persuade them both to kill me.” SEWARD. MS. has, “Or by the motiue they will both kill me.”

Dubois. My lord ^m !

Orl. Oh, here's a plot ! You bring your champion ⁿ with you !

Madam adultress, your adulterer !

Out, howling bitch-wolf ^o !

Dubois. Good my lord !

Orl. Are you

Her grace's countenancer, lady, the receiver

To the poor virtuous ^p couple ?

Dubois. Sweet my lord !

Orl. Sweet rascal ! didst thou not ^q tell me, false fellow, This Montague here was murder'd ?

Dubois. I did so ;

But he was falser, and a worthless lord,

Like thy foul self, that would have had it so.

Long. Orleans, 'tis true ; and shall be prov'd upon thee.

Mont. Thy malice, duke, and this thy wicked nature, Are all as visible as thou ; but I, Born to contemn thy injuries, do know, That though thy greatness may corrupt a jury, And make a judge afraid, and carry out A world of evils with thy title, yet Thou art not quit ^r at home ; thou bear'st about thee That that doth charge thee, and condemn thee too. The thing that grieves me more, and doth indeed

^m *My lord*] So MS. (where "Sweet," which originally preceded these words, is carefully drawn through with a pen).—Both the folios "Sweet *my lord*" ; and so the modern editors : but see Dubois' third speech in this page.

ⁿ *champion*] So MS.—Both the folios "champions" ; and so the modern editors : but it is plain that Orleans alludes to Montague alone.

^o *Madam adultress, your adulterer* !

Out, howling bitch-wolf] So MS.—Both the folios have, "the *adultresse* with the *adulterer* : *Out howling* —" ; and so the modern editors.

^p *virtuous*] So MS.—Both the folios "vicious ;" and so the modern editors.

^q *thou not*] So MS. ; and so Weber. Both the folios "not thou ;" and so the Editors of 1778. Seward remodelled the line thus ;

"Sweet rascal ! didst not tell me, thou false fellow."

^r *quit*] i. e. acquitted. So MS.—Both the folios "quiet ;" and so the modern editors.

Displease me, is, to think that so much baseness
 Stands here to have encounter'd so much honour.—
 Pardon me, my lord, what late my passion spake,^s
 When you provok'd my innocence. [To AMIENS.]

Orl. Yes, do :

Oh, flattery, coarser than ^t the suit he wears !
 Give him a new one, Amiens.

Ami. Orleans,

'Tis here nor ^u time nor place to jest or rail
 Poorly with you ; but I will find a time to
 Whisper you forth to this, or some fit place,
 As shall not hold a second interruption.

Mont. I hope your lordship's honour and your life
 Are destin'd unto higher hazards ; this
 Is of a meaner arm ^v.

Dubois. Yes, faith, or none.

Long. He is not fit to fall by an honest sword :
 A prince, and lie !

Dubois. And slander ! and hire men
 To publish the false rumours he hath made !

Long. And stick 'em on his friends, and innocents !

Dubois. And practise 'gainst ^w their lives after their fames !

Long. In men that are the matter of all lewdness,
 Bawds, thieves, and cheaters, it were monstrous.

Dubois. But in a man of blood how more conspicuous !

Ami. Can this be, Heaven ^x ?

Duch. They do slander him.

Orl. Hang them, a pair of railing hang-bies ^y !

Long. How !

Stand, Orleans !—stay, give me my pistols, boy :—

[Takes pistol from Page.]

^s what late my passion spake, &c.] See p. 362.

^t coarser than] So MS.—Both the folios “becomes him better than” ; and so the modern editors.

^u nor] So MS.—Both the folios “no” ; and so the modern editors.

^v Is of a meaner arm] MS. “Is of to [i. e. too] meane an arme.”

^w 'gainst] So MS.—Both the folios “against.”

^x Heaven] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

^y hang-bies] “i. e. hangers-on.” WEBER.

Hinder me not!—by that foul life, of which
Thou art no longer master, I will kill thee²!

Duch. Oh, stay his fury!

Ami. Longueville, my friend!

Long. Not for myself, my lord, but for mankind,
And all that have an interest to virtue,
Or title unto innocence——

Ami. Why, hear me!

Long. For justice' sake——

Ami. That cannot be.

Long. To punish

His wife's, your honour's^a, and my lord's wrongs here,
Whom I must ever call so; for your loves,
I^b swear I'll sacrifice——

Ami. Longueville,

I did not think you a murderer before.

Long. I care not what you thought me.

Ami. By my soul,

And what it hopes for^c, if thou attempt his life,
Thy own is forfeit!

Mont. Foolish frantic man,
The murder will be of us, not him.

Duch. Oh, Heaven^d!

² *Hinder me not!—by that foul life, of which
Thou art no longer master, I will kill thee!*] So MS.—In both the folios
the passage stands thus;

“*Hinder me not, by ——
I will kill him*”;

and so the modern editors, except that after “by” the Editors of 1778 supplied
“Heavens,” and Weber “Heaven.”

^a *honour's*] So MS.; and so, from conjecture, Seward and the Editors of
1778.—Both the folios “honour”; and so Weber.

^b *I*] So MS.—Both the folios “*Ile*”; and so Seward.

^c *By my soul,*

And what it hopes for] So MS.—Both the folios have merely “By ——”
(marking the omission by a break, which in the first folio is unusually long);
and so the modern editors, except that those of 1778 and Weber supplied
“Heaven” after “By.”

^d *Heaven*] So MS. and the second folio.—The first folio “God;” and so
Weber.

Mont. We could have kill'd him, but we would not take
The justice out of fate's—before my God^e,
Singe but a hair of him, thou diest !

Long. No matter.

[*Shoots*^f.

Ami. Villain !

[*The DUCHESS falls.*

Dubois. My lord, your sister is slain.

Ami. Bianca !

Mont. Oh, hapless and most wretched chance !

Lam. Stand'st thou

[*To ORLEANS.*

Looking upon the mischief thou hast made,
Thou godless man, feeding thy blood-shot eyes
With the red spectacle, and art not turn'd
To stone with horror ? Hence, and take the wings
Of thy black infamy, to carry thee
Beyond the shoot of looks, or sound of curses,
Which will pursue thee till^g thou hast out fled
All but thy guilt ;—that still be present with thee^h !

Orl. Oh, wish it off again ! for I am crack'd
Under the burden, and my heart will break.
How heavy guilt is, when men come to feel !
If you could know the mountain I sustain
Ofⁱ horror, you would each take off your part,
And more, to ease me. I cannot stand : forgive
Where I have wrong'd, I pray !

[*Falls.*

Ami. Look to him, Montague.

^e *The justice out of fate's—before my God*] So MS.—Both the folios omit “before my God” (marking the omission by a break) ; and so the modern editors.—In the first part of this speech (as the MS. distinctly proves) the authors intended the sense to be incomplete ; Montague, seeing that Longueville is just about to shoot, suddenly breaks off to threaten him with death if he does the slightest injury to Orleans.

^f *Shoots*] So MS.—In both the folios the stage-direction is confounded with the text thus,—“No matter, shoot.”

^g *till*] So MS. ; and so, from conjecture, Seward and his successors.—Both the folios “still.”

^h *that still be present with thee*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

ⁱ *Of*] So MS. ; and so Seward from conjecture.—Both the folios “With” ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

Long. My lords and gentlemen, the lady's well,
But for her fear^j; unless that have shot her :
I have the worst on 't^k, that needs would venture
Upon a trick had like to ha' cost my guts.
Look to her; she'll be well: it was but powder
I charg'd with, thinking that a guilty man
Would have been frighted sooner; but I am glad
He's come at last.

Lam. How! is Bianca well?^l

Mont. Not hurt^m?

Ami. Lives she?—See, sister!—Doth she breathe?

Duch. Oh, gentlemenⁿ, think you I can breathe,
That am restorèd to the hateful sense
Of feeling in me my dear husband's death?
Oh, no, I live not! life was that I left,
And what you have call'd me to is death indeed :
I cannot weep so fast as he doth bleed.

Dubois. Pardon me, madam; he is well.

Duch. Ha! my husband!

Orl. I cannot speak whether my joy or shame
Be greater;—but I thank thee, Heaven^o, for both.
Oh, look not black upon me, all my friends!
To whom I will be reconcil'd, or grow
Unto this earth, till I have wept a trench
That shall be great enough to be my grave;
And I will think them too most manly tears,
If they do move your pities. It is true,
Man should do nothing that he should repent;

^j ————— *the lady's well,*

But for her fear] So MS.—Both the folios have, “*the Lady is well, but for feare*”; and so the modern editors.

^k *on't*] Altered by the modern editors to “of it.”

^l *How! is Bianca well?*] In both the folios these words are wrongly pointed thus, “*How is Byancha? well?*” and so the modern editors.

^m *Mont. Not hurt*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

ⁿ *Oh, gentlemen*] Omitted in MS.

^o *thee, Heaven*] So MS.—Both the folios “the Heavens”; and so the modern editors.

But if he have, and say that he is sorry,
It is a worse fault if he be not truly.

Lam. My lord, such sorrow cannot be suspected.
Here, take your honour'd wife, and join your hands :
I will be ^p she hath married you again. —
And, gentlemen, I do invite you all
This night to take my house ; where on the morrow,
To heighten more the reconciling feast,
I'll make myself a husband and a guest^q. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The country.*—*A room in LAMIRA'S house.*

Enter MONTAGUE and CHARLOTTE.

Charl. Well, now, I am sure you are mine.

Mont. I am sure I am glad

I have one to own me ^r, then : you'll find me honest,
As these days go, enough ; poor, without question,
Which beggars hold a virtue ; give me meat,
And I shall do my work, else knock my shoes off,
And turn me out again.

Charl. You are merry, fellow^s.

Mont. I have no great cause.

^p *I will be*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break) ; and by the modern editors.—Weber suspected (rather unnecessarily, since the speaker is Lamira) that something had been omitted “on the score of delicacy.” The fact evidently is, that the copy of the play used by the editor of the first folio was in various places either imperfect or illegible.

^q *I'll make myself a husband and a guest*] “That is, I will choose one and the other ; meaning the same as Mason's proposed variation—‘ I'll take myself a husband and a guest.’” WEBER.

^r *me*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

^s *You are merry, fellow*] So MS.—Both the folios have “*You are a merry fellow*” ; and so the modern editors. By “fellow” she means—fellow-attendant : compare her third speech after this, and Montague's speech, “My sweet fellow,” &c. p. 413.

Charl. Yes, thy love to me ^t.

Mont. That's as we make our game.

Charl. Why, you repent, then?

Mont. Faith, no; worse than I am I cannot be;
 Much better I expect not: I shall love you,
 And, when you bid me go to bed, obey,
 Lie still or move, as you shall minister;
 Keep a four-nobles nag ^u and a Jack-merlin ^v,
 Learn to love ale, and play at two-hand Irish ^w;
 And there's the ^x all I aim at.

Charl. Nay, sweet fellow,
 I'll make it something better.

Mont. If you do, you'll make me worse:
 Now I am poor, and willing to do well,
 Hold me in that course: of all the king's creatures,
 I hate his coin; keep me from that, and save me;
 For if you chance, out of your housewifery,
 To glean ^y a hundred pound or two, bestow it
 In plum-broth ere I know on 't ^z; else I take it,
 Seek out a hundred men that want this money,
 Share it among 'em, they ^a cry "noble Montague!"
 And so I stand again at livery.

Charl. You have pretty fancies, sir; but, married once,
 This charity will fall home to yourself.

Mont. I would it would! I am afraid my looseness

^t *thy love to me*] MS. has "my loue to ye."

^u *a four-nobles nag*] i. e. a nag worth four nobles,—a noble being a gold coin, value 6s. 8d.

^v *a Jack-merlin*] So the second folio and MS.—The first folio has "*a black Merling*."—The merlin is a small species of hawk. "A Jack is the Male of a Merlin, some call him a *Jack-Merlin*." R. Holme's *Ac. of Armory*, 1688, B. ii. p. 236.—"Montague does not mean to say that he would turn falconer, as Seward supposes, but that he would keep a hawk of an ordinary kind." MASON.

^w *Irish*] See note, p. 108.

^x *the*] So MS.—Both the folios "then"; and so the modern editors.

^y *glean*] So MS.—Both the folios "leave"; and so Seward. The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "save."

^z *on't*] So MS.—Both the folios "it"; and so the modern editors.

^a *they*] So MS.—Both the folios "they'l" (which is less suitable to the context); and so the modern editors.

Is yet scarce stopt, though it have nought to work on
But the mere air of what I have had.

Charl. Pretty!

Mont. I wonder, sweetheart, why you'll marry me;
I can see nothing in myself deserves it,
Unless the handsome wearing of a band,
For that's my stock now, or a pair of garters,
Necessity will not let me loose^b.

Charl. I see, sir,
A great deal more; a handsome man, a husband,
To make a right good woman truly happy.

Mont. Lord, where are my eyes! Either you are foolish,
As wenches once a-year are, or far worse,
Extremely virtuous: can you love a poor man
That relies^c on cold meat and cast stockings,
One only suit to his back, which now is mewing^d,
But what will be the next coat will pose Tristrem:
If I should levy from my friends a fortune,
I could not raise ten groats to pay the priest now.

Charl. I'll do that duty: 'tis not means nor money
Makes me pursue your love; were your mind bankrupt,
I would never love you.

Enter LAMIRA.

Mont. Peace, wench! here's my lady.

Lam. Nay, never shrink i' the wetting, for my presence:
D'ye find her willing, Montague?

Mont. Willing, madam!

Lam. How dainty you make of it! do not I know
You two love one another?

Mont. Certain, madam,

^b *loose*] Altered by the modern editors to "lose."

^c *That relies*] Seward, for the metre, printed "*That but relies.*"

^d *mewing*] i. e. becoming bare. It properly means—moulting; and is a term in falconry,—to which there is an allusion also in the next line, the hero of romance, Tristrem, being reputed a great authority in every thing connected with field-sports.

I think you 've revelations of these matters :
Your ladyship cannot tell me when I kiss'd her ?

Lam. But she can, sir.

Mont. But she will not, madam ;
For when they talk once, 'tis like fairy-money ^e,
They get no more close kisses.

Lam. Thou art wanton.

Mont. God knows I need not ; yet I would be lusty ;
But, by my troth ^f, my provender scarce pricks me.

Lam. It shall be mended, Montague : I am glad
You are grown so merry.

Mont. So am I too, madam.

Lam. You two will make a pretty handsome consort.

Mont. Yes, madam, if my fiddle fail me not ^g.

Lam. Your fiddle ! why your fiddle ? I warrant, thou
mean'st madly.

Mont. Can you blame me ? alas, I am in love !

Charl. 'Tis very well, sir !

Lam. How long have you been thus ?

Mont. How ? thus in love ?

Lam. You are very quick, sir : no ; I mean, thus pleasant.

Mont. By my troth, madam ^h, ever since I was poor.

Lam. A little wealth would change you, then ?

Mont. Yes, lady,

Into another suit, but never more

Into another man ; I'll bar that mainly.

The wealth I get henceforward shall be charm'd

^e *fairy-money*] "According to the popular creed, favours bestowed by the fairies were discontinued if not kept secret." WEBER. And personal or family misfortune usually befell those who betrayed their confidence : see Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, iii. 476.

^f *by my troth*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied "*by my soul*."

^g *Lam.* *You two will make a pretty handsome consort.*

Mont. *Yes, madam, if my fiddle fail me not*] "This is one of the innumerable quibbles in old plays upon the usual meaning of the word *consort*, and its ancient sense,—a band of musicians." WEBER.

^h *By my troth, madam*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). Weber supplied "*By heaven*."

For ever hurting me ; I'll spend it fasting.
 As I live, noble lady, there is nothing,
 I have found, directly cures the melancholy,
 But want and wedlock : when I had store of money,
 I simper'd sometime, and spoke wondrous wise,
 But never laugh'd outright ; now I am empty,
 My heart sounds like a bell, and strikes o'ⁱ both sides.

Lam. You are finely temper'd, Montague.

Mont. Pardon, lady,

If any way my free mirth have offended :
 'Twas meant to please you ; if it prove too saucy,
 Give it a frown, and I am ever silenc'd.

Lam. I like it passing well ; pray, follow it.
 This is my day of choice, and shall be yours too ;
 'Twere pity to delay you : call to the steward,
 And tell him 'tis my pleasure he should give you
 Five hundred crowns ; make yourself handsome, Montague ;
 Let none wear better clothes ; 'tis for my credit :
 But, pray, be merry still.

Mont. If I be not,
 And make a fool of twice as many hundreds,
 Clap me in canvass, lady.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another room in the same.*

Enter LA-POOP, LAVERDINE, *and* MALLICORN.

Lav. I am strangely glad I have found the mystery
 Of this disguis'd boy out ; I ever trusted
 It was a woman, and how happily^j
 I have found it so ! and for myself, I am sure,
 One that would offer me a thousand pound now
 (And that's a pretty sum to make one stagger)

ⁱ o'] Both the folios "at" ; and so the modern editors. MS. has "a"
 (i. e. o').

^j *how happily*] "I suspect we should adopt Mason's proposal of reading—
 'now happily.'" WEBER. MS. has distinctly "how."

In ready gold for this concealment^j, could not
Buy my hope of her. She's a dainty wench,
And such a one, I find, I want extremely,
To bring me into credit : beauty does it. [Aside.]

Mal. Say we should all meach^k here, and stay the feast now,
What can the worst be? We have play'd the knaves ;
That's without question.

La-P. True ; and, as I take it, this is the first truth
We told these ten^l years, and, for any thing
I know, may be the last : but grant we are knaves,
Both base and beastly knaves—

Mal. Say so, then.

Lav. Well.

La-P. And likewise let it be consider'd, we have wrong'd,
And most maliciously, this gentlewoman
We cast^m to stay with, what must we expect now ?

Mal. Ay, there's the point ; we would expect good eating.

La-P. I know we would, but we may find good beating.

Lav. You say true, gentlemen ; and, by my faithⁿ,
Though I love meat as well as any man,
I care not what he be, if 'a eat a' God's name^o,
Such crab-sauce to my meat will turn my palate.

Mal. There's all the hazard ; for the frozen Montague
Has now got spring again and warmth in him,
And, without doubt, dares beat us terribly :
For, not to mince^p the matter, we are cowards,
And have and shall be beaten, when men please
To call us into cudgelling.

^j concealment] See note, p. 449.

^k meach] "Means lurk. Mason, who did not know this common signification, would read, very tamely—'mess here.'" WEBER.

^l these ten] MS. "this 7."

^m cast] i. e. devise, scheme.

ⁿ my faith] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied "my soul."

^o if 'a eat a' God's name] Was altered to "if he beat a' God's name" by the Editors of 1778, who, says Mason, "found this passage sense, and amended it into nonsense. The old reading means, 'if he eats fairly, without the devil to help him.'"

^p mince] So MS.—Both the folios "mint."

La-P. I feel

We are very prone that way.

Lav. The sons of Adam.

La-P. Now, here then rests the state o' the question ;
Whether we yield our bodies for a dinner
To a sound dog-whip (for, I promise ye,
If men be given to correction,
We can expect no less), or quietly
Take a hard egg or two, and ten mile hence
Bait in a ditch? this we may do securely ;
For to stay hereabout will be all one,
If once our moral mischiefs come in memory.

Mal. But, pray ye, hear me : is not this the day
The virgin lady doth elect her husband ?

Lav. The dinner is to that end.

Mal. Very well, then ;

Say we all stay, and say we scape^a this whipping,
And be well entertain'd, and one of us
Carry the lady ?

La-P. 'Tis a seemly saying,
I must confess ; but if we stay, how fitly
We may apply it to ourselves i' th' end,
Will ask a Christian fear : I cannot see,
If I say true, what special ornaments
Of art or nature (lay aside our lying,
Whoring, and drinking, which are no great virtues)
We are endued withal, to win this lady.

Mal. Yet women go not by the best parts ever ;
That I have found directly.

Lav. Why should we fear, then ?
They choose men as they feed : sometimes they settle
Upon a white-broth^r face, a sweet smooth gallant,
And him they make an end of in a night ;
Sometimes a goose, sometimes a grosser meat ;

^a *say we scape*] So MS. ; and so Seward from conjecture.—Both the folios “*say we all scape*” ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

^r *white-broth*] So MS.—Both the folios “*white-broth'd*” ; and so the modern editors.

A rump of beef will serve 'em at some season,
 And fill their bellies too, though without doubt
 They are great devourers ; stock-fish is a dish,
 If it be well dress'd, for the toughness' sake,
 Will make the proudest of 'em long and leap for 't ;
 They'll run mad for a pudding, ere they'll starve.

La-P. For my own part, I care not, come what can come ;
 If I be whipt, why so be it ! if cudgell'd,
 I hope I shall out-live it : I am sure
 'Tis not the hundredth time I have been serv'd so
 And yet, I thank Heaven^s, I am here.

Mal. Here's resolution.

La-P. A little patience, and a rotten apple,
 Cures twenty worse diseases : what say you, sir ?

Lav. Marry, I say, sir, if I had been acquainted
 With lamming^t in my youth, as you have been,
 With whipping and such benefits of nature,
 I should do better : as I am, I'll venture :
 And if it be my luck to have the lady,
 I'll use my fortune modestly ; if beaten,
 You shall not hear a word ; one I am sure of,
 And if the worst fall, she shall be my physic.

La-P^u. Let's go, then, and a merry wind be with us !

Mal. Captain, your shoes are old ; pray put 'em off,
 And let one fling 'em after us^v. Be bold, sirs.

Lav.^w And howsoever our fortune falls, let's bear
 An equal burden : if there be an odd lash,
 We'll part it afterwards.

La-P. I am arm'd at all points.

[*Exeunt.*

^s *Heaven*] So the second folio. The first folio "God" ; and so Weber.—
 MS. gives the line thus,—

"*And yet I thanke the Fates I am here too.*"

^t *lamming*] "i. e. beating." MASON.

^u *La-P.*] So MS.—Both the folios make this line a portion of the preceding
 speech ; and so the modern editors.

^v *And let one fling 'em after us*] "In order to produce goodluck ; an idea
 still prevalent among the vulgar." WEBER.

^w *Lav.*] So MS.—Both the folios make this speech a portion of the preceding
 one ; and so the modern editors.

SCENE III.—*Another room in the same.*

Enter four Servants, bringing in a banquet ^x.

First Serv. Then my lady will have a bed-fellow to-night?

Sec. Serv. So she says: Heaven, what a dainty arm-full
Shall he enjoy that has the launching of her!
What a fight she'll make!

Third Serv. Ay, marry, boys,
There will be sport indeed! there will be grappling!
She has a murderer ^y lies in her prow,
I am afraid will fright his main-mast, Robin.

Fourth Serv. Who dost thou think shall have her, of thy
conscience?

Thou art a wise man.

Third Serv. If she go the old way,
The way of lot, the longest cut sweeps all
Without question.

First Serv. She has lost a friend of me else.
What think ye of the courtier?

Sec. Serv. Hang him, hedge-hog!
H'as nothing in him but a piece of *Euphues* ^z,
And twenty dozen of tweldepenny ribband, all

^x *Enter four Servants, bringing in a banquet*] MS. has "*A Banquet set out: then Enter Orleance and his Ladye*", &c., omitting the whole of the dialogue between the four Servants.—A *banquet* means here, as in many other passages of our old writers, what is now called a dessert. Immediately after having dined, our ancestors usually removed to another apartment where the *banquet* was set out.

^y *murderer*] Was the name for a very destructive piece of ordnance.

^z *Euphues*] *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit*, and *Euphues and his England*, are two prose-works by John Lilly (the dramatist), which display considerable ability, though composed in the most affected and unnatural style. On their first appearance, they were received with the greatest admiration by the court of Elizabeth: "Our nation," says the Editor of Lilly's plays in 1632, "are in his debt for a new English which hee taught them. *Euphues and his England* began first that language: all our ladies were then his schollers; and that beautie in court which could not parley *Euphueisme* was as little regarded as shee which now there speakes not French." Most readers will recollect that one of the characters in Scott's *Monastery*, Sir Piercie Shafton, is a professed *Euphuist*.

About him ; he is but one pedlar's shop
Of gloves and garters, pick-teeth and pomander ^a.

Third Serv. The courtier ! marry, God bless her, Steven,
she is not

Mad yet ; she knows that trindle-tail ^b too well ;
He's crest-faln, and pin-buttock'd with leaping laundresses.

Fourth Serv. The merchant,—sure, she will not be so base
To have him.

First Serv. I hope so, Robin ; he'll sell us all
To the Moors to make mummy :—nor the captain.

Fourth Serv. Who, pot-gun ^c? that's a sweet youth indeed!
Will he stay, think ye ?

Third Serv. Yes, without question,
And have half din'd too ere the grace be done.
He's good for nothing in the world but eating,
Lying, and sleeping ; what other men devour
In drink, he takes in pottage : they say h'as been
At sea ; a herring-fishing, for, without doubt,
He dares not hail an eel-boat i' the way of war.

Sec. Serv. I think so ; they would beat him off with butter.

Third Serv. When he brings in a prize, unless it be
Cockles, or Calais sand ^d to scour with,

^a *pomander*] i. e. a composition of perfumes, wrought into the shape of a ball or other form, and worn in the pocket or about the neck, sometimes carried in the hand. The composition was occasionally put into a case of silver, or even of gold, constructed for the purpose : see my note on Skelton's *Works*, ii. 324.

^b *trindle-tail*] A corruption of *trundle-tail*.

^c *pot-gun*] See note, p. 253.

^d *Calais sand*] “ This article is still cried about the streets of Bath by ragged boys and girls ; and probably no further allusion is intended in the following passage of *Albumazar*, which Mr. Reed [Steevens] has referred to a custom of going over to Calais to fight duels beyond the reach of the English law—

‘ If we concur in all, write a formal challenge,
And bring thy second : meanwhile I make provision
Of *Calais sand*, to fight upon securely.’” WEBER.

Though we learn from various passages of early writers that duellists were in the habit of going over to Calais to settle their differences upon the sands there,—the speaker of the lines just cited evidently means that he will procure some sand from Calais, and ingeniously evade the law by fighting on *foreign ground*.

I'll renounce my five mark a-year,
 And all the hidden art I have in carving,
 To teach young birds to whistle *Walsingham*^e :
 Leave him to the lime-boats. Now, what think you
 Of the brave Amiens ?

First Serv. That 's a thought, indeed.

Sec. Serv. Ay, marry, there 's a person fit to feed
 Upon a dish so dainty ; and he 'll do't,
 I warrant him, i' the nick, boys ; h 'as a body
 World without end.

Fourth Serv. And such a one my lady
 Will make no little of. But is not Montague
 Married to-day ?

Third Serv. Yes, faith, honest Montague
 Must have his bout too.

Sec. Serv. He 's as good a lad
 As ever turn'd a trencher : must we leave him ?

Third Serv. He 's too good for us, Steven. I'll give him
 health
 To his good luck to-night i' the old beaker,
 And it shall be sack too.

Fourth Serv. I must have a garter ;
 And, boys, I have bespoke a posset ; somebody
 Shall give me thanks for 't ; 't has a few toys in 't
 Will raise commotions in a bed, lad.

First Serv. Away ! my lady. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter ORLEANS and Duchess arm in arm, AMIENS, LAMIRA,
 CHARLOTTE dressed as a bride, MONTAGUE in brave^f apparel,
 LONGUEVILLE, DUBOIS, LAVERDINE, LA-POOP, MALLICORN, and
 Attendants.*

Lam. Seat^g yourselves, noble lords and gentlemen ;

^e *Walsingham*] This popular tune is often noticed by writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. See Chappell's *Nat. Engl. Airs*, ii. 157. A ballad, where mention is made of a pilgrimage to Walsingham, is quoted in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act ii. sc. 8. (vol. ii. 172).

^f *brave*] i. e. rich, gay.—MS. "verie *brave*."

^g *Seat*] So the second folio and MS.—The first folio "Stur."

You know your places. Many royal welcomes
I give your grace : how lovely shews this change !
My house is honour'd in this reconcilment.

Orl. Thus, madam, must you do ;
My lady now shall see you made a woman,
And give you some short lessons for your voyage.
Take her instructions, lady ; she knows much.

Lam. This becomes you, sir.

Duch. My lord must have his will.

Orl. 'Tis all I can do now, sweetheart.—Fair lady,
This to your happy choice !—Brother Amiens,
You are the man I mean it to.

Ami. I'll pledge you.

Orl. And with my heart.

Ami. With all my love I take it.

Lam. Noble lords,
I am proud ye have done this day so much content,
And me such estimation, that this hour,
In this poor house, shall be ^s a league for ever ;
For so, I know, ye mean it.

Ami. I do, lady.

Orl. And I, my lord.

All. You've done a work of honour.

Ami. Give me the cup : where this health stops, let that
man

Be either very sick or very simple ;
Or I am very angry.—Sir, to you !—
Madam, methinks this gentleman might sit too ;
He would become the best on's.

Orl. Pray, sit down, sir :
I know the lady of the feast expects not
This day so much old custom.

Lam. Sit down, Montague ;
Nay, never blush for the matter.

Mont. Noble madam,
I have two reasons ^h against it, and I dare not :

^s shall be] MS. "to knit."

^h reasons] MS. "tyes."

Duty to you first, as you are my lady,
And I your poorest servant ; next, the custom
Of this day's ceremony.

Lam. As you are my servant,
I may command you, then.

Mont. To my life, lady.

Lam. Sit down, and here ; I'll have it so.

Ami. Sit down, man ;
Never refuse so fair a lady's offer.

Mont. It is your pleasure, madam, not my pride,
And I obey.—I'll pledge you now, my lord.—
Monsieur Longueville !

Long. I thank you, sir.

Mont. This to my lady,
And her fair choice to-day, and happiness !

Long. 'Tis a fair health ; I'll pledge you, though I sink for 't.

Lam. Montague, you are too modest : come, I'll add
A little more wine t'ye ; 'twill make you merry.
This to the good I wish you !ⁱ

Mont. Honour'd lady,
I shall forget myself with this great bounty.

Lam. You shall not, sir.—Give him^j some wine.

Ami. By Heaven^k,
You are a worthy woman ; and that man is blest
Can come near such a lady.

Lam. Such a blessing
Wet weather washes off, my lord.

Mont. At all !
I will not go a lip less^l.

ⁱ *you*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios.

^j *him*] Altered by Weber to "me" !

^k *By Heaven*] MS. "I swear."

^l *Lam.* *Such a blessing*

Wet weather washes off, my lord.

Mont. *At all !*

I will not go a lip less] So MS.—In both the folios these speeches stand thus ;

"*Lami.* *Such a blessing wet weather washes.*

Mont. *At all, I will not go a lip lesse my Lord.*"

(where by an error in the transcript used for the first folio, or by a mistake of

Orl. 'Tis well cast, sir.

Mal. If Montague get more wine, we are like^m to hear on'tⁿ.

Lav. I do not like that sitting there.

Mal. Nor I ;

Methinks he looks like a judge^o.

La-P. Now have I

A kind o' grudging of a beating on me ;

I fear my hot fit.

Mal. Drink apace ; there 's nothing
Allays a cudgel like it.

Lam. Montague, now

I'll put my choice to you : who do you hold,

In all this honour'd company, a husband

Fit to enjoy thy lady ? speak directly.

Mont. Shall I speak, madam ?

Lam. Montague, you shall.

Mont. Then, as I have a soul, I'll speak my conscience.—

Give me more wine : *in vino veritas*.—

Here 's to myself, and—Montague, have a care^p!— [*Aside.*

Lam. Speak to the cause.

Mont. Yes, madam.

First, I'll begin at the lower end^q.

Lav. Have at us !

La-P. Now for a psalm of mercy !

Mont. You, good monsieur, [*To LAVERDINE.*

the compositor, "off" has dropt out, and "my lord" is thrust down to the end of Montague's speech) ; and so Weber : Seward altered "*washes*" to "*wishes!*" and so the Editors of 1778.—"*At all!*" is an expression borrowed from gaming ; so is "*go less,*"—see note, vol. ii. 486.

^m *are like*] So the first folio and MS.—The second folio "*are all like*" ; and so Seward.

ⁿ *on 't*] Altered by the modern editors to "of it."

^o *like a judge*] MS. "*like justice*" (qy "*like a justice*" ?).

^p *Montague, have a care*] Not only the two folios, but the MS. also, make this a portion of Montague's speech. Seward assigned it to Lamira ; and so the Editors of 1778. Weber justly observes, "It is surely much more delicate that Montague should check himself. Lamira does not seem to have any such intention."

^q *at the lower end*] So MS.—Both the folios "to thee" ; and so the modern editors.

You that belie the noble name of courtier,
 And think your claim good here, hold up your hand :
 Your worship is indicted here for a
 Vain-glorious fool——

Lav. Good^r ! oh, sir !

Mont. For one whose wit
 Lies in a ten-pound waistcoat, yet not warm :
 You have travell'd like a fiddler to make faces,
 And brought home nothing but a case of toothpicks^s :
 You would be married, and no less than lady^t,
 And of the best sort, can serve you ; thou silk-worm^u,
 What hast thou in thee to deserve this woman ?
 Name but the poorest piece of man, good manners,
 There's nothing sound about thee ; faith, thou'st none ;
 It lies pawn'd at thy silk-man's, for so much lace
 Thy credit with his wife^v cannot redeem it ;
 Thy clothes are all the soul thou hast, for so
 Thou sav'st them handsome for the next great tilting,
 Let who will take the t'other^w : thou wert never christen'd,
 Upon my conscience, but in barber's water ;
 Thou art never out o' the basin, thou art rotten,
 And, if thou dar'st tell truth, thou wilt confess it,
 To kill the noisomeness of itch^x ; thy skin
 Looks of a chesnut colour, greas'd with amber :

^r *Good*] Omitted in MS.

^s *toothpicks*] The use of toothpicks was formerly regarded as an affectation of gentility : they are supposed to have been invented in Italy ; and those persons who had visited that country, were fond of displaying them in public.

^t *lady*] So MS.—Both the folios “ ladies ” ; and so the modern editors.

^u *thou silk-worm*] Here Weber inserted a stage-direction, “[*To Mallicorn*.”, though the whole of this speech is evidently levelled at Laverdine : nor did he perceive that in a subsequent speech Montague really addresses Mallicorn.

^v *with his wife*] So the second folio and MS.—The first folio has “ which is worse.”

^w *the t'other*] See note, vol. ii. p. 45.—Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to “ the other.”

^x *To kill the noisomeness of itch*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break) ; and by the modern editors.

All women that on earth do dwell thou lovest,
 Yet none that understand love thee again,
 But those that love the spital. Get thee home,
 Poor painted butterfly ! thy summer 's past :
 Go, sweat, and eat dry mutton ; thou mayst live
 To do so well yet, a bruis'd chambermaid
 May fall upon thee, and advance thy follies.
 You have your sentence.—Now it follows, captain,
 I treat of you.

La-P. Pray Heaven ^y, I may deserve it !

Orl. Beshrow ^z my heart, he speaks plain.

Ami. That 's plain dealing.

Mont. You are a rascal, captain !

La-P. A fine calling !

Mont. A water-coward !

Ami. He would make a pretty stuff ^a.

Mont. May I speak freely, madam ?

Lam. Here 's none ties you.

Mont. Why shouldst thou dare come hither with a thought
 To find a wife here fit for thee ? are all
 Thy single-money whores, that fed on carrots,
 And fill'd the high grass with familiars,
 Faln off to footmen ? Prithee, tell me truly,
 (For now I know thou dar'st not lie) couldst thou not
 Wish thyself beaten well with all thy heart now,
 And out of pain ? say that I broke a rib,
 Or cut thy nose off, were 't not merciful
 For this ambition ?

La-P. Do your pleasure, sir ;
 Beggars must not be choosers.

Orl. He longs for beating.

Mont. But that I have nobler thoughts possess my soul,
 Than such brown biscuit, such a piece of dog-fish,

^y *Pray Heaven*] So the second folio.—MS. " I wish." The first folio "*Pray God*"; and so Weber.

^z *Orl. Beshrow, &c.*] MS. omits this and the next speech.

^a *pretty stuff*] "*Amiens puns upon such stuffs as camblets, silks, &c. being watered.*" WEBER.

Such a most mangy mackerel-eater as thou art,
 That dares do nothing that belongs to the sea,
 But spew, and catch rats, and fear men-of-war,
 Though thou hast nothing in the world to lose
 Aboard thee, but one piece of beef, one musket
 Without a cock for peace-sake, and a pitch-barrel,—
 I'll tell thee, if my time were not more precious
 Than thus to lose it, I would rattle^b thee,
 It may be beat thee, and thy pew-fellow^c,
 The merchant there of cat-skins^d, till my words,
 Or blows, or both, made ye two branded wretches
 To all the world hereafter!—You would fain too
 Venture your bills of lading for this lady: [To MALLICORN.
 What would you give now for her? some five frail^e
 Of rotten figs, good godson, would you not, sir?
 And half a pint of olives^f, or a parrot
 That speaks High-Dutch? Can all thou ever saw'st
 Of thine own fraughts from sea, or cozenage
 (At which thou art as expert as the devil),
 Nay, sell thy soul for wealth too, as thou wilt do,
 Forfeit thy friends, and raise a mint of money,
 Make thee dream all these double could procure
 One^g kiss from this good lady? canst thou hope
 She would lie with such a nook of hell as thou art,
 And hatch young merchant-furies?—Oh, ye dog-bolts^h,
 That fear no hell but Dunkirkⁱ! I shall see you

^b *would rattle*] MS. "*wolld so rattle.*"

^c *pew-fellow*] i. e. companion (companion in the same pew or enclosed seat). So MS., where it is written "*pue fellow.*" Both the folios "*pure fellow*"; and so the modern editors,—even Weber retaining this absurd misprint, though Mason had pointed out the right reading.

^d *catskins*] MS. "*eele skins.*"

^e *frail*] "A sort of slight basket, of rushes, or matting, particularly those wherein raisins, figs, &c. are packed . . . Coles, in his *English Dict.* sets down a frail as a certain weight of raisins, viz. about 70 pounds." Nares's *Gloss.*

^f *And half a pint of olives*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

^g *One*] So MS.—Both the folios "A"; and so the modern editors.

^h *dog-bolts*] See note, p. 149.

ⁱ *no hell but Dunkirk*] So the second folio.—The first folio and MS. have

Serve in a lousy lime-boat, ere I die,
 For mouldy^j cheese and butter Billingsgate
 Would not endure, or bring in rotten pippins
 To cure blue eyes, and swear they came from China.

Lam. Vex 'em no more ; alas, they shake !

Mont. Down quickly

On^k your marrow-bones, and thank this lady !
 I would not leave you thus else ; there are blankets,
 And such delights for such knaves : but fear still ;
 'Twill be revenge enough to keep you waking.
 Ye have no mind of marriage^l, ha' ye ?

La-P. Surely,

No great mind now.

Mont. Nor you ?

Mal. Nor I, I take it.

Mont. Two eager suitors !

Lav. Troth, 'tis^m wondrous hot ;
 Heaven bless us from him !

Lam. You have told me, Montague,
 Who are not fit to have me ; let me know
 The man you would 'point for meⁿ.

Mont. There he sits ;
 My lord of Amiens, madam, is my choice :
 He 's noble every way, and worth a wife
 With all the dowers of virtue^o.

"no God but Dunkirks."—The privateers of Dunkirk (often mentioned by our early writers) were very formidable.

^j *mouldy*] MS. "walkinge."

^k *On*] Altered by the modern editors to "Upon"; and so perhaps the author wrote (though MS. has "a").

^l *of marriage*] MS. "to marrie."

^m *'tis*] Heath would read "he's"; but the meaning is—that Montague's words have thrown Laverdine into a perspiration.

ⁿ *'point for me*] i. e. appoint for me.—So MS.—Both the folios "*point out for me*"; and so the modern editors.

^o

worth a wife

With all the dowers of virtue] So MS.—Both the folios have,

"worthy a wife

With all the dowries of —";

and so the modern editors.

Ami. Do you speak, sir,
Out of your friendship to me?

Mont. Yes, my lord,
And out of truth; for I could never flatter.

Ami. I will^p not say how much I owe you for it,
For that were but a promise; but I'll think^q you,
As now I find you, in despite of fortune,
A fair and noble gentleman.

Lam. My lords,
I must confess the choice this man hath made
Is every way a great one, if not too great,
And no way to be slighted: yet, because
We love to have our own eyes sometimes, now^r
Give me a little liberty to see
How I could fit myself, if I were put to 't.

Ami. Madam, we must.

Lam. Are ye all agreed?

All. All, lady^s.

Lam. Then, as I am a maid, I shall^t choose here!
Montague, I must have thee.

Mont. Oh^u, madam, I have learn'd to suffer more
Than you can, out of pity, mock me with,
This way especially.

Lam. Thou think'st I jest now;
But, by the love I bear thee, I will have thee!

Mont. If you could be so weak to love a faln man,
He must deserve more than I ever can,
Or ever shall. Dear lady, look but this way
Upon that lord, and you will tell me then,
Your eyes are no true choosers of good men.

^p *will*] So MS.—Both the folios “would”; and so the modern editors.

^q *think*] So MS.—Both the folios “thank”; and so the modern editors.

^r *now*] So the first folio.—The second folio “new.” MS. “in 't.”

^s *All, lady*] So MS. (where the words are carefully substituted for those originally written,—“Wee bee”). Both the folios “We be”; and so the modern editors.

^t *shall*] MS. “should.”

^u *Oh*] So MS.—Both the folios “Why;” and so the modern editors.

Ami. Do you love him truly, lady ^v?

Lam. Yes, my lord,
And ^w will obey him truly, for I'll marry him ;
And justly think he that has so well serv'd me
With his obedience, being born to greatness,
Must use me nobly of necessity,
When I shall serve him.

Ami. 'Twere a deep sin to cross you.—Noble Montague,
I wish you all content, and am as happy
In my friend's good as it were merely ^x mine.

Mont. Your lordship does ill to give up your right :
I am not capable of this great goodness ;
There sits my wife, that holds my troth.

Charl. I'll end all.
I woo'd you for my lady, for her won you ^y,
And now give up my title : alas, poor wench,
My aims are lower far !

Mont. How 's this, sweetheart ?

Lam. Sweetheart, 'tis so ; the drift was mine, to hide
My purpose till it struck home.

All. Give you joy ^z !

Lam. Prithee, leave wondering ; by this kiss, I'll have thee !

Mont. Then, by this kiss, and this, I'll ever serve you !

Long. This gentleman and I, sir, must needs hope
Once more to follow you.

Mont. As friends and fellows ;
Never as servants more.

Long. Dub. You make us happy.

Orl. Friend Montague, you have taught me so much honour,
I have found a fault in myself ; but thus

^v *lady*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

^w *And*] So MS.—Both the folios “ I ” ; and so the modern editors.

^x *merely*] i. e. absolutely.

^y *for her won you*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

^z *Give you joy*] So the second folio and MS.—The first folio has “ God give you joy ” : but in such expressions the word “ God ” used frequently to be omitted.

I'll purge my conscience of it. The late land
 I took by false play from you, with as much
 Contrition and ^a entireness of affection
 To this most happy day again I render :
 Be master of your own ; forget my malice,
 And make me worthy of your love, lord Montague.

Mont. You have won me, and honour to your name.

Mal. Since your lordship has begun good deeds, we'll follow.
 Good sir, forgive us ! We are now those men
 Fear you for goodness' sake : those sums of money
 Unjustly we detain from you, on your pardon
 Shall be restor'd again, and we your servants.

La-P. You are very forward, sir : it seems you have money ;
 I pray you, lay out ; I'll pay you, or pray for you,
 As the sea works.

Lav. Their penance, sir, I'll undertake, so please you
 To grant me one concealment ^b.

^a *and*] Altered by Seward to "as with ;" and so the Editors of 1778. They did not perceive (neither did Mason nor Weber) that the meaning is—with *as much* contrition and entireness of affection *as I used false play, &c.* In both the folios this speech stands as prose : I have followed the arrangement of the MS.

^b *concealment*] "Alluding to the practice in Queen Elizabeth's time of begging lands, which had formerly been appropriated to superstitious uses. These were then called *concealed lands*. Commissions for discovery being much abused, were called in by proclamation in the year 1572. See Strype's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. ii. p. 209. [This year a command from the queen went forth, for the withdrawing her commissions for *concealments* from all to whom she had granted them ; which gave a great quieting to her subjects, who were excessively plagued with these commissioners. When monasteries were dissolved and the lands thereof, and afterwards colleges, chantries, and fraternities were all given to the crown, some demans here and there pertaining thereunto were still privily retained, and possessed by certain private persons, or corporations, or churches. This caused the queen, when she understood it, to grant commissions to some persons to search after these *concealments*, and to retrieve them to the crown : but it was a world to consider what unjust oppressions of the people and the poor this occasioned by some griping men that were concerned therein.] There was a second proclamation to the same purpose in the year 1579 (*ibid.* p. 602). Fresh commissions were granted for the discovery of them in the diocese of Lincoln, in 1582, with queries from the commissioners to the clergy and churchwardens. *Annals*, vol. iii. p. 112, &c." GREY (note on B. Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, act iv. sc. 1.

Long. A right courtier^c,
Still a-begging.

Mont. What is it, sir?

Lav. A gentlewoman.

Mont. In my gift?

Lav. Yes, sir, in yours.

Mont. Why, bring her forth, and take her. [*Exit LAVERDINE.*]

Lam. What wench would he have?

Mont. Any wench, I think.

Re-enter LAVERDINE, with VERAMOUR in woman's clothes.

Lav. This is the gentlewoman.

Mont. This^d! 'tis my page, sir.

Ver. No, sir; I am a poor disguisèd lady,
That like a page have follow'd you full long,
For love, God wot.

All. A lady!

Lav. Yes, yes; 'tis a lady.

Mont. It may be so; and yet we have lain together,
But, by my troth, I never found her lady.

Duch. Why wore you boy's clothes?

Ver. I'll tell you, madam;
I took example by two or three plays, that methought
Concern'd me^e.

Mont. Why made you not me acquainted with it?

Ver. Indeed, sir, I knew it not myself,
Until this gentleman open'd my dull eyes,
And by persuasion^f made me see it.

^c *A right courtier*] So the second folio.—The first folio omits "A." MS. omits all the words.

^d *This*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

^e *I took example by two or three plays, that methought Concern'd me*] MS. has,

"I tooke example

*by two or three playes, that methought concearnd me madame
I tooke that habit."*

I give the arrangement of the folios. In this speech, and in some others which follow, the verse halts woefully; but they do not appear to have been intended for prose.

^f *persuasion*] MS. "perswasions."

Ami. Could his power in words make such a change ?

Ver. Yes ;

As truly woman as yourself, my lord.

Lav. Why, but, hark you ; are not you a woman, then ?

Ver. If hands and face make it not evident,

You shall see more.

Mal. Breeches, breeches, Laverdine !

La-P. 'Tis not enough ; women may wear those cases ;
Search further, courtier.

All. Ha, ha, ha !

La-P. Oh, thou fresh-water gudgeon, wouldst thou come
To point of marriage with an ignoramus ?
Thou shouldst have had her urine to the doctor's ;
The foolishest physician could have made plain

s then] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios ; and by the modern editors.

From this place to the concluding speech of the play, the MS. differs materially from the printed copies, as follows :

“ *Lauer.* why but harke you, are not you a woeman then ?

Vir. yes, as much as you are, but since I am heere
amidst so faire a presence, Ile open all,
[*torn off*] I am no other then that I seem'd
at first to bee, a boy, only as poore suspected
innocentes sometimes, to quit their vexed bodies
from the plague of tortors, by force'd paines
confesse those thinges they never did, so forced
was I to this exchange.

Lauer. I am gulld, I am gulld.

Vir. for trust me gent. never did the ghost
of a deceased churle haunt the place where
hee had hid his gold with more insatiate greedines,
then this blinde conceited youth did me, no place
could free me from [him], till at last I agreed
to say as hee would haue me, & by that meanes got
some rest, & now I dare be my selfe againe.

Mont. I'st ene so, how doe you like your masculine ladye ?

Lauer. so well, that yf it please you to change,
I shall be much thankfull.

Lami. O keepe your first choice.

Lauer. ha ! crost in my first loue, I'me ene ashame'd of my selfe.

Mont. come, chere up, wee are all frendes. I haue
not receiud more wronges then I am willing to forgiue,
but you shall not hence vntill the marriage feast be past.

Amie. *Montaigne, much joye attend thy marriage bed,*” &c.

The liquid epicene ; a blind man by the hand
 Could have discovered the ring from the stone.—
 Boy, come to sea with me ; I'll teach thee to climb,
 And come down by the rope, nay, to eat rats.

Ver. I shall devour my master before the prison, then ^h :
 Sir, I have began my trade.

Mal. Trade ! to the city, child ;
 A flat-cap will become thee.

Mont. Gentlemen,
 I beseech you molest yourselves no further
 For his preferment ; it is determined.

Lav. I am much asham'd ⁱ ; and if my cheek
 Gives not satisfaction, break my head.

Mont. Your shame 's enough, sir.

Ami. Montague, much joy
 Attend thy marriage-bed ! by thy example
 Of true goodness ^j, envy ^k is exiled ;
 And to all honest men, that truth intend,
 I wish good luck ! fair Fate be still thy ^l friend ! [*Exeunt.*]

^h *I shall devour my master before the prison, then*] “i. e. I shall devour my master then, before the prison devours him, intimating that it was his destiny to die in a jail.” HEATH (*MS. Notes*). The same explanation suggested itself to Weber ; and it is probably the true one.

ⁱ *I am much asham'd, &c.*] Altered by Seward to—

“ *I'm much ashamed, sirs, and if my cheek
 Giveth not satisfaction, break my head.*”

The Editors of 1778 threw out Seward's “sirs,” but retained his “Giveth.”

^j *Of true goodness*] Seward printed,
 by thy example

“ by th' example

Of thy true goodness.

^k *envy*] i. e. ill-will, hatred.

^l *thy*] Altered by Seward to “their.”

UPON AN HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE^m.

BY MASTER JOHN FLETCHER.

You that can look through heaven, and tell the stars,
Observe their kind conjunctions and their wars ;
Find out new lights, and give them where you please,
To those men honours, pleasures, to those ease ;
You that are God's surveyors, and can shew
How far, and when, and why the wind doth blow ;
Know all the charges of the dreadful thunder,
And when it will shoot over, or fall under ;
Tell me, by all your art I conjure ye,
Yes, and by truth, what shall become of me ?
Find out my star, if each one, as you say,
Have his peculiar angel and his wayⁿ ;
Observe my fate, next fall into your dreams,
Sweep clean your houses, and new-line your schemes^o,

^m *Upon an Honest Man's Fortune, &c.*] "These verses are in all former editions printed at the end of the comedy of *The Honest Man's Fortune* : as they have not the least reference to that play, we have chose to place them here." *Ed.* 1778.

"As the title evidently refers to this comedy, and as the poem seems to be a moralization on the subject of it, I have replaced these lines in the same situation they occupied before the last edition, in which they were transferred to the end of the commendatory poems in vol. I." WEBER.

ⁿ *way*] "i. e. way, or course of life." WEBER.

^o *schemes*] Happening to be spelt "sceames" in both the folios, Weber printed "seams" !—"Houses" and "schemes" are, of course, astrological terms.

Then say your worst : or have I none at all ?
 Or is it burnt out lately ? or did fall ?
 Or am I poor, not able ? no full flame ?
 My star, like me, unworthy of a name ?
 Is it, your art can only work on those
 That deal with dangers, dignities, and clothes ?
 With love, or new opinions ? You all lie ;
 A fish-wife hath a fate, and so have I ;
 But far above your finding : He that gives,
 Out of his providence, to all that lives,
 And no man knows his treasure, no, not you ;
 He that made Egypt blind, from whence you grew
 Scabby and lousy, that the world might see
 Your calculations are as blind as ye ;
 He that made all the stars you daily read,
 And from thence filch a knowledge how to feed,
 Hath hid this from you ; your conjectures all
 Are drunken things, not how, but when they fall.
 Man is his own star, and the soul, that can
 Render an honest and a perfect man,
 Commands all light, all influence, all fate ;
 Nothing to him falls early or too late :
 Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
 Our fatal shadows that walk by us still ;
 And when the stars are labouring, we believe
 It is not that they govern, but they grieve
 For stubborn ignorance ; all things that are
 Made for our general uses are at war,
 Even we among ourselves ; and from the strife
 Your first unlike opinions got a life.

Oh, man, thou image of thy Maker's good,
 What canst thou fear, when breath'd into thy blood
 His spirit is, that built thee ? what dull sense
 Makes thee suspect, in need, that Providence,
 Who made the morning, and who placed the light
 Guide to thy labours ; who call'd up the night,
 And bid her fall upon thee, like sweet showers,
 In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy powers ;

Who gave thee knowledge, who so trusted thee,
 To let thee grow so near himself, the tree ;
 Must he then be distrusted ? shall his frame
 Discourse with him, why thus and thus I am ?
 He made the angels thine, thy fellows all,
 Nay, even thy servants, when devotions call :
 Oh, canst thou be so stupid, then, so dim,
 To seek a saving influence, and lose him ?
 Can stars protect thee ? or can poverty,
 Which is the light to Heaven, put out his eye ?
 He is my star ; in him all truth I find,
 All influence, all fate ; and when my mind
 Is furnish'd with his fullness, my poor story
 Shall out-live all their age and all their glory.
 The hand of danger cannot fall amiss,
 When I know what, and in whose power it is ;
 Nor want, the curse^p of man, shall make me groan ;
 A holy hermit is a mind alone.
 Doth not experience teach us, all we can,
 To work ourselves into a glorious man ?
 Love's but an exhalation to best eyes,
 The matter spent, and then the fool's fire dies :
 Were I in love, and could that bright star bring
 Increase to wealth, honour, and every thing ;
 Were she as perfect good as we can aim,
 The first was so, and yet she lost the game.
 My mistress, then, be Knowledge and fair Truth !
 So I enjoy all beauty and all youth ;
 And though to Time her lights and laws she lends,
 She knows no age that to corruption bends :
 Friends' promises may lead me to believe,
 But he that is his own friend, knows to live ;
 Affliction, when I know it is but this,
 A deep allay, whereby man tougher is
 To bear the hammer, and, the deeper still,
 We still arise more image of his will ;

^p *curse*] Seward's correction. Both the folios "cause."

Sickness, an humorous cloud 'twixt us and light,
And death, at longest, but another night :
Man is his own star, and that soul, that can
Be honest, is the only perfect man.

THE
LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

The Little French Lawyer.

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

It is impossible to determine at what date this comedy was originally produced. The Prologue mentions "the writers," and the Epilogue "our poets"; and in all probability it was the joint composition of Beaumont and Fletcher. Both Seward and Weber are inclined to ascribe the character of *La - Writ* to Beaumont's pen.

"The plot," says Langbaine, 'is borrowed from Guzman [d'Alfarache], or The Spanish Rogue, part ii. chap. iv. : the story of Dinant, Cleremont, and Lamira, being borrowed from Don Lewis de Castro, and Don Rodrigo de Montalva. The like story is in other novels; as in Scarron's Novel, called The Fruitless Precaution; and in The Complaisant Companion, 8vo. p. 263, which is copied from the above-mentioned original.' The story in Guzman (which occurs in the Antwerp edition of 1681, vol. II. p. 41,) is however taken from another, written about a century before, in the Novellino of Massuccio Salernitano (Ed. s. d. p. 280,) very little differing from the Spanish copy. That the reader may judge with what consummate skill our dramatists have built their superstructure upon so slender a foundation, the following abstract of the Italian original is given :—

'Duke Regnier, of Anjou, having been driven by King Alfonso from Naples, retired to Florence. Two French noblemen, Philippo de Licurto and Carlo d'Amboia, frequently accompanied him when he rode through the city, and on one of these occasions the former fell in love with the beautiful wife of a citizen, and soon found means of paying his addresses, which the lady did not reject; but the jealousy of the husband prevented the accomplishment of their desires. In the mean time Carlo happened to fall in love with the sister of the lady, who dwelt in the same house. The husband at last was about to proceed to Pisa, when Duke Regnier was forced to return to France, and the two lovers to accompany him. Philippo gradually forgot his *innamorata*; but the lady's affections remained unaltered; and, in order to make him sensible of his faithlessness, she caused a false diamond to be set in a ring of fine gold, which she sent by a trusty messenger to Paris. Philippo having,

by applying to other friends, solved the mysterious meaning of the ring, immediately set out for Florence, and persuaded his friend to accompany him. On their arrival, they were received with transport by the lady, who promised to fulfil the wishes of Philippo that night, if his companion would consent to occupy her place in the nuptial bed by the side of the old husband. Carlo long refused to take such a perilous situation, but the tears of his friend at last prevailed, on the promise of his being soon released. Having undressed himself, and taken a sword in his hand, he was silently led to a chamber, and left by the amorous lady, who rejoined Philippo. When Carlo had lain in the greatest trepidation for two hours, he began to curse his fate; when four hours were past, he became distracted; but when the morning-sun illumined the windows, and the servants were lighting the fires and scouring the passages, he grasped his sword, and endeavoured to force the door, which suddenly opened from without, and his friend, with the lady, entered, to the great astonishment of Carlo. The lady began to mock him on his want of instinct, and, opening the curtains of the bed, shewed him that he had all night lain with her sister, whom he so ardently loved. She then quitted the room, laughing, with Philippo, and left the happy Carlo to excuse himself for his nocturnal want of discernment.'” WEBER.

“The greatest applause,” say the Editors of 1778, “was always bestowed on this play, and it used to be frequently performed, till modern refinement banished it from the theatres. In 1749, some of the scenes were selected for a farce, and acted under the title of this comedy.” In the *Biographia Dramatica* is mentioned, “*The Little French Lawyer*. Com. of two acts, from Beaumont and Fletcher. Acted at Covent Garden, April 27, 1778, at Mr. Quick’s benefit. This alteration is said to have been made by Mrs. Booth of Covent-Garden Theatre.”

PROLOGUE.

To promise much before a play begin,
And when 'tis done ask pardon, were a sin
We'll not be guilty of; and to excuse
Before we know a fault, were to abuse
The writers and ourselves; for I dare say
We all are fool'd if this be not a play,
And such a play as shall (so should plays do)
Imp^a Time's dull wings, and make you merry too:
'Twas to that purpose writ, so we intend it;
And we have our wish'd ends, if you commend it.

^a *Imp*] See note, vol. i. 191.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DINANT.	PROVOST.
CLEREMONT, his friend.	Gentlemen.
CHAMPERNEL, a veteran naval warrior, husband to LAMIRA.	Clients.
VERTAIGNE, a judge.	Servants, Musicians.
BEAUPRÈ, his son.	LAMIRA, wife to CHAMPERNEL, and daughter to VERTAIGNE.
VERDONE, nephew to Champernel.	ANNABELL, niece to CHAMPERNEL.
LA-WRIT, an advocate.	Nurse to LAMIRA.
SAMPSON, an advocate, nephew to VERTAIGNE.	CHARLOTTE, waiting-woman to LAMIRA.

Scene, PARIS and the adjacent country.

The principal actors were—

Joseph Taylor,	Nicholas Toolie,
John Lowin,	William Egleston,
John Underwood,	Richard Sharpe,
Robert Benfield,	Thomas Holcomb.

Fol. 1679.

THE
LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Paris. A street.*

Enter DINANT *and* CLEREMONT.

Din. Dissuade me not.

Cler. It will breed a brawl.

Din. I care not ;
I wear a sword.

Cler. And wear discretion with it,
Or cast it off; let that direct your arm ;
'Tis madness else, not valour, and more base
Than to receive a wrong.

Din. Why, would you have me
Sit down with a disgrace, and thank the doer ?
We are not stoics, and that passive courage
Is only now commendable in lacqueys,
Peasants, and tradesmen, not in men of rank
And quality as I am.

Cler. Do not cherish
That daring vice, for which the whole age suffers.
The blood of our bold youth, that heretofore
Was spent in honourable action,
Or to defend or to enlarge the kingdom,
For the honour of our country and our prince,
Pours itself out with prodigal expense

Upon our mother's lap, the earth that bred us,
 For every trifle: and these private duels,
 Which had their first original from the French,
 And for which, to this day, we are justly censur'd,
 Are banish'd from all civil governments;
 Scarce three in Venice in as many years;
 In Florence they are rarer; and in all
 The fair dominions of the Spanish king
 They are never heard of; nay, those neighbour countries,
 Which gladly imitate our other follies,
 And come at a dear rate to buy them of us,
 Begin now to detest them.

Din. Will you end yet?

Cler. And I have heard that some of our late kings^b,
 For the lie, wearing of a mistress' favour,
 A cheat at cards or dice, and such like causes,
 Have lost as many gallant gentlemen
 As might have met the Great Turk in the field
 With confidence of a glorious victory:
 And shall we, then——

Din. No more, for shame, no more!
 Are you become a patron^c too? 'Tis a new one;

^b *And I have heard that some of our late kings, &c.*] Gifford has noticed the similarity of this passage to the following one in Massinger's *Parliament of Love*;

“Nay, I dare go further,
 And justify your majesty hath lost
 More resolute and brave courageous spirits
 In this same dull and languishing fight of love
 Than e'er your wars took from you.”

Act i. sc. 5.—*Works*, ii. 249. ed. 1813.

On a later passage of that play, act iv. sc. 2, which resembles one in act ii. sc. 1, of the present comedy, he remarks, “It is observable that several of the names which occur in *The Parliament of Love* are found also in Fletcher's play; though their plots have nothing in common.” Massinger's drama was undoubtedly posterior to *The Little French Lawyer*.

^c *patron*] “Here,” says Seward, “has its Latin meaning, i. e. a pleader, or advocate,” &c. The Editors of 1778 propose to read “pattern,” and Mason conjectures “parson.” Coleridge (who was a very indifferent verbal critic) offers two emendations of the line, which are not worth citing, *Remains*,

No more on 't, burn 't; give it to some orator,
 To help him to enlarge his exercise :
 With such a one it might do well, and profit
 The curate of the parish; but for Cleremont,
 The bold and undertaking Cleremont,
 To talk thus to his friend, his friend that knows him,
 Dinant that knows his Cleremont, is absurd,
 And mere apocrypha.

Cler. Why, what know you of me?

Din. Why, if thou hast forgot thyself, I'll tell thee,
 And not look back to speak of what thou wert
 At fifteen, for at those years I have heard
 Thou wast flesh'd, and enter'd bravely.

Cler. Well, sir, well!

Din. But yesterday thou wast the common second
 Of all that only knew thee; thou hadst bills
 Set up on every post^d, to give thee notice
 Where any difference was, and who were parties :
 And as, to save the charges of the law,
 Poor men seek arbitrators, thou wert chosen
 By such as knew thee not, to compound quarrels ;
 But thou wert so delighted with the sport,
 That, if there were no just cause, thou wouldst make one,
 Or be engag'd thyself. This goodly calling
 Thou hast follow'd five-and-twenty years, and studied
 The criticisms of contentions; and art thou
 In so few hours transform'd? certain, this night
 Thou hast had strange dreams, or rather visions.

Cler. Yes, sir ;
 I have seen fools and fighters chain'd together,
 And the fighters had the upper hand, and whipp'd first,

ii. 307. It appears to me very doubtful if any corruption has taken place; and Seward's explanation is perhaps the true one,—there being an ellipsis of "speech" or "discourse."

^d *thou hadst bills*

Set up on every post] "This practice of challengers the readers of Ben Jonson must be well acquainted with," &c. WEBER. But Dinant is not talking of the bills of "challengers."

The poor sots laughing at 'em. What I have been,
It skills not^f; what I will be, is resolv'd on.

Din. Why, then, you'll fight no more?

Cler. Such is my purpose.

Din. On no occasion?

Cler. There you stagger me:

Some kind of wrongs there are, which flesh and blood
Cannot endure.

Din. Thou wouldst not willingly
Live a protested coward, or be call'd one?

Cler. Words are but words.

Din. Nor wouldst thou take a blow?

Cler. Not from my friend, though drunk; and from an
enemy,

I think, much less.

Din. There's some hope of thee left, then.

Wouldst thou hear me behind my back disgrac'd?

Cler. Do you think I am a rogue? they that should do it
Had better been born dumb.

Din. Or in thy presence
See me o'ercharg'd with odds?

Cler. I'd fall myself first.

Din. Wouldst thou endure thy mistress be taken from thee,
And thou sit quiet?

Cler. There you touch my honour;
No Frenchman can endure that.

Din. Plague^g upon thee!
Why dost thou talk of peace, then, that dar'st suffer
Nothing, or in thyself or in thy friend,
That is unmanly?

Cler. That, I grant, I cannot:
But I'll not quarrel with this gentleman
For wearing stammel breeches^h; or this gamester

^f *It skills not*] "i. e. It matters not." WEBER.

^g *Plague*] Both the folios "Pl——".

^h *stammel breeches*] *Stammel* (which has already occurred, see vol. i. 65.)
was a sort of red coarser and cheaper than scarlet. The meaning of the

For playing a thousand pounds, that owes me nothing ;
 For this man's taking up a common wench
 In rags and lousy, then maintaining her,
 Caroch'dⁱ, in cloth of tissue ; nor five hundred
 Of such-like toys, that at no part concern me.
 Marry, where my honour or my friend['s] is question'd,
 I have a sword, and I think I may use it
 To the cutting of a rascal's throat or so,
 Like a good christian.

Din. Thou art of a fine religion ;
 And, rather than we'll make a schism in friendship,
 I will be of it. But, to be serious ;
 Thou art acquainted with my tedious love-suit
 To fair Lamira ?

Cler. Too well, sir, and remember
 Your presents, courtship—that's too good a name—
 Your slave-like services ; your morning music,
 Your walking three hours in the rain at midnight
 To see her at her window, sometimes laughed at,
 Sometimes admitted, and vouchsaf'd to kiss
 Her glove, her skirt, nay, I have heard, her slippers ;
 How then you triumph'd ! Here was love, forsooth.

Din. These follies I deny not ;
 Such a contemptible thing my dotage made me :
 But my reward for this——

Cler. As you deserv'd ;
 For he that makes a goddess of a puppet
 Merits no other recompense.

Din. This day, friend,
 For thou art so ——

Cler. I am no flatterer.

Din. This proud ingrateful she is married to
 Lame Champernel.

passage is (as Nares observes, *Gloss.* in v.)—'for wearing stammel breeches instead of scarlet ones, which were the high fashion.'

ⁱ *Caroch'd*] Equivalent to—with a carriage. Concerning the word *caroch*, see Nares's *Gloss.*

Cler. I know him ; he has been
As tall^j a seaman, and has thriv'd as well by 't,
The loss of a leg and an arm deducted, as any
That ever put from Marseilles. You are tame ;
Plague^k on 't, it mads me ! if it were my case,
I should kill all the family.

Din. Yet, but now
You did preach patience.

Cler. I then came from confession ;
And 't was enjoin'd me three hours for a penance,
To be a peaceable man, and to talk like one ;
But now, all else being pardon'd, I begin
On a new tally. 'Foot, do any thing,
I'll second you.

Din. I would not willingly
Make red my yet-white conscience ; yet I purpose,
In the open street, as they come from the temple,
(For this way they must pass,) to speak my wrongs,
And do it boldly. [*Music within.*]

Cler. Were thy tongue a cannon,
I would stand by thee, boy. They come ; upon 'em !

Din. Observe a little first.

Cler. This is fine^l fiddling.

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, Nurse, BEAUPRÈ,
and VERDONE, *with* Musicians.

SONG ^m.

Come away ; bring on the bride,
And place her by her lover's side.
You fair troop of maids attend her ;
Pure and holy thoughts befriend her.

^j *tall*] "i. e. stout, brave." WEBER.

^k *Plague*] Both the folios "Pl——".

^l *is fine*] Weber chose to print "is a fine."

^m *Song*] The folios have "An Epithalamin (and Epithalamium) Song at the Wedding."

Blush, and wish, you virgins all,
Many such fair nights may fall.

Chorus. Hymen, fill the house with joy ;
All thy sacred fires employ ;
Bless the bed with holy love :
Now, fair orb of beauty, move.

Din. Stand by, for I'llⁿ be heard !

Vert. This is strange rudeness !

Din. 'Tis courtship^o, balanc'd with [my]^p injuries !
You all look pale with guilt, but I will dye
Your cheeks with blushes, if in your sear'd^q veins
There yet remain so much of honest blood
To make the colour. First, to you, my lord,
The father of this bride, whom you have sent
Alive into her grave.

Champ. How ! to her grave !

Din. Be patient, sir ; I'll speak of you anon.—
You that allow'd me liberal access,
To make my way with service, and approv'd of
My birth, my person, years, and no base fortune ;
You that are rich, and, but in this, held wise too ;
That as a father should have look'd upon
Your daughter in a husband, and aim'd more
At what her youth and heat of blood requir'd
In lawful pleasures than the parting from
Your crowns to pay her dower ; you that already
Have one foot in the grave, yet study profit,
As if you were assur'd to live here ever ;
What poor end had you in this choice ? In what
Deserve I your contempt ? my house and honours
At all parts equal yours, my fame as fair,
And, not to praise myself, the city ranks me
In the first file of her most hopeful gentry.
But Champernel is rich, and needs a nurse,

ⁿ *I'll*] So the second folio.—The first folio " 't will."

^o *courtship*] i. e. courtesy.

^p [*my*] The insertion of this word was proposed by Mason. It is absolutely necessary for the sense.

^q *sear'd*] i. e. dried.

And not your gold ; and, add to that, he's old too,
 His whole estate in likelihood to descend
 Upon your^r family : here was providence,
 I grant ; but in a nobleman base thrift.
 No merchants, nay, no pirates, sell for bondmen
 Their countrymen ; but you, a gentleman,
 To save a little gold, have sold your daughter
 To worse than slavery.

Cler. This was spoke home, indeed.

Beau. Sir, I shall take some other time to tell you,
 That this harsh language was deliver'd to
 An old man, but my father.

Din. At your pleasure.

Cler. Proceed in your design ; let me alone
 To answer him, or any man.

Verdone. You presume
 Too much upon your name, but may be cozen'd.

Din. But for you, most unmindful of my service,
 (For now I may upbraid you, and with honour,
 Since all is lost ; and yet I am a gainer,
 In being deliver'd from a torment in you,
 For such you must have been,) you to whom nature
 Gave with a liberal hand most excellent form ;
 Your education, language, and discourse,
 And judgment^s to distinguish ; when you shall
 With feeling sorrow understand how wretched
 And miserable you have made yourself,
 And but yourself have nothing to accuse,
 Can you with hope from any beg compassion ?
 But you will say, you serv'd your father's pleasure ;
 Forgetting that unjust commands of parents
 Are not to be obey'd : or, that you are rich,
 And that to wealth all pleasure[s] else are servants ;
 Yet, but consider how this wealth was purchas'd,
 'Twill trouble the possession. ;

^r *your*] So the second folio.—The first folio "a."

^s ———— *discourse*,

And judgment] See note, vol. i. 213.

Champ. You, sir, know
I got it, and with honour.

Din. But from whom?
Remember that, and how.—You'll come indeed
To houses bravely furnish'd, but demanding
Where it was bought, this soldier will not lie,
But answer truly, "This rich cloth of arras
I made my prize in such a ship; this plate
Was my share in another; these fair jewels,
Coming ashore, I got in such a village,
The maid or matron kill'd, from whom they were ravish'd":
The wines you drink are guilty too; "for this,
This Candy wine, three merchants were undone;
These suckets^t brake as many more." In brief,
All you shall wear, or touch, or see, is purchas'd
By lawless force, and you but revel in
The tears and groans of such as were the owners.

Champ. 'Tis false, most basely false!

Vert. Let losers talk.

Din. Lastly, those joys, those best of joys, which Hymen
Freely bestows on such that come to tie
The sacred knot he blesses, won unto it
By equal love and mutual affection,
Not blindly led with the desire of riches,
Most miserable, you shall never taste of:
This marriage-night you'll meet a widow's bed,
Or, failing of those pleasures all brides look for,
Sin in your wish it were so.

Champ. Thou art a villain,
A base, malicious slanderer!

Cler. Strike him.

Din. No,
He is not worth a blow.

Champ. Oh, that I had thee
In some close vault, that only would yield room
To me to use my sword, to thee no hope

^t *suckets*] i. e. sweetmeats.

To run away, I would make thee on thy knees
Bite out the tongue that wrong'd me !

Vert. Pray you, have patience.

Lam. This day I am to be your sovereign ;
Let me command you.

Champ. I am lost with rage,
And know not what I am myself, nor you.—
Away ! dare such as you, that love the smoke
Of peace more than the fire of glorious war,
And, like unprofitable drones, feed on
Your grandsires' labours, (that, as I am now,
Were gathering-bees, and fill'd their hive, this country,
With brave triumphant spoils,) censure our actions ?
You object my prizes to me : had you seen
The horror of a sea-fight, with what danger
I made them mine ; the fire I fearless fought in,
And quench'd it in mine enemies' blood, which straight,
Like oil pour'd out on 't, made it burn anew ;
My deck blown up, with noise enough to mock
The loudest thunder, and the desperate fools
That boarded me, sent, to defy the tempests
That were against me, to the angry sea,
Frighted with men thrown o'er ; no victory,
But in despite of the four elements,
The fire, the air, the sea, and sands hid in it,
To be atchiev'd ; you would confess, poor men,
(Though hopeless such an honourable way
To get or wealth or honour in yourselves,)
He that through all these dreadful passages
Pursu'd and overtook them, unaffrighted,
Deserves reward, and not to have it styl'd
By the base name of theft.

Din. This is the courtship
That you must look for, madam.

Cler. 'Twill do well,
When nothing can be done, to spend the night with.—
Your tongue is sound, good lord ; and I could wish,
For this young lady's sake, this leg, this arm,

And there is something else I will not name,
(Though 'tis the only thing that must content her,)
Had the same vigour.

Champ. You shall buy these scoffs
With your best blood.—Help me once, noble anger!—

[*Draws his sword.*]

Nay, stir not; I alone must right myself,
And with one leg transport me, to correct
These scandalous praters.

[*Falls.*]

Oh, that noble wounds
Should hinder just revenge! D'ye jeer me too?
I got these, not as you do your diseases,
In brothels, or with riotous abuse
Of wine in taverns; I have one leg shot,
One arm disabled, and am honour'd more
By losing them, as I did, in the face
Of a brave enemy, than if they were
As when I put to sea. You are Frenchmen only,
In that you have been laid, and cur'd. Go to!
You mock my leg; but every bone about you
Makes you good almanack-makers, to foretell
What weather we shall have.

Din. Put up your sword.

Cler. Or turn it to a crutch; there 't may be useful;
And live on the relation to your wife
Of what a brave man you were once.

Din. And tell her,
What a fine virtue 't is in a young lady
To give an old man pap.

Cler. Or hire a surgeon
To teach her to roll up your broken limbs.

Din. To make a poultice, and endure the scent
Of oils and nasty plasters. [CHAMPERNEL weeps.

Vert. Fie, sir, fie!
You that have stood all dangers, of all kinds,
To yield to a rival's scoff!

Lam. Shed tears upon
Your wedding-day!—This is unmanly, gentlemen.

Champ. They are tears of anger. Oh, that I should live

To play the woman thus ! All-powerful Heaven,
 Restore me, but one hour, that strength again
 That I had once, to chastise in these men
 Their follies and ill manners ! and, that done,
 When you please, I 'll yield up the fort of life,
 And do it gladly.

Cler. We ha' the better of him,
 We ha' made him cry.

Verdone. You shall have satisfaction;
 And I will do it nobly, or disclaim me.

Beau. I say no more ; you have a brother, sister :
 This is your wedding-day, we are in the street,
 And howsoever they forget their honour,
 'Tis fit I lose not mine by their example.

Vert. If there be laws in Paris, look to answer
 This insolent affront.

Cler. You that live by them,
 Study 'em, for Heaven's sake ! For my part, I know not,
 Nor care not, what they are.—Is there aught else
 That you would say ?

Din. Nothing ; I have my ends.
 Lamira weeps ; I have said too much I fear :
 So dearly once I lov'd her, that I cannot
 Endure to see her tears. [*Exeunt DINANT and CLEREMONT.*]

Champ. See you perform it,
 And do it like my nephew.

Verdone. If I fail in 't,
 Ne'er know me more.—Cousin Beauprè ! [*They talk apart.*]

Champ. Repent not
 What thou hast done, my life ; thou shalt not find
 I am decrepit ; in my love and service
 I will be young and constant ; and believe me,
 (For thou shalt find it true, in scorn of all
 The scandals these rude men have thrown upon me,)
 I'll meet thy pleasures with a young man's ardour,
 And in all circumstances of a husband
 Perform my part " .

" *part*] So the second folio ; and so Seward.—The first folio "parts" ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

Lam. Good sir, I am your servant ;
And 'tis too late now, if I did repent,
(Which, as I am a virgin yet, I do not,)
To undo the knot that by the church is tied :
Only I would beseech you, as you have
A good opinion of me, and my virtues,
For so you have pleas'd to style my innocent weakness,
That what hath pass'd between Dinant and me,
Or what now in your hearing he hath spoken,
Beget not doubts or fears.

Champ. I apprehend you ;
You think I will be jealous : as I live,
Thou art mistaken, sweet ; and, to confirm it,
Discourse with whom thou wilt, ride where thou wilt,
Feast whom thou wilt, as often as thou wilt ;
For I will have no other guards upon thee
Than thine own thoughts.

Lam. I'll use this liberty
With moderation, sir.

Beau. [to VERDONE.] I am resolv'd.
Steal off ; I'll follow you.

Champ. Come, sir, you droop :
Till you find cause, which I shall never give,
Dislike not of your son-in-law.

Vert. Sir, you teach me
The language I should use : I am most happy
In being so near you. [Exeunt VERDONE and BEAUPRÈ.

Lam. Oh, my fears !— Good nurse,
Follow my brother unobserv'd, and learn
Which way he takes.

Nurse. I will be careful, madam. [Exit.

Champ. Between us compliments are superfluous.
On, gentlemen ! Th' affront we have met here
We'll think upon hereafter ; 't were unfit
To cherish any thought to breed unrest,
Or to ourselves or to our nuptial feast. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The apartments of DINANT.**Enter DINANT and CLEREMONT.**Cler.* We shall have sport, ne'er fear 't.*Din.* What sport, I prithee ?

Cler. Why, we must fight ; I know it, and I 'v long for 't ;
 It was apparent in the fiery eye
 Of young Verdone ; Beauprè look'd pale and shook too,
 Familiar signs of anger. They are both brave fellows,
 Tried and approv'd, and I am proud to encounter
 With men from whom no honour can be lost ;
 They will play up to a man, and set him off.
 Whene'er I go to the field, Heaven keep me from
 The meeting of an unflesh'd youth or coward !
 The first, to get a name, comes on too hot ;
 The coward is so swift in giving ground,
 There is no overtaking him without
 A hunting nag, well breath'd too.

Din. All this while,

You ne'er think on the danger.

Cler. Why, 't is no more

Than meeting of a dozen friends at supper,
 And drinking hard ; mischief comes there unlook'd for,
 I am sure as sudden, and strikes home as often :
 For this we are prepar'd.

Din. Lamira loves

Her brother Beauprè dearly.

Cler. What of that ?

Din. And should he call me to account for what
 But now I spake, (nor can I with mine honour
 Recant my words,) that little hope is left me,
 E'er to enjoy what, next to Heaven, I long for,
 Is taken from me.

Cler. Why, what can you hope for,
 She being now married ?

Din. Oh, my Cleremont,
 To you all secrets of my heart lie open,
 And I rest most secure that whatsoe'er
 I lock up there, is as a private thought,
 And will no farther wrong me ! I am a Frenchman,
 And for the greater part we are born courtiers ;
 She is a woman, and however yet
 No heat of service had the power to melt
 Her frozen chastity, time and opportunity
 May work her to my ends ; I confess, ill ones,
 And yet I must pursue 'em. Now, her marriage,
 In probability, will no way hurt,
 But rather help me.

Cler. Sits the wind there ? pray you, tell me
 How far off dwells your love from lust ?

Din. Too near ;
 But, prithee, chide me not.

Cler. Not I ; go on, boy ;
 I have faults myself, and will not reprehend
 A crime I am not free from. For her marriage,
 I do esteem it (and most bachelors are
 Of my opinion) as a fair protection,
 To play the wanton without loss of honour.

Din. Would she make use^w of 't so, I were most happy.

Cler. No more of this. Judge now, whether I have
 The gift of prophecy.

Enter BEAUPRÈ and VERDONE.

Beau. Monsieur Dinant,
 I am glad to find you, sir.

Din. I am at your service.

Verdone. Good monsieur Cleremont, I have long wish'd
 To be known better to you.

Cler. My desires
 Embrace your wishes, sir.

Beau. Sir, I have ever

^w use] So the second folio.—The first folio "rise."

Esteem'd you truly noble, and profess
 I should have been most proud to have had the honour
 To call you brother, but my father's pleasure
 Denied that happiness. I know, no man lives
 That can command his passions; and therefore
 Dare not condemn the late intemperate language
 You were pleas'd to use to my father and my sister :
 He's old, and she a woman ; I most sorry
 My honour does compel me to entreat you
 To do me the favour, with your sword, to meet me,
 A mile without the city.

Din. You much honour me

In the demand ; I'll gladly wait upon you.

Beau. Oh, sir, you teach me what to say. The time ?

Din. With the next sun, if you think fit.

Beau. The place ?

Din. Near to the vineyard, eastward from the city.

Beau. I like it well. This gentleman, if you please,
 Will keep me company.

Cler. That is agreed on ;

And in my friend's behalf I will attend him.

Verdone. You shall not miss my service.

Beau. Good day, gentlemen.

Din. At your commandment.

Cler. Proud to be your servants.

[*Exeunt* BEAUPRÈ and VERDONE.]

I think there is no nation under heaven
 That cut their enemies' throats with compliment,
 And such fine tricks, as we do. If you have
 Any few prayers to say, this night you may
 Call 'em to mind, and use 'em ; for myself,
 As I have little to lose, my care is less ;
 So, till to-morrow morning, I bequeathe you
 To your devotions ; and, those paid, but use
 That noble courage I have seen, and we
 Shall fight as in a castle.

Din. Thou art all honour ;

Thy resolution would steel a coward,

And I most fortunate in such a friend.
 All tenderness and nice respect of woman
 Be now far from me ! Reputation, take
 A full possession of my heart, and prove
 Honour the first place holds, the second love ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A room in the house of CHAMPERNEL.*

Enter LAMIRA and CHARLOTTE ^x.

Lam. Sleeps my lord still, Charlotte ?

Char. Not to be wak'd.

By your ladyship's cheerful looks I well perceive
 That this night ^y the good lord hath been
 At an unusual service ; and no wonder
 If he rest ^z after it.

Lam. You are very bold.

Char. Your creature, madam, and, when you are pleas'd,
 Sadness to me 's a stranger. Your good pardon,
 If I speak like a fool ; I could have wish'd
 To have ta'en your place to-night, had bold Dinant,
 Your first and most obsequious servant, tasted
 Those delicates, which, by his lethargy,
 As it appears, have cloy'd my lord.

Lam. No more !

Char. I am silenc'd, madam.

Lam. Saw you my nurse this morning ?

Char. No, madam.

^x *Enter LAMIRA and CHARLOTTE.*] " I think it very clear, that this is the beginning of the second act ; for a whole night is past since the last scene, and the players seem to have divided the acts at the end of the next scene, only to make them of a more equal length." SEWARD.

" As old authors were never attentive to the shortness or length of the time supposed to pass between the scenes and acts, and as there can be no doubt that the division in the folios was Fletcher's, I have restored the old regulation of the acts." WEBER.

^y *That this night, &c.*] One of the many lines in these plays which seem to have been mutilated either by the transcriber or the printer.

^z *rest*] Altered by the modern editors to " rests."

Lam. I am full of fears. Who's that? [*Knocking within.*

Char. [*going to the door.*] She you inquir'd for.

Lam. Bring her in, and leave me. [*Exit CHARLOTTE.*

Enter Nurse.

Now, nurse, what news?

Nurse. Oh, lady, dreadful ones!

They are to fight this morning; there's no remedy.

I saw my lord your brother, and Verdone,

Take horse as I came by.

Lam. Where's Cleremont?

Nurse. I met him too, and mounted.

Lam. Where's Dinant?

Nurse. There's all the hope; I have staid him with a trick;
If I have done well, so.

Lam. What trick?

Nurse. I told him,

Your ladyship laid your command upon him
To attend you presently; and, to confirm it,
Gave him the ring he oft hath seen you wear,
That you bestow'd on me. He waits without
Disguis'd, and if you have that power in him
As I presume you have, it is in you
To stay or alter him.

Lam. Have you learnt the place
Where they are to encounter?

Nurse. Yes, 'tis where
The Duke of Burgundy met Louis th' Eleventh^a.

Lam. Enough; I will reward thee liberally.

Go, bring him in. [*Exit Nurse.*

Full dear I lov'd Dinant,
While it was lawful; but those fires are quench'd,
I being now another's. Truth, forgive me,
And let dissimulation be no crime,
Though most unwillingly I put it on,
To guard a brother's safety!

^a *th' Eleventh*] Weber chose to print "*Eleventh.*"

Enter DINANT, disguised.

Din. Now, your pleasure?
Though ill you have deserv'd it, you perceive
I am still your fool, and cannot but obey
Whatever you command.

Lam. You speak as if
You did repent it; and 'tis not worth my thanks, then:
But there has been a time in which you would
Receive this as a favour.

Din. Hope was left then
Of recompence.

Lam. Why, I am still Lamira,
And you Dinant, and 'tis yet in my power
(I dare not say I'll put it into act)
To reward your love and service.

Din. There's some comfort.

Lam. But think not that so low I prize my fame,
To give it up to any man that refuses
To buy it, or with danger, or ^b performance
Of what I shall enjoin him.

Din. Name that danger,
Be it of what horrid shape soever, lady,
Which I will shrink at; only, at this instant,
Be speedy in 't.

Lam. I'll put you to the trial:
You shall not fight to-day,—do you start at that?—
Not with my brother: I have heard your difference.
Mine is no Helen's beauty, to be purchas'd
With blood, and so defended: if you look for
Favours from me, deserve them with obedience;
There's no way else to gain 'em.

Din. You command
What with mine honour I can not obey,
Which lies at pawn against it, and a friend,

^b or] So the first folio.—The second has "of"; and so the modern editors, who put a break at the end of the speech, as if it were incomplete.

Equally dear as that or life, engag'd,
Not for himself, but me.

Lam. Why, foolish man,
Dare you solicit me to serve your lust,
In which not only I abuse my lord,
My father, and my family, but write whore,
Though not upon my forehead, in my conscience,
To be read hourly, and yet name your honour?
Yours suffers^c but in circumstance; mine in substance.
If you obey me, you part with some credit;
From whom? the giddy multitude: but mankind
Will censure me, and justly.

Din. I will lose
What most I do desire, rather than hazard
So dear a friend, or write myself a coward:
'Tis better be no man.

Lam. This will not do.—
Why, I desire not you should be a coward,
Nor do I weigh my brother's life with yours;
Meet him, fight with him, do, and kill him fairly:
Let me not suffer for you, I am careless.

Din. Suffer for me!

Lam. For you; my kindness to you
Already brands me with a strumpet's name.

Din. Oh, that I knew the wretch!

Lam. I will not name him,
Nor give you any character to know him:
But if you dare, and instantly, ride forth
At the west port of the city, and defend there
My reputation against all you meet,
For two hours only, I'll not swear, Dinant,
To satisfy, though sure I think I shall,
Whatever you desire. If you deny this,

^c ————— *your honour?*

Yours suffers, &c.] So the second folio.—The first folio has,

“*your honours?*”

Yours suffer,” &c.

Weber printed “honours,” and yet gave “suffers” in the next line.

[*Aside.*]

Be desperate ; for willingly, by this light,
I'll never see thee more.

Din. Two hours, do you say ?

Lam. Only two hours.

Din. I were no gentleman,
Should I make scruple of it. This favour arms me,
And boldly I'll perform it.

[*Exit.*

Lam. I am glad on't :
This will prevent their meeting yet, and keep
My brother safe, which was the mark I shot at.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A field near the east port of the city.*

Enter CLEREMONT.

Cler. I am first i' the field, that honour's gain'd of our side ;
Pray Heaven, I may get off as honourably^d !
The hour is past ; I wonder Dinant comes not :
This is the place ; I cannot see him yet :
It is his quarrel too that brought me hither,
And I ne'er knew him yet but to his^e honour
A firm and worthy friend ; yet I see nothing,
Nor horse nor man : 'twould vex me to be left here
To the mercy of two swords, and two approv'd ones :
I never knew him last.

^d *I am first i' the field, that honour's gain'd of our side ;*

Pray Heaven, I may get off as honourably] "The resemblance of these lines to the following in Massinger's *Parliament of Love*, has been pointed out by Mr. Gifford :

'The honour to have enter'd first the field,
However we come off, is ours.'

[Act iv. sc. 2,—*Works*, ii. 289. ed. 1813]" WEBER. See note, p. 464.

^e *his*] So the second folio.—The first folio "this."

Enter BEAUPRÈ and VERDONE.

Beau. You are well met, Cleremont.

Verdone. You are a fair gentleman, and love your friend, sir.
What, are you ready? the time has overta'en us.

Beau. And this, you know, the place.

Cler. No Dinant yet!

[*Aside.*

Beau. We come not now to argue, but to do :
We wait you, sir.

Cler. There's no time past yet, gentlemen ;
We have day enough.—Is 't possible he comes not?— [*Aside.*
You see I am ready here, and do but stay
Till my friend come : walk but a turn or two ;
'Twill not be long.

Verdone. We came to fight.

Cler. Ye shall fight, gentlemen,
And fight enough : but a short turn or two !
I think I see him ; set up your watch, we 'll fight by it.

Beau. That is not he ; we will not be deluded.

Cler. Am I bobb'd^f thus? [*Aside.*]—Pray, take a pipe of
tobacco,

Or sing but some new air ; by that time, gentlemen——

Verdone. Come, draw your sword ; you know the custom
here, sir,

First come first serv'd.

Cler. Though it be held a custom,
And practis'd so^g, I do not hold it honest :
What honour can you both win on me single ?

^f *bobb'd*] "i. e. fooled, cheated." WEBER. "To *bob* (mock) *Illudo*." Coles's *Dict.*

^g *Though it be held a custom,*

And practis'd so] "In the French system of duelling, which prevailed at the time, the seconds, in numerous instances, were engaged, as well as the principals in the quarrel. Sometimes two seconds were engaged on both sides. The celebrated Marshal Biron, in his youth, fought a duel with the *Sieur de Carancy*, having provided two seconds each. These, seeing the principals engaged, *pour servir leur amy, ou par gayeté de cœur, s'en voulurent faire de feste, et s'entrebattre bien qu'aucuns fussent amis, et parlassent avant souvent ensemble.* Biron and his seconds had the good fortune to kill their opponents, and, according to some, after having killed *Carancy*, he came to the assistance

Beau. Yield up your sword, then.

Cler. Yield my sword ! that 's Hebrew ;
I 'll be first cut a-pieces. Hold but a while,
I 'll take the next that comes.

Enter an old Gentleman.

You are an old gentleman—

Gent. Yes, indeed am I, sir.

Cler. And wear no sword ?

Gent. I need none, sir.

Cler. I would you did, and had one !

I want now such a foolish courtesy :

You see these gentlemen ?

Gent. You want a second ?

In good faith, sir, I was never handsome at it :

I would you had my son ! but he 's in Italy.—

A proper gentleman !^h—You may do well, gallants,

If your quarrel be not capital, to have more mercy ;

The gentleman may do his country——

Cler. Now, I beseech you, sir,

If you dare not fight, do not stay to beg my pardon :

There lies your way.

Gent. Good morrow, gentlemen.

[*Exit.*

Verdone. You see your fortune ;

You had better yield your sword.

Cler. Pray ye, stay a little ;

Upon mine honesty, you shall be fought with.

of his friends, and helped them to despatch the seconds of the latter. For this conduct he is highly praised by Brantome, as a foretoken of the great generalship he afterwards displayed.—*Œuvres de Brantome*, Paris, 1787, viii. 79.”
WEBER. [qy. Sir W. SCOTT !]

^h *A proper gentleman*] Both the folios, by placing a comma at the end of the preceding line, make these words apply to the “son” of the speaker. But the punctuation of the modern editors, which I have adopted, appears to be right: “A proper gentleman !” is the exclamation of the veteran, who is looking at Cleremont, and who immediately observes to Beauprè and Verdone that they would do well to abandon their intention of fighting with him, as “The gentleman [Cleremont] may do his country [service].”

Enter two Gentlemen.

Well, Dinant, well!—These wear swords, and seem brave fellows.— [Aside.]

As you are gentlemen, one of you supply me :
I want a second now, to meet these gallants ;
You know what honour is.

First Gent. Sir, you must pardon us ;
We go about the same work you are ready for,
And must fight presently ; else we were your servants.

Sec. Gent. God speed you, and good day ! [Exeunt Gentlemen.]

Cler. Am I thus colted ?ⁱ [Aside.]

Beau. Come, either yield——

Cler. As you are honest gentlemen,
Stay but the next, and then I'll take my fortune ;
And if I fight not like a man——Fie, Dinant !
Cold now and treacherous ! [Aside.]

La-Writ. [within] I understand your causes ;
Yours about corn, yours about pins and glasses—
Will you make me mad ? have I not all the parcels ?^j
And his petition too, about bell-founding ?
Send in your witnesses.—What will you have me do ?
Will you have me break my heart ? my brains are melted !—
And tell your master, as I am a gentleman,
His cause shall be the first.—Commend me to your mistress,
And tell her, if there be an extraordinary feather,
And tall enough for her——I shall despatch you too,
I know your cause, for transporting of farthingales.—
Trouble me no more, I say again to you,
No more vexation !—Bid my wife send me some puddings ;
I have a cause to run through requires puddings ;
Puddings enough.—Farewell.

Enter LA-WRIT with a bag.

Cler. God speed you, sir !

ⁱ *colted*] “ Another term for *fooled* [or *tricked*].” WEBER.

^j *parcels*] “ This is a law term, and means that part of a deed in which land, or other things to be conveyed, are described.” REED.

Beau. Would he would take this fellow !

Verdone. A rare youth.

Cler. If you be not hasty, sir——

La-Writ. Yes, I am hasty,
Exceeding hasty, sir ; I am going to the parliament ;
You understand this bag : if you have any business
Depending there, be short, and let me hear it,
And pay your fees.

Cler. Faith, sir, I have a business,
But it depends upon no parliament.

La-Writ. I have no skill in 't, then.

Cler. I must desire you ;
'Tis a sword matter, sir.

La-Writ. I am no cutler ;
I am an advocate, sir.

Beau. How the thing looks !

Verdone. When he brings him to fight——

Cler. Be not so hasty ;
You wear a good sword.

La-Writ. I know not that,
I never drew it yet, or whether it be a sword——

Cler. I must entreat you try, sir, and bear a part
Against these gentlemen ; I want a second :
You seem a man, and 'tis a noble office.

La-Writ. I am a lawyer, sir ; I am no fighter.

Cler. You that breed quarrels, sir, know best to satisfy.

Beau. This is some sport yet.

Verdone. If this fellow should fight !

La-Writ. And, for anything I know, I am an arrant coward ;
Do not trust me ; I think I am a coward.

Cler. Try, try ; you are mistaken.—Walk on, gentlemen,
The man shall follow presently.

La-Writ. Are you mad, gentleman ?
My business is within this half hour.

Cler. That 's all one ;
We'll despatch within this quarter.—There in that bottom ;
'Tis most convenient, gentlemen.

Beau. Well, we 'll wait, sir.

Verdone. Why, this will be a comic fight.—You'll follow?

La-Writ. As I am a true^k man, I cannot fight.

Cler. Away, away!— [Exeunt BEAUPRÈ and VERDONE.]

I know you can: I like your modesty;
I know you will fight, and so fight with such mettle,
And with such judgment meet your enemy's fury—
I see it in your eye, sir.

La-Writ. I'll be hang'd, then;
And I charge you in the king's name, name no more fighting.

Cler. I charge you in the king's name, play the man;
Which if you do not quickly, I begin with you;
I'll make you dance: do you see your fiddlestick?
Sweet advocate, thou shalt fight.

La-Writ. Stand farther, gentleman,
Or I'll give you such a dust o' the chaps—

Cler. Spoke bravely,
And like thyself, a noble advocate!
Come, to thy tools.

La-Writ. I do not say I'll fight.

Cler. I say thou shalt, and bravely.

La-Writ. If I do fight—
I say, *if* I do, but do not depend upon 't—
And yet I have a foolish itch upon me—
What shall become of my writings?

Cler. Let 'em lie by;
They will not run away, man.

La-Writ. I may be kill'd too,
And where are all my causes then? my business?
I will not fight; I cannot fight: my causes—

Cler. Thou shalt fight, if thou hadst a thousand causes;
Thou art a man to fight for any cause,
And carry it with honour.

La-Writ. Hum! say you so? If I should
Be such a coxcomb to prove valiant now!

Cler. I know thou art most valiant.

La-Writ. Do you think so?
I am undone for ever, if it prove so,

^k true] i. e. honest.

I tell you that, my honest friend, for ever ;
 For I shall ne'er leave quarrelling.
 How long must we fight ? for I cannot stay,
 Nor will not stay ; I have business.

Cler. We'll do it in a minute, in a moment.

La-Writ. Here will I hang my bag, then ; it may save my
 belly ; *[Hangs his bag before him.*

I never lov'd cold iron there.

Cler. You do wisely.

La-Writ. Help me to pluck my sword out, then ; quickly,
 quickly !

'T has not seen sun these ten years.

Cler. How it grumbles !

This sword is vengeance angry.

La-Writ. Now I'll put my hat up,
 And say my prayers as I go. Away, boy !
 If I be kill'd, remember the little lawyer. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter BEAUPRÈ.

Beau. They are both come on : that may be a stubborn rascal.
 Take you that ground ; I'll stay here. Fight bravely !
[To VERDONE *within.*

Enter LA-WRIT.

La-Writ. To't cheerfully, my boys ! You'll let 's have fair
 play ;
 None of your foining¹ tricks.

Beau. Come forward, monsieur.
 What hast thou there ? a pudding in thy belly ?
 I shall see what it holds.

La-Writ. Put your spoon home, then.
 Nay, since I must fight, have at you without wit, sir !
[They fight : BEAUPRÈ hits him on the bag.
 God-a-mercy, bag !

Beau. Nothing but bombast^m in you ?

¹ *foining*] “ [i. e. thrusting] a technical term in the noble science of defence.” WEBER.

^m *bombast*] i. e. stuffing.

The rogue winks and fights.

La-Writ. Now your fine fencing, sir !

[*BEAUPRÈ loses his sword ; LA-WRIT treads on it.*
Stand off ; thou diest on point else !—I have it, I have it !—

[*To CLEREMONT within.*

Yet further off !—I have his sword !

Cler. [*within*] Then keep it ;
Be sure you keep it.

La-Writ. I'll put it in my mouth else.—
Stand further off yet, and stand quietly,
And look another way, or I'll be with you !
Is this all ? I'll undertake within these two days
To furnish any cutler in this kingdom.

Beau. Pox, what a fortune's this ! disarm'd by a puppy !
A snail ! a dog !

La-Writ. No more o' these words, gentleman ;
Sweet gentleman, no more ; do not provoke me :
Go walk i' the horse-fair ; whistle, gentleman.—
What must I do now ? [*To CLEREMONT within.*

Enter CLEREMONT pursued by VERDONE.

Cler. Help me ; I am almost breathless.

La-Writ. With all my heart : there's a cold pie for you,
sir ! [*Strikes CLEREMONT.*

Cler. Thou strik'st me, fool !

La-Writ. Thou fool, stand further off, then.—
[*Strikes up VERDONE'S heels, and takes his sword.*

Deliver, deliver !

Cler. Hold fast.

La-Writ. I never fail in 't.—
There's twelve-pence ; go, buy you two leaden daggers.—
Have I done well ?

Cler. Most like a gentleman.

Beau. And we two basely lost !

Verdone. 'Tis but a fortune :
We shall yet find an hour.

Cler. I shall be glad on 't.

[*Exeunt BEAUPRÈ and VERDONE, sad*^m.

^m *sad*] So both the folios.

La-Writ. Where's my cloak and my trinkets? Or will you
fight any longer,
For a crash or two?

Cler. I am your noble friend, sir.

La-Writ. It may be so.

Cler. What honour shall I do you
For this great courtesy?

La-Writ. All I desire of you, is to take
The quarrel to yourself, and let me hear no more on 't;
I have no liking to 't; 'tis a foolish matter;
And help me to put up my sword.

Cler. Most willingly:

But I am bound to gratify you, and I must not leave you.

La-Writ. I tell you, I will not be gratified;
Nor I will hear no more on 't. Take the swords too;
And do not anger me, but leave me quietly.
For the matter of honour, 'tis at your own disposeure;
And so, and so—— [Exit.

Cler. This is a most rare lawyer;
I am sure, most valiant. Well, Dinant, as you satisfy me—
I say no more. I am loaden like an armourer.

[Exit with the swords.

SCENE III.—*Before the west port of the city.*

Enter DINANT.

Din. To be despatch'd upon a sleeveless errand!
To leave my friend engag'd, mine honour tainted!
These are trim things. I am set here, like a perdu",
To watch a fellow that has wrong'd my mistress,
A scurvy fellow that must pass this way;
But what this scurvy fellow is, or whence,
Or whether his name be William or John,
Or Anthony or Dick, or any thing, I know not;
A scurvy rascally fellow I must aim at;

" *perdu*] "It has been before observed, that this is equivalent to our forlorn hope." WEBER. It means here—one placed in ambush, or on the watch. See vol. ii. 237, and note.

And there's the office of an ass flung on me.
 Sure, Cleremont has fought; but how come off,
 And what the world shall think of me hereafter!
 Well, woman, woman, I must look ° your rascals,
 And lose my reputation! ye have a fine power over us.
 These two long hours I have trotted here, and curiously
 Survey'd all goers-by, yet find no rascal,
 Nor any face to quarrel with. [LA-WRIT *sings within.*
 What's that?
 This is a rascally voice; sure, it comes this way.

Enter LA-WRIT.

La-Writ. [singing]

He strook so hard, the bason broke,
 And Tarquin heard the sound ♀.

Din. What mister thing is this ♁? let me survey it. [*Aside.*

La-Writ. [singing]

And then he strook his neck in two †.

° look] "i. e. look after." WEBER.

♀ *He strook so hard, the bason broke,*

And Tarquin heard the sound.] From the ballad entitled, *The noble Acts of King Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table; with the valiant Atchievements of Sir Lancelot du Lake*,—Evans's *Old Ballads*, vol. ii. ed. 1810, where (p. 7.) the stanza runs thus;

"*He struck so hard, the bason broke.*

When Tarquin heard the sound,
 He drove a horse before him straight,
 Whereon a knight lay bound."

The same ballad is printed, with a different text, and under the title of *Sir Lancelot du Lake*, in Percy's *Rel. of A. E. P.*, vol. i. ed. 1794, where (p. 216) the corresponding stanza is;

"*He struck soe hard, the bason broke;
 And Tarquin soon he spyed:
 Who drove a horse before him fast,
 Whereon a knight lay tyed.*"

♁ *What mister thing is this]* i. e. What kind of thing is this? (*mister* is supposed to be from the Fr. *mestier*: and see Richardson's *Dict.* in v.)—So the second folio.—The first folio has "*What master thing is this?*"

† *And then he strook his neck in two]* From the ballad above mentioned: Evans gives the line (wrongly) thus;

"*And when he struck his neck in two*":

the text of Percy is;

"*Forthwith he strucked his necke in two.*"

Din. This may be a rascal, but 'tis a mad rascal :
 What an alphabet of faces he puts on !
 Hey, how it fences ! If this should be the rogue,
 As 'tis the likeliest rogue I see this day—— [*Aside.*

La-Writ. [*singing*]

Was ever man for lady's sake * ? Down, down !

Din. And what are you, good sir ? *Down, down, down,*
down !

La-Writ. What's that to you, good sir ?—[*singing*]

Down, down.

Din. A pox on you, good sir ! *Down, down, down !*
 You with your buckram bag, what make you here ?
 And from whence come you ?—I could fight with my shadow
 now. [*Aside.*

La-Writ. [*singing*]

Thou fierce man †, that like
 Sir Lancelot dost appear,
 I need not tell thee what I am,
 Nor eke what I make here.

Din. This is a precious knave [*aside*].—Stay, stay, good
 Tristrem,

And let me ask thy mightiness a question ;
 Did you never abuse a lady ?

La-Writ. Not—to abuse a lady ^u is very hard, sir.

Din. Say you so, sir ? didst thou never abuse her honour ?

La-Writ. Not—to abuse her honour is impossible.

Din. Certain, this is the rascal [*aside*].—What's thy name ?

* *Was ever man for lady's sake*] “ This is [varied] from the beginning of an old ballad printed by Percy, and by him entitled *The Legend of Sir Guy,*” &c. WEBER. See note, vol. ii. 173.

† *Thou fierce man, &c.*] “ These four lines are not at present to be found in the ballad of *The Noble Acts of King Arthur, &c.*, quoted above - - - - though it is possible they may have existed somewhere between the twenty-second and twenty-third stanzas. They are, however, more likely to have been added by the poets, as adapted by La-Writ to the occasion.” WEBER. Perhaps so.

^u *Not—to abuse a lady, &c.*] Here the punctuation of both the folios is, “ *Not ; to abuse a lady,*” &c., and in the next speech of La-Writ, “ *Not ; to abuse her honour,*” &c. Weber printed, “ *Not to abuse a lady,*” &c., and “ *Not to abuse her honour,*” &c. ; not perceiving that the facetious lawyer intends his answers to be ambiguous.

La-Writ. My name is Cock-a'-two ; use me respectively ^u,
I will be cock of three else.

Din. What 's all this ?

You say, you did abuse a lady.

La-Writ. You lie.

Din. And that you wrong'd her honour.

La-Writ. That 's two lies.

Speak suddenly, for I am full of business.

Din. What art thou, or what canst thou be, thou pea-
goose ^v,

That dar'st ^w give me the lie thus ? thou mak'st me wonder.

La-Writ. " And wonder on, till time make all things plain ^x."

Din. You must not part so, sir. Art thou a gentleman ?

La-Writ. Ask those upon whose ruins I am mounted.

Din. This is some cavaliero Knight o' the Sun ^y.

La-Writ. I tell thee I am as good a gentleman as the duke :
I have atchiev'd—Go, follow thy business !

Din. But for this lady, sir—

La-Writ. Why, hang this lady, sir !

And the lady-mother too, sir ! what have I to do with ladies ?

Enter CLEREMONT behind.

Cler. 'Tis the little lawyer's voice : has he got my way ?
It should be hereabouts.

^u *respectively*] Means here, as it does in many other passages of our early dramatists,—respectfully : and so it had been rightly explained by the modern editors, till Weber, taxing them with "absurdity" (which was all his own) informed the reader that it meant—*accordingly* !

^v *peagoose*] Though this form is found in other writers, the word is properly *peakgoose* (peaking goose),—silly fellow.

^w *dar 'st*] Altered by the modern editors to "durst."

^x *And wonder on, till time make all things plain*] So the second folio ; and so Seward. The first folio has,

" *And wonder on, till time makes all this plaine* " ;

and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.—I have adopted the reading of the second folio, because it comes nearest to the following line of Shakespeare,—which line none of the editors appear to have known that *La-Writ* here parodies,—

" *But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.*"

Midsummer-night's Dream, act v. sc. 1.

^y *Knight o' the Sun*] See note, vol. i. 299.

Din. You dry biscuit rogue,
I will so swinge you for this blasphemy !
Have I found you out ?

[*Draws.*

Cler. That should be Dinant's tongue too.

La-Writ. [*singing*]

And I defy thee ; do thy worst !
Oh, ho, quoth Lancelot tho : *

And that thou shalt know I am a true gentleman,
And speak according to the phrase triumphant,
Thy lady is a scurvy lady, and a shitten lady,
And, though I never heard of her, a debosh'd^a lady,
And thou a squire of low degree^b ! Will that content thee ?
Dost thou way-lay me with ladies ?—A pretty sword, sir,
A very pretty sword ; I have a great mind to't.

Din. You shall not lose your longing, rogue !

Cler. [*coming forward.*] Hold, hold !

Hold, Dinant, as thou art a gentleman !

La-Writ. As much as you will ; my hand is in now.

Cler. I am your friend, sir.—Dinant, you draw your sword
Upon the gentleman preserv'd your honour ;
This was my second, and did back me nobly :
For shame, forbear !

* *And I defy thee ; do thy worst !*

Oh, ho, quoth Lancelot tho] In *The noble Acts of King Arthur, &c.*
(see note, p. 492) we find (according to the text both of Evans and Percy) ;

“ *And I desire thee do thy worst.*

Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin tho,

One of us two shall end our lives

Before that we do go” ;

and earlier in the same ballad ;

“ Both *thee* and all thy fellowship

I utterly defy.

That's overmuch, *quoth Lancelot tho,*” &c.

I ought to add that “*tho*” (which was printed by the Editors of 1778 “*tho'*”, and by Weber “*though*”) means—then : the word is very common in our earliest poetry.

^a *debosh'd*] i. e. debauched.

^b *a squire of low degree*] “A term used frequently by old dramatists, derived from the popular metrical romance so called, printed by Ritson (*Metr. Rom.* vol. iii. p. 145.)” WEBER.

Din. I ask your mercy, sir,
And am your servant now.

La-Writ. May we not fight, then?

Cler. I am sure you shall not now.

La-Writ. I am sorry for 't :
I am sure I'll stay no longer, then, not a jot longer.
Are there any more on ^c ye afore? I will sing still, sir.

[*Exit singing.*]

Din. I look now you should chide me, and 'tis fit,
And with much bitterness express your anger,
I have deserv'd : yet, when you know——

Cler. I thank you !

Do you think that the wrong you have offer'd me,
The most unmanly wrong, unfriendly wrong——

Din. I do confess——

Cler. That boyish sleight——

Din. Not so, sir.

Cler. That poor and base renouncing of your honour,
Can be allay'd with words?——

Din. I give you way still.

Cler. Colour'd with smooth excuses? Was it a friend's
part,

A gentleman's, a man's that wears a sword,
And stands upon the point of reputation,
To hide his head then when his honour call'd him,
Call'd him aloud, and led him to his fortune?
To halt, and slip the collar? By my life,
I would have given my life, I had never known thee :
Thou hast eaten canker-like into my judgment
With this disgrace, thy ^d whole life cannot heal again.

Din. This I can suffer too ; I find it honest.

Cler. Can you pretend an excuse now may absolve you,
Or anything like honest, to bring you off?
Engage me, like an ass !

Din. Will you but hear me ?

^c *on*] i. e. of.

^d *thy*] So the second folio.—The first folio “my.”

Cler. Expose me like a jade to tug and hale through
(Laugh'd at, and almost hooted) your disgraces !
Invite men's swords and angers to despatch me !

Din. If you will be patient——

Cler. And be abus'd still ! But that I have call'd thee
friend,

And to that name allow a sanctuary,
You should hear further from me ; I would not talk thus :
But henceforth stand upon your own bottom, sir,
And bear your own abuses ; I scorn my sword
Should travail in so poor and empty quarrels.

Din. Ha' you done yet ? take your whole swing of anger ;
I'll bear all with content.

Cler. Why were you absent ?

Din. You know I am no coward, you have seen that,
And therefore out of fear forsook you not :
You know I am not false, of a treacherous nature,
Apt to betray my friend ; I have fought for you too :
You know no business, that concern'd my state ^e,
My kindred, or my life——

Cler. Where was the fault, then ?

Din. The honour of that lady I adore,
Her credit, and her name : you know she sent for me,
And with what haste.

Cler. What was he that traduc'd ?

Din. The man i' the moon, I think ; hither I was sent,
But to what end——

Enter Nurse ^f.

Cler. This is a pretty flim-flam !

Nurse. I am glad I have met you, sir ; I have been seeking
And seeking every where.

Cler. And now you have found him,
Declare what ^g business, our ambassador.

^e *state*] "i. e. estate." WEBER.

^f *Nurse*] Both the folios "old Lady" ; and so Seward.

^g *what*] So the second folio.—The first folio "that."—In this line Seward printed "old ambassador,"—a wretched correction by Sympson.

Nurse. What's that to you, goodman flouter?—Oh, sir,
my lady——

Din. Prithee, no more of thy lady; I have too much on't.

Cler. Let me have a little; speak to me.

Nurse. To you, sir!

'Tis more than time!—All occasions set aside, sir,
Or whatsoever may be thought a business——

Din. What then?

Nurse. Repair to me within this hour.

Cler. Where?

Nurse. What's that to you? come you, sir, when you're
sent for.

Cler. God-a-mercy, Mumpsimus!—

You may go, Dinant, and follow this old fairy,
Till you have lost yourself, your friends, your credit,
And honey out^h your youth in rare adventures:
I can but grieve I have known you.

Nurse. Will you go, sir?

I come not often to you with these blessings:
You may believe that thing there, and repent it,
That dogged thing!

Cler. Peace, Touchwood!

Din. I will not go.

Go, bid your lady seek some fool to fawn on her,
Some unexperienc'd puppy to make sport with;
I have been her mirth too long. Thus I shake from me
The fetters she put on, thus her enchantments
I blow away like wind: no more her beauty——

Nurse. Take heed, sir, what you say.

Cler. Go forward, Dinant.

Din. The charms shot from her eyes——

Nurse. Be wise.

Cler. Be valiant.

Din. That tongue, that tells fair tales to men's destructions,
Shall never wreckⁱ me more.

^h *honey out*] The second folio has "hunt away."

ⁱ *wreck*] Both the folios "rack"—a typographical error for "wrack," i. e. *wreck*. Seward and the Editors of 1778 gave "rack." Weber printed

Nurse. Stay there.

Cler. Go forward.

Din. I will now hear her, see her, as a woman,
Survey her, and the power man has allow'd her^j,
As I would do the course of common things,
Unmov'd, unstruck.

Cler. Hold there, and I forgive thee.

Din. She is not fair, and that that makes her proud
Is not her own, our eyes bestow it on her ;
To touch and kiss her is no blessedness,
A sun-burnt Ethiop's lip's as soft as hers.
Go, bid her stick some other triumph up,
And take into her favour some dull fool,
That has no precious time to lose, no friends,
No honour, nor no life : like a bold merchant,
A bold and bankrupt man, I have ventur'd all these,
And split my bottom. Return this answer to her ;
I am awake again, and see her mischiefs,
And am not now, on every idle errand
And new-coin'd anger, to be hurried^k,
And then despis'd again ; I have forgot her.

Cler. If this be true——

Nurse. I am sorry I have troubled you ;
More sorry that my lady has adventur'd
So great a favour in so weak a mind.
This hour you have refus'd that, when you come to know it,
Will run you mad, and make you curse that fellow.
She is not fair, nor handsome ! so I leave you.

Cler. Stay, lady, stay ; but is there such a business ?

Nurse. You would break your neck, 'twere yours.

Cler. My back, you would say.

Nurse. But play the friend's part still, sir, and undo him ;
'Tis a fair office.

“wreck” ; but there appears to be no necessity for retaining the old spelling, except in passages where the rhyme requires it : besides, our early writers used “wreck” and “wreck” indifferently.

^j *allow'd her*] Both the folios have “*allowed*, sir.”

^k *hurried*] Qy. “*hurried to her*”?

Din. I have spoke too liberally ¹.

Nurse. I shall deliver what you say.

[*Going.*

Cler. You shall be hang'd first ;

You would fain be prating now ! Take the man with you.

Nurse. Not I ; I have no power.

Cler. You may go, Dinant.

Nurse. 'Tis in 's own will ; I had no further charge, sir,
Than to tell him what I did ; which, if I had thought
It should have been receiv'd so——

Cler. Faith, you may ;

You do not know how far it may concern you.

If I perceiv'd any trick in 't——

Din. 'Twill end there.

Cler. 'Tis my fault, then. There is an hour in fortune ^m,
That must be still observ'd : you think I 'll chide you,
When things must be. Nay, see an he will hold his head up !
Would such a lady send, with such a charge too ?
Say she has play'd the fool, play the fool with her again,
The great fool, the greater ⁿ still the better.—
He shall go with you, woman.

Nurse. As it please him ;

I know the way alone else.

Din. Where is your lady ?

Nurse. I shall direct you quickly.

Din. Well, I'll go ;

But what her wrongs will give me leave to say——

Cler. We 'll leave that to yourselves. I shall hear from you ?

Din. As soon as I come off.

Cler. Come on, then, bravely.

Farewell till then, and play the man !

Din. You are merry ;

All I expect is scorn.—I 'll lead you, lady.

[*Exeunt on one side DINANT and Nurse, on the other*
CLEREMONT.

¹ *liberally*] i. e. licentiously free.

^m *There is an hour in fortune, &c.*] Here the Editors of 1778 refer to the well-known passage in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, act iv. sc. 3,

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,” &c.

ⁿ *the greater*] Seward printed, for the metre, “and *the greater*.”

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A hall in the house of CHAMPERNEL.*

Enter CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, BEAUPRÈ, VERDONE, and CHARLOTTE.

Beau. We'll venture on him.

Champ. Out of my doors! I charge thee,
See me no more.

Lam. Your nephew!

Champ. I disclaim him;
He has no part in me, nor in my blood:
My brother, that kept fortune bound, and left
Conquest hereditary to his issue,
Could not beget a coward.

Verdone. I fought, sir,
Like a good fellow, and a soldier too;
But men are men, and cannot make their fates:
Ascribe you to my father what you please,
I am born to suffer.

Champ. All disgraces, wretch!

Lam. Good sir, be patient.

Champ. Was there no tree,
(For to fall by a noble enemy's sword
A coward is unworthy,) nor no river,
To force thy life out backward, or to drown it^o,

^o *To force thy life out backward, or to drown it*] "The first part of this line refers to *tree*, and the latter part to *river*. But Seward rejects the disjunctive *or*, and substitutes *and* in its place; because, he says, that forcing life out backwards is only a very droll description of drowning. I believe, however, that few of his readers will be able to discover either the drollery, or the justness of that description. In truth, the disjunctive, which he discards, is absolutely necessary to make sense of the passage. *To force thy life out backward* is no description of drowning, nor is it intended as such, but of hanging. Champernel ludicrously supposes that the pressure of the rope must prevent life from

But that thou must survive thy infamy,
And kill me with the sight of one I hate,
And gladly would forget ?

Beau. Sir, his misfortune
Deserves not this reproof.

Champ. In your opinion ;
'Tis fit you two should be of one belief :
You are indeed fine gallants, and fight bravely
I' the city with your tongues, but in the field
Have neither spirit to dare, nor power to do ;
Your swords are all lead there.

Beau. I know no duty
(However you may wreak your spleen on him)
That binds me to endure this.

Champ. From Dinant
You 'll suffer more. That ever cursèd I
Should give my honour up to the defence
Of such a thing as he is ! or my lady,
That is all innocent, for whom a dove would
Assume the courage of a daring eagle,
Repose her confidence in one that can
No better guard her ! In contempt of you,
I love Dinant, mine enemy, nay admire him ;
His valour claims it from me, and with justice :
He that could fight thus in a cause not honest,
His sword edg'd with defence of right and honour
Would pierce as deep as lightning, with that speed too,
And kill as deadly.

Verdone. You are as far from justice
In him you praise as equity in the censure
You load me with.

Beau. Dinant ! he durst not meet us.

Lam. How ! durst not, brother !

Beau. Durst not ; I repeat it.

Verdone. Nor was it Cleremont's valour that disarm'd us ;

issuing forwards, and of course force it backwards ; and means to say, in other words—Could you find no tree to hang yourself on, nor any river to drown you ?” MASON.

I had the better of him. For Dinant,
If that might make my peace with you, I dare
Write him a coward upon every post,
And with the hazard of my life defend it.

Lam. If 'twere laid at the stake, you 'd lose it, nephew.

Champ. Came he not, say you?

Verdone. No; but in his room
There was a devil, hir'd from some magician,
I' the shape of an attorney.

Beau. 'Twas he did it.

Verdone. And his the honour.

Beau. I could wish Dinant—
But what talk I of one that stepp'd aside,
And durst not come?

Lam. I am such a friend to truth,
I cannot hear this. Why do you detract
Thus poorly (I should say to others, basely)
From one of such approv'd worth?

Champ. Ha! how's this?

Lam. From one so excellent in all that 's noble,
Whose only weakness is excess of courage?
That knows no enemies that he cannot master,
But his affections, and in them, the worst,
His love to me?

Champ. To you!

Lam. Yes, sir, to me:
I dare (for what is that which innocence dares not?)
To you profess it; and he shunn'd the combat
For fear nor doubt of these^p.—Blush, and repent,
That you in thought e'er did that wrong to valour.

^p *and he shunn'd the combat*

For fear nor doubt of these] The first folio has,

“*and he shun'd the combat*

For feare, or doubt of these;”

and so Weber, who put a sign of admiration after the words. The second folio reads,

“*and he shun'd not the combat*

For fear or doubt of these;”

and so Seward and the Editors of 1778. The “or” of the first folio is evidently

Beau. Why, this is rare !

Champ. 'Fore Heaven, exceeding rare !—
Why, modest lady, you that sing such encomiums
Of your first suitor—

Verdone. How can you convince us
In our reports ^q ?

Lam. With what you cannot answer :
'Twas my command that stay'd him.

Champ. Your command !

Lam. Mine, sir ; and had my will rank'd with my power
And his obedience, I could have sent him,
With more ease, weaponless to you and bound,
Than have kept him back ; so well he loves his honour
Beyond his life.

Champ. Better and better still !

Lam. I wrought with him in private, to divert him
From your assur'd destruction, had he met you.

Champ. In private !

Lam. Yes, and us'd all arts, all charms,
Of one that knew herself the absolute mistress
Of all his faculties.

Champ. Gave all rewards too
His service could deserve ^r ? did not he take
The measure of my sheets ?

Lam. Do not look yellow ;
I have cause to speak ; frowns cannot fright me ^s.
By all my hopes, as I am spotless to you,

a misprint for “*nor.*” In the first branch of a negative proposition our old writers frequently omit “*neither :*” so in another passage of the present play, act iv. sc. 6.,

“ that Ovid's Afternoon

Nor his Corinna should again be mention'd.”

^q *convince us*

In our reports] Here *convince* means, as the Editors of 1778 observe, “*confute, or convict of falsehood.*”—The second folio has “*your reports*” ; and so Seward.

^r *deserve*] Weber printed “*desire*” !

^s *fright me*] Altered by Seward to “*fright me, sir*” ; and so the Editors of 1778.

If I rest once assur'd you do but doubt me,
Or curb me of that freedom you once gave me——

Champ. What then ?

Lam. I'll not alone abuse your bed,—that's nothing,—
But, to your more vexation, 'tis resolv'd on,
I'll run away, and then try if Dinant
Have courage to defend me.

Champ. Impudent !

Verdone. And on the sudden——

Beau. How are you transform'd
From what you were !

Lam. I was an innocent virgin,
And I can truly swear, a wife as pure
As ever lay by husband, and will die so,
Let me live unsuspected : I am no servant,
Nor will be us'd like one. If you desire
To keep me constant, as I would be, let
Trust and belief in you beget and nurse it :
Unnecessary jealousies make more whores
Than all baits else laid to entrap our frailties.

Beau. There's no contesting with her : from a child,
Once mov'd, she hardly was to be appeas'd ;
Yet I dare swear her honest.

Champ. So I think too,
On better judgment. I am no Italian,
To lock her up ; nor would I be a Dutchman,
To have my wife my sovereign, to command me :
I'll try the gentler way ; but, if that fail,
Believe it, sir, there's nothing but extremes
Which she must feel from me.

Beau. That as you please, sir.

Char. You have won the breeches, madam : look up
sweetly ;
My lord limps toward you.

Lam. You will learn more manners ! [Strikes her.]

Char. This is a fee for counsel that's unask'd for.

Champ. Come, I mistook thee, sweet ; prithee, forgive me :
I never will be jealous ; ere I cherish
Such a mechanic humour, I'll be nothing :

I'll say, Dinant is all that thou wouldst have him ;
Will that suffice ?

Lam. 'Tis well, sir.

Champ. Use thy freedom,
Uncheck'd, and unobserv'd : if thou wilt have it,
These shall forget their honour, I my wrongs ;
We'll all dote on him. Hell be my reward,
If I dissemble !

Lam. And that hell take me,
If I affect him ! He's a lustful villain,
(But yet no coward,) and solicits me
To my dishonour ; that's indeed a quarrel,
And truly mine, which I will so revenge
As it shall fright such as dare only think
To be adulterers.

Champ. Use thine own ways ;
I give up all to thee.

Beau. Oh, women, women !
When you are pleas'd, you are the least of evils.

Verd. I'll rhyme to 't—But provok'd, the worst of devils.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before the Hall of Justice.*

Enter SAMPSON and three Clients.

Samp. I know monsieur La-Writ.

First Client. Would he knew himself, sir !

Samp. He was a pretty lawyer, a kind of pretty lawyer,
Of a kind of unable thing.

Sec. Client. A fine lawyer, sir,
And would have fir'd you up a business,
And out of this court into that.

Samp. Ye are too forward ;
Not so fine, my friends ; something he could have done,
But short, short.

First Client. I know your worship's favour ;
You are nephew^t to the judge, sir.

^t *are nephew*] Weber chose to print "*are a nephew.*"

Samp. It may be so,
And something may be done, without trotting i' the dirt,
friends :

It may be I can take him in his chamber,
And have an hour's talk ; it may be so ;
And tell him that in 's ear—there are such courtesies ;
I will not say, I can.

Third Client. We know you can, sir.

Samp. Peradventure ay, peradventure no. But where 's
La-Writ ?

Where 's your sufficient lawyer ?

First Client. He 's blown up, sir.

Sec. Client. Run mad, and quarrels with the dog he meets :
He is no lawyer of this world now.

Samp. Your reason ?

Is he defunct ? is he dead ?

Sec. Client. No, he 's not dead yet, sir ;
But I would be loath to take a lease on 's life for two hours :
Alas, he is possess'd, sir, with the spirit of fighting,
And quarrels with all people ! but how he came to it——

Samp. If he fight well, and like a gentleman,
The man may fight ; for 'tis a lawful calling.
Look you, my friends, I am a civil gentleman,
And my lord my uncle loves me.

Third Client. We all know it, sir.

Samp. I think he does, sir. I have business too, much
business,

Turn you some forty or fifty causes in a week :
Yet, when I get an hour of vacancy,
I can fight too, my friends ; a little does well ;
I would be loath to learn to fight^u.

First Client. But, an 't please you, sir,
His fighting has neglected all our business :
We are undone, our causes cast away, sir ;
His not appearance——

Samp. There he fought too long ;
A little, and fight well ; he fought too long, indeed, friends :

^u *I would be loath to learn to fight.* " i. e. I should be sorry to have it now
to learn." MASON.

But, ne'ertheless, things must be as they may,
And there be ways——

First Client. We know, sir, if you please——

Samp. Something I'll do. Go, rally up your causes.

Enter LA-WRIT dressed as a gallant, and a Gentleman ^v.

Sec. Client. Now you may behold, sir,
And be a witness, whether we lie or no.

La-Writ. I'll meet you at the ordinary, sweet gentlemen ;
And if there be a wench or two——

Gent. We'll have 'em.

La-Writ. No handling any duels before I come ;
We'll have no going less ^w ; I hate a coward.

Gent. There shall be nothing done.

La-Writ. Make all the quarrels
You can devise before I come, and let 's all fight ;
There is no sport else.

Gent. We'll see what may be done, sir.

[*Exit.*

First Client. Ha ! monsieur La-Writ !

La-Writ. Baffled in way of business,
My causes cast away, judgment against us !
Why, there it goes !

Sec. Client. What shall we do the whilst, sir ?

La-Writ. Breed new dissensions ; go, hang yourselves !
'Tis all one to me ; I have a new trade of living.

First Client. Do you hear what he says, sir ?

Samp. The gentleman speaks finely.

La-Writ. Will any of you fight ? fighting's my occupation :
If you find yourselves aggriev'd——

Samp. A complete gentleman !

La-Writ. Avaunt, thou buckram budget of petitions !

[*Throws away his bag of papers.*

Thou spital ^x of lame causes ! I lament for thee ;
And, till revenge be taken——

^v *a Gentleman*] Both the folios add "at the dore." There are other Gentlemen within ; see La-Writ's first speech.

^w *going less*] An expression borrowed from gaming : see note, p. 442 of this vol., and note, vol. ii. 486.—So the first folio.—The second folio "*going else*" ; and so Seward.

^x *spital*] i. e. hospital.—Seward, puzzled by the "spittle" of the old eds., and

Samp. 'Tis most excellent.

La-Writ. There, every man choose his paper and his place :
I'll answer ye all ; I will neglect no man's business,
But he shall have satisfaction like a gentleman.
The judge may do and not do ; he's but a monsieur.

Samp. You have nothing of mine in your bag, sir ?

La-Writ. I know not, sir :

But you may put anything in, any fighting thing.

Samp. It is sufficient ; you may hear hereafter.

La-Writ. I rest your servant, sir.

Samp. No more words, gentlemen,
But follow me ; no more words, as you love me :
The gentleman's a noble gentleman :
I shall do what I can, and then——

Clients. We thank you, sir.

Samp. Not a word to disturb him ; he's a gentleman.

[*Exeunt* SAMPSON and Clients.]

La-Writ. No cause go o' my side ! the judge cast all !
And, because I was honourably employ'd in action,
And not appear'd, pronounce ! 'Tis very well ;
'Tis well, faith ; 'tis well, judge !

Enter CLEREMONT.

Cler. Who have we here ?
My little furious lawyer !

[*Aside.*

La-Writ. I say, 'tis well ;
But mark the end !

Cler. How he is metamorphos'd !
Nothing of lawyer left, not a bit of buckram,
No soliciting face now ; this is no simple conversion !—[*Aside.*
Your servant, sir, and friend.

La-Writ. You come in time, sir.

Cler. The happier man, to be at your command, then.

La-Writ. You may wonder to see me thus ; but that's all
one

being able to assign no meaning to that word except—saliva, altered it to
“ splitter ” !—The distinction made by Gifford (note on Massinger's *Works*, iv.
53. ed. 1813) between *spittle* and *spital* is an imaginary one : see Todd's *John-
son's Dict.* and Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

Time shall declare. 'Tis true, I was a lawyer,
But I have mew'd^y that coat ; I hate a lawyer :
I talk'd much in the court ; now I hate talking.
I did you the office of a man.

Cler. I must confess it.

La-Writ. And budg'd not ; no, I budg'd not.

Cler. No, you did not.

La-Writ. There 's it, then ; one good turn requires another.

Cler. Most willing, sir ; I am ready at your service.

La-Writ. [*giving a letter*] There, read, and understand,
and then deliver it.

Cler. This is a challenge, sir.

La-Writ. 'Tis very like, sir ;

I seldom now write sonnets.

Cler. *O admirantis*^z !—

To Monsieur Vertaigne, the president.

[*Reads.*

La-Writ. I choose no fool, sir.

Cler. Why, he 's no swordman, sir.

La-Writ. Let him learn, let him learn ;

Time, that trains chickens up, will teach him quickly.

Cler. Why, he 's a judge, an old man.

La-Writ. Never too old

To be a gentleman ; and he that is a judge

Can judge best what belongs to wounded honour.

[*Points to the scattered papers.*

There are my griefs ; he has cast away my causes,

In which he has bow'd my reputation :

And therefore, judge or no judge——

Cler. Pray, be rul'd, sir ;

This is the maddest thing——

La-Writ. You will not carry it ?

^y *mew'd*] i. e. cast : see note, p. 431.

^z *O admirantis*] "The exclamation *O!* was used to express joy, grief, surprise, and other sensations, and is distinguished by the grammarians according to the passion it was intended to express ; as, *O admirantis*, *O dolentis*, &c. To this Cleremont alludes." MASON.

Seward, at the suggestion of "an ingenious friend," threw out "*admirantis*"! The Editors of 1778 retained it, without, however, understanding the expression.

Cler. I do not tell you so ; but, if you may be persuaded——

La-Writ. You know how you us'd me when I would not fight ;

Do you remember, gentleman ?

Cler. The devil's in him !

[*Aside.*

La-Writ. I see it in your eyes, that you dare do it ;

You have a carrying face, and you shall carry it.

Cler. The least is banishment.

La-Writ. Be banish'd, then ;

'Tis a friend's part : we'll meet in Africa,

Or any corner ^a of the earth.

Cler. Say, he will not fight ?

La-Writ. I know then what to say ; take you no care, sir.

Cler. Well, I will carry it, and deliver it,

And to-morrow morning meet you in the Louvre ;

Till when, my service.

La-Writ. A judge or no judge ? no judge ! [Exit.

Cler. This is the prettiest rogue that e'er I read of ;

None to provoke to the field but the old president !

What face shall I put on ? if I come in earnest,

I am sure to wear a pair of bracelets ^b.

This may make some sport yet ; I will deliver it.

Here comes the president.

Enter VERTAIGNE with two Gentlemen.

Vert. I shall find time, gentlemen,

To do your causes good.—Is not that Cleremont ?

First Gent. 'Tis he, my lord.

Vert. Why does he smile upon me ?

Am I become ridiculous ?—Has your fortune, sir,

Upon my son, made you contemn his father ?

The glory of a gentleman is fair bearing.

Cler. Mistake me not, my lord ; you shall not find that :

I come with no blown spirit to abuse you ;

^a corner] So the first folio.—The second folio “part” ; and so Seward.

^b I am sure to wear a pair of bracelets.] “That is, my wrists will be decorated with chains.” WEBER.

I know your place, and honour due unto it,
The reverence to your silver age and virtue.

Vert. Your face is merry still.

Cler. So is my business ;

And I beseech your honour mistake me not.

I have brought you, from a wild, or rather mad, man,
As mad a piece of——You were wont to love mirth
In your young days ; I have known your honour woo it :
This may be made no little one ; 'tis a challenge, sir—
Nay, start not, I beseech you ; it means you no harm,
Nor any man of honour or understanding ;
'Tis to steal from your serious hours a little laughter,
I am bold to bring it to your lordship.

Vert. 'Tis to me, indeed.

Do they take me for a swordman at these years ?

Cler. 'Tis only worth your honour's mirth, that's all, sir ;
It had been in me else a saucy rudeness.

Vert. From one La-Writ ; a very punctual challenge.

Cler. But, if your lordship mark it, no great matter.

Vert. I have known such a wrangling advocate,
Such a little figent^c thing : oh, I remember him ;
A notable talking knave ! Now, out upon him,
H'as challeng'd me downright, defied me mortally !
I do remember too, I cast his causes.

Cler. Why, there's the quarrel, sir, the mortal quarrel.

Vert. Why, what a knave is this ! As you're a gentleman,
Is there no further purpose but mere mirth ?
What a bold man of war ! he invites me roundly.

Cler. If there should be, I were no gentleman,
Nor worthy of the honour of my kindred :
And, though I am sure your lordship hates my person,
Which time may bring again into your favour,
Yet, for my manners——

Vert. I am satisfied :

You see, sir, I have out-liv'd those days of fighting,
And therefore cannot do him the honour to beat him myself ;

^c *figent*] i. e. fidgetty, restless, busy.

But I have a kinsman much of his ability,
His wit and carriage^d, (for this calls^e him fool,)
One that will spit as senseless fire as this fellow.

Cler. And such a man to undertake, my lord?

Vert. Nay, he's too forward; these two pitch-barrels
together——

Cler. Upon my soul, no harm.

Vert. It makes me smile :

Why, what a stinking smother will they utter !
Yes, he shall undertake, sir, as my champion,
(Since you propound it mirth, I'll venture on it,)
And shall defend my cause : but, as you're honest,
Sport not with blood !

Cler. Think not so basely, good sir.

Vert. A squire shall wait upon you from my kinsman
To-morrow morning ; make your^f sport at full,
You want no subject : but, no wounds !

Cler. That 's my care.

Vert. And so, good day.

Cler. Many unto your honour !—

[*Exeunt* VERTAIGNE and Gentlemen.

This is a noble fellow, of a sweet spirit.
Now must I think how to contrive this matter,
For together they shall go.

Enter DINANT.

Din. Oh, Cleremont,
I am glad I have found thee !

Cler. I can tell thee rare things.

Din. Oh, I can tell thee rarer !

Dost thou love me ?

Cler. Love thee !

^d *carriage*] So the first folio.—The second folio “courage” ; and so Seward.
^e *calls*] So the first folio.—The second folio “call” ; and so the modern editors,—with the exception of Weber, who rightly explains “calls” as equivalent to—proves.

^f *your*] So the first folio.—The second folio “you” ; and so Seward.

Din. Dost thou love me dearly?
 Dar'st thou for my sake——
Cler. Any thing that 's honest.
Din. Though it be dangerous?
Cler. Pox o' dangerous!
Din. Nay, wondrous dangerous?
Cler. Wilt thou break my heart?
Din. Along with me, then.
Cler. I must part to-morrow.
Din. You shall, you shall. Be faithful for this night,
 And thou hast made thy friend^g.
Cler. Away, and talk not. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A room in CHAMPERNEL'S house, with a gallery.*

Enter LAMIRA and Nurse.

Lam. Oh, nurse, welcome! where's Dinant?
Nurse. He's at my back.
 'Tis the most liberal gentleman! this gold
 He gave me for my pains; nor can I blame you,
 If you yield up the fort.
Lam. How! yield it up!
Nurse. I know not; he that loves, and gives so largely,
 And a young lord to boot, or I am cozen'd,
 May enter every where.
Lam. Thou'lt make me angry.
Nurse. Why, if you are, I hope here's one will please you;

Enter DINANT and CLEREMONT.

Look on him with my eyes.—Good luck go with you!
 Were I young for your sake——
Din. I thank thee, nurse.
Nurse. I would be tractable; and, as I am——
Lam. Leave the room,—
 So old, and so immodest!—and be careful,
 Since whispers will wake sleeping jealousies,
 That none disturb my lord. [Exit Nurse.]

^g *made thy friend*] i. e. made thy friend's fortune.

Cler. Will you despatch?

Till you come to the matter, be not rapt thus.
Walk in, walk in: I am your scout for once;
You owe me the like service.

Din. And will pay it.

Lam. As you respect our lives, speak not so loud.

Cler. Why, to it in dumb show, then; I am silenc'd.

Lam. Be not so hasty, sir: the golden apples
Had a fell dragon for their guard; your pleasures
Are to be attempted with Herculean danger,
Or never to be gotten.

Din. Speak the means.

Lam. Thus briefly: my lord sleeps now—and, alas,
Each night he only sleeps!

Cler. Go, keep her stirring.

Lam. Now, if he wake, as sometimes he does,
He only stretches out his hand, and feels
Whether I am a-bed, which being assur'd of,
He sleeps again; but, should he miss me, valour
Could not defend our lives.

Din. What's to be done, then?

Lam. Servants have servile faiths, nor have I any
That I dare trust; on noble Cleremont
We safely may rely.

Cler. What man can do,
Command, and boldly.

Lam. Thus, then; in my place
You must lie with my lord.

Cler. With an old man!
Two beards together! that's preposterous.

Lam. There is no other way; and, though 'tis dangerous,
He having servants within call, and arm'd too,
Slaves fee'd^h to act all that his jealousy
And rage commands them, yet a true friend should not
Check at the hazard of a life.

Cler. I thank you!
I love my friend, but know no reason why

^h *fee'd*] So the first folio.—The second folio “fed”; and so the modern editors.

To hate myself : to be a kind of pandar,
 You see I am willing ;
 But to betray mine own throat, you must pardon.

Din. Then I am lost, and all my hopes defeated :
 Were I to hazard ten times more for you,
 You should find, Cleremont——

Cler. You shall not out-do me ;
 Fall what may fall, I 'll do 't.

Din. But, for his beard——

Lam. To cover that, you shall have my night-linen :
 And, you dispos'd of, my Dinant and I
 Will have some private conference.

Cler. Private doing,
 Or I 'll not venture.

Lam. That 's as we agree.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another room in the same, with a gallery.*

Nurse and CHARLOTTE pass over the stage with pillows, night-clothes, and such things^h.

Enter CHAMPERNELⁱ.

Champ. What can this woman do, preserving her honour ?
 I have given her all the liberty that may be.
 I will not be far off though, nor I will not be jealous,
 Nor trust too much : I think she is virtuous ;
 Yet, when I hold her best, she 's but a woman,
 As full of frailty as of faith, a poor slight woman,
 And her best thoughts but weak fortifications ;
 There may be a mine^j wrought. Well, let 'em work, then ;

^h *such things*] So both the folios.

ⁱ *Enter Champernel*] Both the folios add "*privately.*" They also mark his entrance before Lamira, Dinant, and Cleremont have quitted the stage ; but merely for the sake of warning the actor who represented Champernel to be in readiness for coming on. Such premature directions (copied of course from the prompter's book) are common in early plays : opposite the third speech of Lamira in this scene the first folio has "*Wine,*"—to warn the property-man to have wine ready against the entrance of the Nurse.

^j *mine*] So the second folio.—The first folio "*meane.*"

I shall meet with it ; till the signs be monstrous,
 And stick upon my head, I will not believe it ;
 She may be, and she may not. Now to my observation.

[Retires.

Enter LAMIRA and DINANT.

Din. Why do you make me stay so ? if you love me——

Lam. You are too hot and violent.

Din. Why do you shift thus
 From one chamber to another ?

Lam. A little delay, sir,
 Like fire a little sprinkled o'er with water,
 Makes the desires burn clear and ten times hotter.

Din. Why do you speak so loud ? I pray ye, go in ;
 Sweet mistress, I am mad ; time steals away,
 And when we would enjoy——

Lam. Now, fie, fie, servant !
 Like sensual beasts shall we enjoy our pleasures ?

Din. Pray, do but ^k kiss me, then.

Lam. Why, that I will, [Kisses him.
 And you shall find anon, servant——

Din. Softly, for heaven's sake !
 You know my friend's engag'd ; a little, now, now !
 Will you go in again ?

Lam. Ha, ha, ha, ha !

Din. Why do you laugh so loud ? precious !
 Will you betray me ? ha' my friend's throat cut ?

Lam. Come, come, I'll kiss thee again.

Champ. Will you so ? you are liberal !
 If you do cozen me—— [Aside.

Enter Nurse, with wine.

Din. What 's this ?

Lam. Wine, wine ;
 A draught or two.

Din. What does this woman here ?

Lam. She shall not hinder you.

^k but] So the first folio.—The second folio having, by a common misprint, "not," Seward gave the speech thus, "Pray do not ; kiss me then," with a note of prodigious absurdity.

Din. This might have been spar'd ;
'Tis but delay, and time lost. Pray, send her softly off.

Lam. Sit down, and mix your spirits with wine ; 'twill^k
make you
Another Hercules.

Din. I dare not drink ;
Fie, what delays you make ! I dare not ;
I shall be drunk presently, and do strange things then.

Lam. Not drink a cup with your mistress ! Oh, the
pleasure !

Din. Lady, why this ? [*Music*^l.

Lam. We must have mirth to our wine, man.

Din. Plague^m o' the music !

Champ. God-a-mercy, wench !

If thou dost cuckold me, I shall forgive thee. [*Aside*.

Din. The house will all rise now ; this will disturb all.

Did you do this ?

Lam. Peace, and sit quiet, fool !

You love me ; come, sit down, and drink.

Enter CLEREMONT above.

Cler. What a devil ail you ?—

How cold I sweat !—A hog's pox stop your pipes ! [*Music*.

The thing will wake : now, now, methinks I find

His sword just gliding through my throat !—What's that ?—

A vengeance choke your pipes !—Are you there, lady ?

Stop, stop those rascals !—Do you bring me hither

To be cut into minc'd meat ? why, Dinant !

Din. I cannot do withalⁿ ;

I have spoke, and spoke ; I am betray'd and lost too.

^k 'twill] Both the folios " I will " ; and so the modern editors,—even Weber, though Mason had pointed out the obvious correction.

^l *Music*] " The nature of this music is explained by a marginal annotation in the original folio, three lines higher up, viz., ' *Recorders.*' These instruments have been proved by Sir J. Hawkins to have been similar to our flagelets ; and his explanation is well supported in Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 248." WEBER.

^m *Plague*] Both the folios " Pl——,"

ⁿ *I cannot do withal*] i. e. I cannot help it : see Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, iii. 470.

Cler. Do you hear me? do you understand me?—
Plague damn your whistles! [*Music ceases.*]

Lam. 'Twas but an oversight;
They have done; lie down.

Cler. Would you had done too! you know not
In what a misery and fear I lie:
You have a lady in your arms.

Din. I would have. [*Music again.*]

Champ. I'll watch you, goodman Would-have. [*Aside.*]

Cler. Remove, for Heaven's sake,
And fall to that you come for.

Lam. Lie you down;
'Tis but an hour's endurance now."

Cler. I dare not;
Softly, sweet lady!— heart^o!

Lam. 'Tis nothing but your fear; he sleeps still soundly:
Lie gently down.

Cler. Pray, make an end. [*Exit above.*]

Din. Come, madam.

Lam. These chambers are too near.

[*Exeunt LAMIRA, DINANT, and Nurse.*]

Champ. I shall be nearer.
Well, go thy ways; I'll trust thee through the world,
Deal how thou wilt: that, that I never feel,
I'll never fear yet: by the honour of a soldier^p,
I hold thee truly noble. How these things will look,
And how their bloods will curdle! Play on, children;
You shall have pap anon. Oh, thou grand fool,
That thou knew'st but thy fortune! [*Exit. Music ceases.*]

Re-enter CLEREMONT above.

Cler. Peace, good madam!—

^o — *heart*] So both the folios. The Editors of 1778 and Weber printed "God's heart."

^p *that, that I never feel,*
I'll never fear yet: by the honour of a soldier, &c.] Pointed in both the folios thus;

"*that that I never feele,*
I'll never feare. Yet by the honour of a souldiour," &c.;
and so the modern editors.

Stop her mouth, Dinant. It sleeps yet ; pray, be wary ;
 Despatch ; I cannot endure this misery.
 I can hear nothing more ; I'll say my prayers,
 And down again. [*Whistle within.*
 A thousand larums fall upon my quarters ^a !
 Heaven send me off ! When I lie keeping corses ^r—
 Plague ^s o' your fumbling, Dinant ! How I shake !
 'Tis still again. Would I were in the Indies ! [*Exit above.*

SCENE V.—*Another room in the same, with a gallery.*

Enter LAMIRA with a light, and DINANT.

Din. Why do you use me thus ? thus poorly, basely ?
 Work me into a hope, and then destroy me ?
 Why did you send for me ? this new way train me ?

Lam. Madman, and ^t fool, and false man, now I'll shew
 thee !

Din. Pray, put your light out.

Lam. No, I'll hold it thus,
 That all chaste eyes may see thy lust, and scorn it.
 Tell me but this ; when you first doted on me,
 And made suit to enjoy me as your wife,
 Did you not hold me honest ?

Din. Yes, most virtuous.

Lam. And did not that appear the only lustre
 That made me worth your love and admiration ?

Din. I must confess.

Lam. Why would you deal so basely ?
 So like a thief, a villain ?

Din. Peace, good madam !

Lam. I'll speak aloud too :—thus maliciously,
 Thus breaking all the rules of honesty,
 Of honour and of truth, (for which I lov'd you,

^a *quarters*] So the second folio.—The first folio “quarter.”

^r *corses*] Both the folios “courses.”

^s *Plague*] Both the folios “Pl——.”

^t *and*] So the second folio.—The first folio “a”.

For which I call'd you servant ^v, and admir'd you,)
 To steal that jewel purchas'd by another,
 Piously set in wedlock, even that jewel,
 Because it had no flaw ^w, you held unvaluable?
 Can he that has lov'd good dote on the devil,
 (For he that seeks a whore seeks but his agent)?
 Or am I of so vild ^x and low a blood,
 So nurs'd in infamies ——

Din. I do not think so,
 And I repent.

Lam. That will not serve your turn, sir.

Din. It was your treaty drew me on.

Lam. But it was your villany
 Made you pursue it. I drew you but to try
 How much a man, and nobly, you durst stand,
 How well you had deserv'd the name of virtuous :
 But you, like a wild torrent, mix'd with all
 Beastly and base affections, came floating on,
 Swelling your poison'd billows ——

Din. Will you betray me ?

Lam. To all the miseries a vex'd woman may.

Din. Let me but out,
 Give me but room to toss my sword about me,
 And I will tell you, you're a treacherous woman !
 Oh, that I had but words ——

Lam. They will not serve you.

Din. But two-edg'd words, to cut thee ! a lady-traitor !
 Perish by a proud puppet ! I did you too much honour,
 To tender you my love ; too much respected you,
 To think you worthy of my worst embraces.
 Go, take your groom, and let him dally with you,

^v *servant*] See note, vol. i. 213.

^w *flaw*] So the second folio.—The first folio “flame.”

^x *vild*] i. e. vile : see note, vol. i. 331. Both the folios “wild.”—“I strongly suspect the original was *vild*, the common way in old plays of spelling *vile*. The epithet agrees far better with *low* and *infamies*, which words occur immediately after, than that in the text.” WEBER. We have had the same misprint several times before : see notes, vol. i. 368, vol. ii. 93, and p. 50 of the present vol.

Your greasy groom ! I scorn to imp^y your lame stock :
 You are not fair nor handsome ; I lied loudly,
 This tongue abus'd you, when it spoke you beauteous.

Lam. 'Tis very well ; 'tis brave !

Din. Put out your light ;
 Your lascivious eyes^z are flames enough
 For fools to find you out. A lady-plotter !
 Must I begin your sacrifice of mischief ?
 I and my friend the first-fruits of that blood
 You and your honourable husband aim at ?
 Crooked and wretched you are both.

Lam. To you, sir ;

Yet to the eye of Justice straight as truth.

Din. Is this a woman's love ? a woman's mercy ?
 Do you profess this seriously ? do you laugh at me ?

Lam. Ha, ha !

Din. Plague^a light upon your scorns, upon your flatteries !
 Upon your tempting faces all destructions !
 A bed-rid winter hang upon your cheeks,
 And blast, blast, blast those buds of pride that paint you !
 Death in your eyes, to fright men from these dangers,
 Raise up your trophy !—Cleremont !

Enter CLEREMONT above.

Cler. What a vengeance ail you ?
 What dismal noise is there ? no honour in you !

Din. Cleremont, we are betray'd, betray'd, sold by a woman !
 Deal bravely for thyself^b.

^y *imp*] See note, vol. i. 191.

^z *Your lascivious eyes*] Qy. "*Your own lascivious eyes*" ?—Seward printed "*For your lascivious eyes.*"

^a *Plague*] Both the folios "Pl——."

^b *Cler.* *What a vengeance ail you ?*

What dismal noise is there ? no honour in you !

Din. *Cleremont, we are betray'd, betray'd, sold by a woman !*

Deal bravely for thyself.] In both the folios these speeches are distributed thus :—

"*Cler.* *What a vengeance ayle you ?*

Din. *What dismall noise is there, no honour in you ?*

[Sec fol. *What dismal noise ! is there no honour in you ?*]

Cler. This comes of rutting !
Are we made stales^c to one another ?

Din. Yes ;
We are undone, lost.

Cler. You shall pay for 't, greybeard !
Up, up ! you sleep your last else !

Enter, above, ANNABELL, and two Servants with lights.

First Serv. No, not yet, sir.—
Lady, look up.—Would you have wrong'd this beauty ?
Wake so tender a virgin with rough terms ?
You wear a sword ; we must entreat you leave it.

Sec. Serv. Fie, sir ! so sweet a lady !

Cler. Was this my bedfellow ?
Pray, give me leave to look : I am not mad yet ;
I may be by and by. Did this lie by me ?
Did I fear this ? is this a cause to shake at ?
Away with me, for shame ! I am a rascal.

[Exeunt, above, ANNABELL, CLEREMONT, and two Servants.

*Enter CHAMPERNEL, BEAUPRÈ, VERDONE, ANNABELL, CLEREMONT,
and two Servants.*

Din. I am amaz'd too.

Beau. We'll recover you.

Verdone. You walk, like Robin Good-fellow, all the house
over,
And every man afraid of you.

*Cleremont, we are betrayed, betrayed, sold by a woman,
Deale bravely for thy selfe."*

and so the modern editors. On the words, "*What dismal noise,*" Seward observed, "Either this is a continuation of Cleremont's speech, or some marginal direction as *Noises within* is left out ; the latter seems most probable to me, the former to Mr. Sympson." The Editors of 1778 agreed with Seward, and accordingly inserted a stage-direction "*Noise within*" ; and so Weber.

Heath rightly remarks that "the line,

' What dismal noise is there ? no honour in you !'

belongs to Cleremont, affrighted at the loudness of his friend's calling upon him." *MS. Notes.*

^c *stales*] i. e. lures, decoys.

Din. 'Tis well, lady !
The honour of this deed will be your own ;
The world shall know your bounty.

Beau. What shall we do with 'em ?

Cler. Geld me ;
For 'tis not fit I should be a man again ;
I am an ass, a dog.

Lam. Take your revenges ;
You know my husband's wrongs and your own losses.

Anna. A brave man, an admirable brave man !
Well, well, I would not be so tried again :

A very handsome proper gentleman ! [*Aside.*

Cler. Will you let me lie by her but one hour more,
And then hang me ?

Din. We wait your malice ; put your swords home bravely ;
You have reason to seek blood.

Lam. Not, as you are noble !

Champ. Hands off, and give them liberty ; only disarm 'em.

Beau. We have done that already.

Champ. You are welcome, gentlemen ;
I am glad my house has any pleasure for you :
I keep a couple of ladies here, they say fair,
And you are young and handsome gentlemen ;
Have you any more mind to wenches ?

Cler. To be abus'd too!—Lady, you might have help'd
this.

Anna. Sir, now 'tis past ; but 't may be I may stand
Your friend hereafter in a greater matter.

Cler. Never whilst you live.

Anna. You cannot tell ^d.
Now, sir, a parting hand.

Cler. Down and roses !
Well, I may live to see you again.—A dull rogue !
No revelation in thee !

Lam. Were you well frightened ?

^d *You cannot tell*] In both the folios, after these words is a break, as if something were omitted.

Were your fits from the heart? of all colds and colours?
That's all your punishment.

Cler. It might have been all yours,
Had not a blockhead undertaken it.

Champ. Your swords you must leave to these gentlemen.

Verdone. And now, when you dare fight,
We are on even ice again.

Din. 'Tis well.

To be a mistress^e, is to be a monster:
And so I leave your house and you for ever:

Lam. Leave your wild lusts, and then you are a master.

Champ. You may depart too.

Cler. I had rather stay here.

Champ. Faith, we shall fright you worse.

Cler. Not in that manner;

There's five hundred crowns, fright me but so again.

Din. Come, Cleremont, this is the hour of fool.

Cler. Wiser the next shall be, or we'll to school.

[*Exeunt* DINANT and CLEREMONT.]

Champ. How coolly these hot gallants are departed!
Faith, cousin, 'twas unconscionably done,
To lie so still, and so long.

Anna. 'Twas your pleasure;
If 'twere a fault, I may hereafter mend.

Champ. Oh, my best wife,
Take now what course thou wilt, and lead what life!

Lam. The more trust you commit, the more care still;
Goodness and virtue shall attend my will.

Champ. Let's laugh this night out now, and count our gains:
We have our honours home, and they their pains. [*Exeunt.*]

^e *To be a mistress*] Altered by Seward to, "*To have a mistress.*" Sympson wished to read "*To be a mistress's.*"

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A street.*

Enter CLEREMONT and DINANT.

Din. It holds, they will go thither.

Cler. To their summer-house?

Din. Thither i' th' evening; and, which is the most infiction,

Only to insult upon our miseries.

Cler. Are you provided?

Din. Yes, yes.

Cler. Thoroughly?

Din. Thoroughly.

Cler. Basta, enough^f; I have your mind; I will not fail you.

Din. At such an hour.

Cler. Have I a memory?

A cause, and will to do? thou art so sullen!

Din. And shall be, till I have a fair reparation.

Cler. I have more reason, for I scap'd a fortune,
Which if I come so near again—I say nothing;
But, if I sweat not in another fashion——
Oh, a delicate wench!

Din. 'Tis certain a most handsome one.

Cler. And, methought, the thing was angry with itself too,
It lay so long conceal'd. But I must part with you;
I have a scene of mirth, to drive this from my heart,
And my hour is come.

Din. Miss not your time.

Cler. I dare not.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

^f *Basta, enough*] “Seward, at the suggestion of Sympson, omits the word ‘enough’ as ‘a marginal explanation of the Italian word *basta*.’” WEBER. *Basta* is frequently used, as here, by our early dramatists.

SCENE II.—*Without the city.*

Enter SAMPSON and a Gentleman.

Gent. I presume, sir, you now need no instruction,
But fairly know what belongs to a gentleman :
You bear your uncle's cause.

Samp. Do not disturb me ;
I understand my cause and the right carriage.

Gent. Be not too bloody.

Samp. As I find my enemy ; if his sword bite,
If it bite, sir, you must pardon me.

Gent. No doubt he is valiant ;
He durst not undertake else.

Samp. He's most welcome,
As he is most valiant ; he were no man for me else.

Gent. But say, he should relent ?

Samp. He dies relenting,
(I cannot help it) he must die relenting ;
If he pray, praying, *ipso facto* praying,
(Your honourable way admits no prayer) ;
And if he fight, he falls ; there's his *quietus*.

Gent. You're nobly punctual. Let's retire, and meet 'em ;
But still I say, have mercy !

Samp. I say, honour ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A room in CHAMPERNEL'S house.*

*Enter CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, ANNABELL, BEAUPRÈ, VERDONE,
CHARLOTTE, and a Servant.*

Lam. Will not you go, sweetheart ?

Champ. Go ! I'll fly with thee :
I stay behind !

Lam. My father will be there too,
And all our best friends.

Beau. And if we be not merry,
We have hard luck, lady.

Verdone. Faith, let's have a kind of play.

Champ. What shall it be ?

Verdone. The story of Dinant.

Lam. With the merry conceits of Cleremont,
His fits and fevers.

Anna. But I'll lie still no more.

Lam. That, as you make the play. 'Twill be rare sport ;
And ^s how 'twill vex my gallants, when they hear it !——
Have you given order for the coach ?

Char. Yes, madam.

Champ. My easy nag and pad ?

Serv. 'Tis making ready.

Champ. Where are your horses ?

Beau. Ready at an hour, sir :

We'll not be last.

Champ. Fie^b, what a night shall we have !
A roaring merry night !

Lam. We'll fly at all, sir.

Champ. I'll fly at thee too, finely, and so ruffle thee !
I'll try your art upon a country pallet.

Lam. Brag not too much, for fear I should expect it ;
Then, if you fail——

Champ. Thou say'st too true ; we all talk.
But let's in, and prepare, and after dinner
Begin our mirthful pilgrimage.

Lam. He that's sad,

A crab-fac'd mistress cleave to him for this year ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A field without the city.*

Enter CLEREMONT and LA-WRIT.

La-Writ. Since it cannot be the judge——

Cler. 'Tis a great deal better.

La-Writ. You are sure he is his kinsman ? a gentleman ?

^s *And*] Weber printed "Any" !

^b *Fie*] Was altered by Seward to "Hey." He also conjectured in a note "Fly" ; which was adopted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber. The last-mentioned commentator, who lived so long in the north, ought to have recollected the celebrated Scottish ballad, " *Fy*, let us all to the bridal," &c.

Cler. As arrant a gentleman, and a brave fellow,
And so near to his blood——

La-Writ. It shall suffice :

I 'll set him further off, I 'll give a remove
Shall quit his kindred ; I 'll lop him.

Cler. Will you kill him ?

La-Writ. An there were no more cousins in the world,
I kill him :

I do mean, sir, to kill all my lord's kindred ;
For every cause a cousin.

Cler. How if he have no more cousins ?

La-Writ. The next a-kin, then, to his lordship's favour ;
The man he smiles upon.

Cler. Why, this is vengeance,
Horrid and dire !

La-Writ. I love a dire revenge :

“ Give me the man that will all others kill,
And last himselfⁱ.”

Cler. You stole that resolution.

La-Writ. I had it in a play ; but that 's all one ;
I would see it done.

Cler. Come, you must be more merciful.

La-Writ. To no lord's cousins in the world ; I hate 'em :
A lord's cousin to me is a kind of cockatrice ;
If I see him first, he dies.

Cler. A strange antipathy !

What think you of their nieces^j ?

La-Writ. If I like 'em,

They may live, and multiply.—'Tis a cold morning.

Cler. 'Tis sharp indeed. You have broke your fast ?

ⁱ “ Give me the man that will all others kill,

And last himself”] From what play this quotation is taken, has not been discovered.

^j If I see him first, he dies.

Cler. A strange antipathy !

What think you of their nieces] Both the folios have,

“ If I see him first, he dies.

A strange antipathy.

Cler. What think you of their neeces ?”

La-Writ. No, verily.

Cler. Your valour would have ask'd a good foundation.

La-Writ. Hang him, I 'll kill him fasting.

Cler. Here they come.

Bear yourself in your language smooth and gently ;
When your swords argue——

La-Writ. Pray, sir, spare your precepts.

Enter SAMPSON and a Gentleman.

Gent. I have brought you, sir——

La-Writ. 'Tis very well ; no words.——

You are welcome, sir.

Samp. I thank you, sir ; few words.

La-Writ. I'll kill you for your uncle's sake.

Samp. I love you ;

I'll cut your throat for your own sake.

La-Writ. I esteem of^k you.

Cler. Let 's render 'em honest and fair gentlemen :
Search my friend, I 'll search yours.

Gent. That 's quickly done.

Cler. You come with no spells nor witchcrafts ?

Samp. I come fairly,

To kill him honestly.

La-Writ. Hang spells and witchcrafts !

I come to kill my lord's nephew like a gentleman ;
And so I kiss his hand.

Gent. This doublet is too stiff.

La-Writ. Off wi't ; I hate it,

And all such fortifications : feel my skin^l ;

If that be stiff, flay that off too.

^k of] Was thrown out by Seward.

^l *feel my skin*] "The practice of fighting duels, stript to the shirt, was very common, and is not entirely obsolete upon the continent at this day, being still practised in some of the universities. *La-Writ*, directing the second to feel his skin, refers possibly to some story, like one related by Brantome of the celebrated duellist Baron de Vitaux, who fought with Millaud stript to the shirt. The latter opened his breast, and showed what to all appearance seemed to be his bare skin. He, however, wore a thin cuirass, painted like the skin, which prevented the sword of Vitaux from penetrating, and enabled his treacherous

Gent. 'Tis no soft one.

La-Writ. Off wi't, I say!

I'll fight with him like a flay'd cat.

Gent. You are well, you are well.

Cler. You must uncase too.

Samp. Yes, sir.

But tell me this, why should I mix mine honour

With a fellow that has ne'er a lace in 's shirt?

Gent. That 's a main point; my friend has two.

Cler. That 's true, sir.

La-Writ. Base and degenerate cousin, dost not thou know,

An old and tatter'd colours to the enemy

Is of more honour, and shews more ominous?

This shirt five times victorious I have fought under,

And cut through squadrons of your curious cut-works^m,

As I will do through thine. Shake, and be satisfied!

Cler. This is unanswerable.

Samp. But may I fight

With a foul shirt?

Gent. Most certain, so it be

A fighting shirt, let it be ne'er so foul, or lousy;

Cæsar wore such a one.

Samp. Saint Denis, then!

I accept your shirt.

Cler. Not so forward; first, you must talk

(It is a main point of the French method),

Talk civilly, and make your cause authentic.

Gent. No weapon must be near you, nor no anger.

Cler. When you have done, then stir your resolutions;

Take to your weapons bravely.

La-Writ. 'Tis too cold:

This for a summer fight.

adversary to kill him.—*Œuvres de Brantome*, viii. 89." WEBER (qy. Sir W. Scott?)

^m *curious cut-works*] We have already had mention of "*smocks* seam'd thorough with *cut-works*," see *The Triumph of Time*, vol. ii. 562, and note; and here La-Writ alludes to shirts adorned in the same manner: see also *The Custom of the Country*, act ii. sc. 3, where an "historical shirt" is mentioned.

Cler. Not for a world
 You should transgress the rules ⁿ.
Samp. 'Tis peevish weather ;
 I had rather fight without.
Gent. An 'twere in a river——
Cler. Where both stood up to the chins.
La-Writ. Then let 's talk quickly :
 Plague ^o o' this circumstance !
Cler. Are the horses come yet ?
Gent. Yes, certain.—Give your swords to us ; now civilly.
Cler. We'll stand a while off.—Take the things, and
 leave 'em— [*Aside to the Gentleman.*
 You know when—and let the children play :
 This is a dainty time of year ^p for puppies.
 Would the old lord were here !
Gent. He would die with laughter.
Cler. I am sorry I have no time to see this game out ;
 Away, away !
Gent. Here's like to be a hot fight.—
 Call when ye're fit.
 [*Exeunt CLEREMONT and Gentleman with the dresses
 and swords.*
La-Writ. Why, look you, sir, you seem to be a gentleman,
 And you come in honour of your uncle—Boh, boh, 'tis very
 cold !—
 Your uncle has offer'd me some few affronts,
 Past flesh and blood to bear.—Boh, boh, wondrous cold !
Samp. My lord, mine uncle, is an honourable man,
 And what he offers—Boh, boh, cold indeed !—
 Having made choice of me, an unworthy kinsman ;
 Yet take me with you ^q—Boh, boh, pestilence cold !—
 Not altogether——

ⁿ *the rules*] “The highest authority among duellists, were the rules of the celebrated Caranza, who is so frequently alluded to in the old plays. . . . See *Love's Pilgrimage* [act v. sc. 4] for an account of this personage.” WEBER.

^o *Plague*] Both the folios “Pl——.”

^p *year*] Weber printed “fear” !

^q *take me with you*] i. e. hear me out, understand me fully. Weber erroneously explains the words, “you must consider.”

La-Writ. Boh, boh—I say altogether.

Samp. You say you know not what, then—Boh, boh—sir.

La-Writ. Sir me with your sword in your hand. You have
A scurvy uncle, you have a most scurvy cause,
And you are—Boh, boh!

Samp. Boh, boh—What?

La-Writ. A shitten scurvy cousin!

Samp. Our swords, our swords!—
Thou art a dog; and, like a dog—our swords!

La-Writ. Our weapons, gentlemen!—Ha! where's your
second?

Samp. Where's yours?

La-Writ. So ho! our weapons!

Samp. Wa, ha, ho! our weapons!

Our doublets and our weapons!—I am dead.

La-Writ. Firsts, seconds, thirds^r! a plague^s be wi' you,
gentlemen!

Samp. Are these the rules of honour? I am starv'd.

La-Writ. They are gone, and we are here. What shall
we do?

Samp. Oh, for a couple of faggots!

La-Writ. Hang a couple of faggots!

Dar'st thou take a killing cold with me?

Samp. I have it already.

La-Writ. Rogues, thieves—Boh, boh—Run away with our
doublets!

To fight at buffets now, 'twere such a May-game!

Samp. There were no honour in 't; pox^t on 't, 'tis scurvy!

La-Writ. Or to revenge my wrongs at fisty-cuffs!

Samp. My lord mine uncle's cause depend on boxes!

La-Writ. Let's go in quest. If ever we recover 'em—

Samp. Ay, come, our colds together and our doublets.

La-Writ. Give me thy hand; thou art a valiant gentleman:
I say, if ever we recover 'em—

Samp. Let's get into a house, and warm our hearts.

^r *Firsts, seconds, thirds*] So the first folio.—The second folio “First, second, third”; and so the modern editors.

^s *plague*] Both the folios “pl——.”

^t *pox*] The first folio “p—”; the second “pl——.”

La-Writ. There's ne'er a house within this mile. Beat me,
Kick me and beat me as I go, and I'll beat thee too,
To keep us warm. If ever we recover 'em——

[*They kick one another.*

Kick hard ; I am frozen. So, so ; now I feel it.

Samp. I am dull yet.

La-Writ. I'll warm thee, I'll warm thee.—Gentlemen !
Rogues, thieves, thieves !—Run now ; I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A field adjoining to a wood.*

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, BEAUPRÈ, VERDONE, LAMIRA,
ANNABELL, CHARLOTTE, and Nurse.

Vert. Use legs, and have legs.

Champ. You that have legs say so ;
I put my one to too much stress.

Verdone. Your horse, sir,
Will meet you within half a mile.

Lam. I like
The walk so well, I should not miss my coach,
Though it were further.—Annabell, thou art sad :
What ails my niece ?

Beau. She's still devising^t, sister,
How quietly her late bedfellow lay by her.

Nurse. Old as I am, he would have startled me ;
Nor can you blame her.

Char. Had I ta'en her place,
I know not, but I fear I should ha' shriek'd,
Though he had never offer'd——

Anna. Out upon thee !
Thou wouldst have taught him.

Char. I think, with your pardon,
That you wish now you had.

Anna. I am glad I yield you
Such ample scope of mirth.

^t *devising*] So the first folio.—The second folio “musing” ; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

Vert. Nay, be not angry ; [*Music within* ^u.
 There's no ill meant.—Ha! music! and choice music!

Champ. 'Tis near us in the grove: what courteous bounty
 Bestows it on us? My dancing days are done;
 Yet I would thank the giver, did I know him.

Verdone. 'Tis, questionless, some one of your own village,
 That, hearing of your purpos'd journey thither,
 Prepares it for your entertainment, and
 The honour of my lady.

Lam. I think rather,
 Some of your lordship's clients.

Beau. What say you, cousin,
 If they should prove your suitors?

Verdone. That's most likely.

Nurse. I say, if you are noble, be't who will,
 Go presently, and thank 'em. I can jump yet,
 Or tread a measure.

Lam. Like a miller's mare.

Nurse. I warrant you, well enough to serve the country.
 I'll make one, and lead the way. [*Exit.*

Char. Do you note
 How zealous the old crone is?

Lam. And you titter
 As eagerly as she.—Come, sweet, we'll follow;
 No ill can be intended. [*Music ceases.*

Champ. I ne'er fear'd yet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A wood.*

SONG [*within*].

This way, this way come, and hear,
 You that hold these pleasures dear;
 Fill your ears with our sweet sound,
 Whilst we melt the frozen ground.

^u *Music within*] Both the folios,

“*Cornet.*

Musique within.”

This way come ; make haste, oh, fair !
 Let your clear eyes gild the air ;
 Come, and bless us with your sight ;
 This way, this way, seek delight !

Enter Gentlemen, disguised as ruffians.

First Gent. They are ours ; but draw them on a little further

From the footpath into the neighbouring thicket,
 And we may do 't as safe as in a castle.

Sec. Gent. They follow still ; the president Vertaigne
 Comes on apace, and Champernel limps after ;
 The women, as if they had wings, and walk'd
 Upon the air, fly to us.

First Gent. They are welcome ;
 We'll make 'em sport. Make a stand here. All know
 How we are to proceed ?

Sec. Gent. We are instructed.

First Gent. One strain or two more. [*Music within.*
 Excellent ; they are come. [*They retire.*

*Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, BEAUPRÈ, VERDONE, LAMIRA,
 ANNABELL, CHARLOTTE, and Nurse.*

Nurse. We cannot miss ; in such a business, yet
 Mine ear ne'er fail'd me.

Char. Would we were at it once !
 I do not walk, but dance.

First Gent. You shall have dancing :
 Begin !—and when I give the word ^v——

Sec. Gent. No more ;
 We are instructed.

[*Dance ; after which, the disguised Gentlemen rush on
 the company, and seize them.*

First Gent. Now ^w !

^v *Begin !—and when I give the word*] “In the first folio, this is given erroneously to Lamira.” WEBER.

^w *Now*] In the first folio this word is printed in Italics opposite to Beauprè's speech. In the second folio it is omitted ; and so Seward. The Editors of 1778 made it a portion of the Second Gentleman's speech. Weber gave it, and rightly, to the First Gentleman.

Beau. But win us fairly !

First Gent. Oh, sir, we do not come to try your valour,
But to possess you ; yet we use you kindly,
In that, like English thieves, we kill you not,
But are contented with the spoil.

Vert. Oh, Heaven !
How hath mine age deserv'd this ?

Champ. Hell confound it !
'This comes of walking ! Had I kept my legs
On my good horse, my armour on ^x,
My staff in my rest, and this good sword to friend,
How I would break and scatter these !

All the Gent. Ha, ha, ha !

Champ. Do you scorn me, rogues ?

Nurse. Nay, gentlemen, kind gentlemen,
Or honest keepers of these woods, but hear me ;
Be not so rough ! If you are taken with
My beauty, as it hath been worth the seeking,
Some one or two of you try me in private ;
You shall not find me squeamish.

Char. Do not kill me !
And do your worst ; I 'll suffer.

Lam. Peace, vile creatures !

Vert. Do you know me or my place, that you presume not
To touch my person ?

First Gent. If you are well, rest so ;
Provoke not angry wasps.

Vert. You are wasps indeed,
Never created to yield wax or honey,
But for your country's torment. Yet, if you are men

^x *This comes of walking ! Had I kept my legs
On my good horse, my armour on*] The first folio has,
" *This comes of walking ; had I kept my legs,
My legs in my good house, my armour on.*"

The second folio reads,
" *This comes of walking ; had I kept my legs,
Or my good horse, my armour on*" ;

and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

(As you seem such in shape), if true-born Frenchmen,
 However want compels you to these courses,
 Rest satisfied with what you can take from us ;
 These ladies' honours and our liberties safe,
 We freely give it.

First Gent. You give but our own.

Vert. Look on these grey hairs, as you would be old !
 Their tears, as you would have yours to find mercy
 When justice shall o'ertake you !

Champ. Look on me,
 Look on me, rascals, and learn of me too,
 That have been in some part of your profession,
 Before that most of you e'er suck'd ; I know it ;
 I have rode hard, and late too.

Vert. Take heed, sir.

Champ. Then use me like a brother of the trade,
 For I have been at sea, as you on land are :
 Restore my matrimony^y undefil'd,
 Wrong not my niece, and, for our gold or silver,
 If I pursue you, hang me !

Nurse. 'Tis well offer'd ;
 And, as I said, sweet gentlemen with sour faces,
 If you are high, and want some sport, or so,
 (As, living without action here, you may do,)
 Forbear their tender gristles ; they are meat
 Will wash away, there is no substance in it ;
 We that are expert in the game, and tough too,
 Will hold you play.

First Gent. This hen longs to be trodden.

Enter DINANT and CLEREMONT.

Din. Lacquey, my horse !

Cler. This way, I heard the cries
 Of distress'd women.

Sec. Gent. Stand upon your guard !

^y *matrimony*] i. e. wife (as *matrimonium* is occasionally used in Latin for *uxor*).

Din. Who's here? my witty, scornful lady-plot
In the hands of ruffians!

Cler. And my fine cold virgin,
That was insensible of man and woman!

Din. Justice too,
Without a sword to guard itself!

Cler. And valour
With its hands bound!

Din. And the great soldier dull!
Why, this is strange.

Lam. Dinant, as thou art noble——

Anna. As thou art valiant, Cleremont——

Lam. As ever
I appear'd lovely——

Anna. As you ever hope
For what I would give gladly——

Cler. Pretty conjurations!

Lam. All injuries a little laid behind you——

Anna. Shew yourselves men, and help us!

Din. Though your many
And gross abuses of me should more move me
To triumph in your miseries than relieve you,
Yet, that hereafter you may know that I,
The scorn'd and despis'd Dinant, know what does
Belong to honour, thus—— [*Draws his sword.*]

Cler. I will say little;
Speak thou for me!

[*Draws his sword.*—DINANT and CLEREMONT fight with
the disguised Gentlemen.

Champ. 'Tis bravely fought.

Vert. Brave tempers,
To do thus for their enemies!

Champ. They are lost yet.

First Gent. You, that would rescue others, shall now feel
What they were born to.

Sec. Gent. Hurry them away!

[*Exeunt all except VERTAIGNE and CHAMPERNEL.*]

Champ. That I could follow them!

Vert. I only can
Lament my fortune, and desire of Heaven
A little life for my revenge.

Champ. The provost
Shall fire the woods, but I will find 'em out :
No cave, no rock, nor hell, shall keep them from
My searching vengeance !

Enter LA-WRIT and SAMPSON.

La-Writ. Oh, cold ! oh, fearful cold ! Plague of all seconds !

Samp. Oh, for a pint of burnt wine, or a sip
Of aquafortis !

Champ. The rogues have met with these two,
Upon my life, and robb'd 'em.

La-Writ. As you are honourable gentlemen,
Impart unto a couple of cold combatants——

Samp. My lord mine uncle, as I live !

La-Writ. Pox take him !
How that word has warm'd my mouth !

Vert. Why, how now, cousin ?
Why, why—and where, man, have you been ? at a poulter's^z,
That you are cas'd^a thus like a rabbit ? I could laugh now,
And I shall laugh, for all I have lost my children,
Laugh monstrously.

Champ. What are they ?

Vert. Give me leave, sir,——
Laugh more and more, never leave laughing.

Champ. Why, sir ?

Vert. Why, 'tis such a thing,—I smell it, sir, I smell it,—
Such a ridiculous thing !

La-Writ. Do you laugh at me, my lord ?
I am very cold, but that should not be laugh'd at.

Champ. What art thou ?

La-Writ. What art thou ?

Samp. If he had his doublet,
And his sword by his side, as a gentleman ought to have——

Vert. Peace, monsieur Sampson !

^z *poulter's*] i. e. poulterer's.

^a *cas'd*] i. e. skinned, flayed.

Champ. Come hither, little gentleman.

La-Writ. "Base is the slave commanded^b": come to me.

Vert. This is the little advocate.

Champ. What advocate?

Vert. The little advocate that sent me a challenge.

I told you that my nephew undertook it,
And what 'twas like to prove: now you see the issue.

Champ. Is this the little lawyer?

La-Writ. You have a sword, sir,
And I have none; you have a doublet too,
That keeps you warm, and makes you merry.

Samp. If your lordship knew
The nature and the nobleness of the gentleman,
Though he shew slight here, and at what gusts of danger^c
His manhood has arriv'd, but that men's fates are foolish,
And often headlong over-run their fortunes——

La-Writ. That little lawyer would so prick his ears up,
And bite your honour by the nose——

Champ. Say you so, sir?

La-Writ. So niggle about your grave shins, lord Vertaigne,
too——

Samp. No more, sweet gentleman; no more of that, sir.

La-Writ. I will have more, I must have more.

Vert. Out with it.

Samp. Nay, he is as brave a fellow——

Champ. Have I caught you? [Strikes down LA-WRIT.]

^b "Base is the slave commanded"] A parody on Pistol's exclamation, "Base is the slave that pays!" Shakespeare's *Henry V.* act ii. sc. 1.

^c "Though he shew slight here, and at what gusts of danger, &c."] So the second folio.—The first folio has;

"Though he shew sleight here, & at what gusts of danger

His manhood has arrived.

La-wr. Bee't then.

Mens fates are foolish,

And often head long, over run their fortunes.

Sam. That little Lawyer would so pricke his eares up,

And bite your honour by the nose.

Cham. Say you so Sir?"

In the first of these speeches Seward altered "gusts" to "justs"!

Vert. Do not kill him, do not kill him.

Champ. No, no, no, I will not.^d—

Do you peep again? down, down, proud heart!

Samp. Oh, valour!

Look up, brave friend. I have no means to rescue thee:

“My kingdom for a sword!”^e

Champ. I’ll sword you presently;

I’ll claw your skin-coat too.

Vert. Away, good Sampson;

You go to grass else instantly.

Samp. But do not murder my brave friend.

Vert. Not one word.

Champ. If you do, sirrah——

Samp. Must I go off dishonour’d?

Adversity tries valour; so I leave thee.

[*Exit.*

Champ. Are you a lawyer, sir?

La-Writ. I was, I was, sir.

Champ. Nay, never look; your lawyer’s pate is broken,

And your litigious blood about your ears, sirrah.

Why do you fight and snarl?

La-Writ. I was possess’d.

Champ. I’ll dispossess you.

[*Beats him.*

Vert. Ha, ha, ha!

La-Writ. *Et tu, Brute?*

Vert. Beat him no more.

Champ. Alas, sir, I must beat him,

Beat him into his business again! he will be lost else.

Vert. Then take your way.

Champ. Lie still, and do not struggle.

La-Writ. I am patient.

I never saw my blood before; it jades me:

I have no more heart now than a goose.

Champ. Why, sirrah,

^d *Champ. No, no, no, I will not*] So the second folio.—In the first folio these words are given to Vertaigne.

^e *My kingdom for a sword*] Another parody on Shakespeare;
“*My kingdom for a horse!*”

Richard III. act v. sc. 4.

Why do you leave your trade, your trade of living,
And send your challenges, like thunderbolts,
To men of honour'd place?

La-Writ. I understand, sir ;

I never understood before your beating.

Champ. Does this work on you?

La-Writ. Yes.

Champ. Do you thank me for 't ?

La-Writ. As well as a beaten man can.

Champ. And do you promise me

To fall close to your trade again? leave brawling?

La-Writ. If you will give me leave and life.

Champ. And ask

This nobleman forgiveness?

La-Writ. Heartily.

Champ. Rise, then, and get you gone ; and let me hear
of you

As of an advocate new-vamp'd : no more words ;

Get you off quickly, and make no murmurs ;

I shall pursue you else.

La-Writ. I have done, sweet gentleman ^f. [Exit.

Vert. But we forget ourselves, our friends, and children.

Champ. We'll raise the country first, then take our
fortunes. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the same, with a cave in the
background.*

Enter First disguised Gentleman and LAMIRA.

First Gent. Shall I entreat for what I may command?

Lam. Think on my birth.

First Gent. Here I am only noble,
A king ; and thou in my dominions, fool,
A subject and a slave.

Lam. Be not a tyrant,

^f *gentleman*] Both the folios "gentlemen" ; and so the modern editors,
Weber excepted.

A ravisher of honour, gentle sir,
 And I will think you such ; and on my knees, [*Kneeling.*
 As to my sovereign, pay a subject's duty,
 With prayers and tears.

First Gent. I like this humble carriage :
 I will walk by ; but kneel you still, and weep too,
 (It shews well,) while I meditate on the prey,
 Before I seize it.

Lam. Is there no mercy, Heaven ?

Enter Second disguised Gentleman and ANNABELL.

Sec. Gent. Not kiss you ? I will kiss, and kiss again.

Anna. Savage villain !

My innocence be my strength ! I do defy thee,
 Thus scorn and spit at thee. Will you come on, sir ?
 You are hot ; there is a cooler. [*Draws out a knife.*

Sec. Gent. A virago !

Anna. No, loathsome goat, more, more ; I am that goddess
 That here with whips of steel, in hell hereafter,
 Scourge rape and theft.

Sec. Gent. I'll try your deity.

Anna. My chastity, and this knife held by a virgin,
 Against thy lust, thy sword, and thee a beast,
 Call on for the encounter. [*He throws her down and takes her
 knife.*

Sec. Gent. Now what think you ?
 Are you a goddess ?

Anna. In me their power suffers
 That should protect the innocent.

First Gent. I am all fire,
 And thou shalt quench it, and serve my pleasures.—
 Come, partner in the spoil and the reward,
 Let us enjoy our purchase §.

Lam. Oh, Dinant !

Oh, Heaven ! oh, husband !

Anna. Oh, my Cleremont !

§ *purchase*] i. e. booty.

First Gent. Two are our slaves they call on ; bring 'em forth,
As they are chain'd together ; let them see,
And suffer in the object.

Sec. Gent. While we sit,
And without pity hear 'em.

Enter other disguised Gentlemen bringing in DINANT and CLEREMONT bound.

Cler. By my life,
I suffer more for theeⁱ than for myself.

Din. Be a man, Cleremont, and look upon em
As such that not alone abus'd our service,
Fed us with hopes most bitter in digestion,
But, when love fail'd, to draw on further mischief,
The baits they laid for us were our own honours,
Which thus hath made us slaves to worse than slaves.^h

Sec. Gent. He dies.

First Gent. Pray, hold ; give him a little respite.

Din. I see you now beyond expression wretched,
The wit you bragg'd of fool'd, that boasted honour
(As you believ'd, compass'd with walls of brass,
To guard it sure) subject to be o'er-thrown
With the least blast of lust.

Lam. A most sad truth!

Din. That confidence, which was not to be shaken,
In a perpetual fever, and those favours,
Which with so strong and ceremonious duty
Your lover and a gentleman long sought for,
Sought, sued, and kneel'd in vain for, must you yield up
To a licentious villain, that will hardly
Allow you thanks for 't.

Cler. Something I must say too,
And to you, pretty one, though crying one.
To be hang'd now, when these worshipful benchers please,

^h *slaves to worse than slaves*] The correction of Heath, *MS. Notes*.—Both the folios “*slaves too, worse than slaves*”; and so the modern editors.—Compare an earlier passage of this play, p. 470 v. 8.

ⁱ *thee*] If the right reading, means, of course, Annabell : but *qy.* “these” ? see “em” in the next line.

(Though I know not their faces that condemn me,
 A little startles me ; but a man is nothing,
 A maidenhead is the thing, the thing all aim at.
 Do not you wish now, and wish from your heart too,
 When, scarce sweet with my fears, I long lay by you,
 (Those fears you and your good aunt put upon me,
 To make you sport,) you had given a little hint,
 A touch or so, to tell me I was mortal,
 And by a mortal woman ?

Anna. Pray you, no more !

Cler. If I had loos'd that virgin zone, observe me,
 I would have hir'd the best of all our poets
 To have sung so much, and so well, in the honour
 Of that night's joy, that Ovid's Afternoon,
 Nor his Corinna, should again be mention'd.

Anna. I do repent, and wish I had.

Cler. That's comfort :

But now——

Sec. Gent. Another, that will have it offer'd,
 Compel it to be offer'd, shall enjoy it.

Cler. A rogue, a ruffian !

Sec. Gent. As you love your throat——

First Gent. Away with them.

Anna. Oh, Cleremont !

Lam. Oh, Dinant !

Din. I can but add your sorrows to my sorrows,
 Your fears to my fears.

Cler. To your wishes mine,
 This slave may prove unable to perform,
 Till I perform the task that I was born for.

Anna. Amen, amen.

First Gent. Drag the slaves hence.

[*Exeunt the other disguised Gentlemen with DINANT and
 CLEREMONT.*

For you,
 A while I'll lock you up here : study all ways
 You can to please me, or, the deed being done,
 You are but dead.

Sec. Gent. This strong vault shall contain you :
There think how many for your maidenhead
Have pin'd away, and be prepar'd to lose it
With penitence.

First Gent. No human help can save you.

Lam. Anna. Help, help !

Sec. Gent. You cry in vain ; rocks cannot hear you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Interior of the cave.*

A horrid noise of music within. Enter oneⁱ, and opens the door of the chamber in which LAMIRA and ANNABELL are shut up ; then exit. Enter LAMIRA and ANNABELL.

Lam. Oh, cousin, how I shake ! all this long night,
What frights and noises we have heard ! Still they increase :
The villains put on shapes to torture us,
And, to their devil's form,^j such preparations
As if they were a-hatching new dishonours
And fatal ruin, past dull man's invention.
Go not too far, and pray, good cousin Annabell !

[*A strange music within.*^k

Hark, a new noise !

Anna. They are exquisite in mischief.
I will go on ; this room gives no protection,
More than the next.—What 's that ? how sad and hollow,
The sound comes to us ! [Loud^{er} music within.]

Lam. Groaning, or singing, is it ?

Anna. The wind, I think, murmuring amongst old rooms.

ⁱ *Enter one, &c.*] The first folio thus, "*Enter one and opens the Chamber doore, in which Lamira and Anabell were shut, they in all feare*" ; and so the second folio, except that it omits the word "*Chamber.*"

^j *to their devil's form*] i. e. in addition to their devil's form.

^k *A strange music within*] Both the folios add "*Sackbut and Troup* [sec. folio "*Troup*"] *musick.*"

Lam. Now it grows louder ; sure, some sad presage

[*Disguised Gentlemen peep.*

Of our foul loss. Look, now they peep !

Anna. Pox peep 'em !

Lam. Oh, give them gentle language !

Anna. Give 'em rats-bane.

[*Disguised Gentlemen peep above.*

Lam. Now they are above.

Anna. I would they were i' the centre !

Lam. Thou art so foolish desperate.

Anna. Since we must lose.

Lam. Call 'em brave fellows, gentlemen.

Anna. Call 'em rogues,

Rogues as they are ; rude rogues, uncivil villains.

Lam. Look, an thou woo't beware ; dost thou feel the danger ?

Anna. Till the danger feel me, thus will I talk still,
And worse when that comes too ; they cannot eat me.
This is a punishment upon our own prides
Most justly laid : we must abuse brave gentlemen,
Make 'em tame fools and hobby-horses ; laugh and jeer at
Such men too, and so handsome and so noble,
That howsoe'er we seem'd to carry it——
Would 'twere to do again !

Lam. I do confess, cousin,
It was too harsh, too foolish.

Anna. Do you feel it ?
Do you find it now ? take heed o' the punishment.
We might have had two gallant gentlemen,
Proper [and] young ; oh, how it tortures me !
Two devils now, two rascals, two and twenty——

Lam. Oh, think not so !

Anna. Nay, an we scape so modestly——

Lam. May we be worthy any eyes or knowledge,
When we are us'd thus ?

Anna. Why not ? why do you cry ?
Are we not women still ? what were we made for ?

Lam. But thus, thus basely——

Anna. 'Tis against our wills;
And if there come a thousand, so.

Lam. Out on thee!

Anna. You are a fool: what we can not resist,
Why should we grieve and blush for? There be women,
And they that bear the name of excellent women,
Would give their whole estates to meet this fortune.

Lam. Hark, a new noise! [New sound within.

Anna. Let 'em go on; I fear not.
If wrangling, fighting, and scratching, cannot preserve me,
Why, so be it, cousin: if I be ordain'd
To breed a race of rogues——

Lam. They come.

Anna. Be firm;
They are welcome.

*Enter four disguised Gentlemen, with BEAUPRÈ and VERDONE bound
and halters about their necks.*

Lam. What masque of death is this? Oh, my dear brother!

Anna. My coz too!—Why, now ye are glorious villains!

Lam. Oh, shall we lose our honours?

Anna. Let 'em go;
When death prepares the way, they are but pageants.
Why must these die?

Beau. Lament your own misfortunes;
We perish happily before your ruins.

Anna. Has mischief ne'er a tongue?

First Gent. Yes, foolish woman,
Our captain's will is death.

Anna. You dare not do it.
Tell thy base boisterous captain what I say,
Thy lawless captain, that he dares not¹!
Do you laugh, you rogue? you pamper'd rogue?

Lam. Good sir,—

Good cousin, gently!—as you're a gentleman——

Anna. A gentleman? a slave, a dog, the devil's harbinger!

Lam. Sir, as you had a mother——

¹ *dares not*] Seward printed "*dares not* do it"; and so the Editors of 1778.

Anna. He a mother ?

Shame not the name of mother : a she-bear,
A bloody old wolf-bitch ! a woman-mother ?
Looks that rude lump as if he had a mother ?
Intreat him ? hang him !—Do thy worst ; thou dar'st not,
Thou dar'st not wrong their lives ; thy captain dares not ;
They are persons of more price.

Verdone. Whate'er we suffer,
Let not your angers wrong you.

Anna. You cannot suffer ;
The men that do this deed must live i' the moon,
Free from the gripe of justice.

Lam. Is it not better—

Anna. Is it not better ? Let 'em go on like rascals,
And put false faces on ! they dare not do it :
Flatter such scabs of nature ?

Sec. Gent. Woman, woman,
The next work is with you.

Anna. Unbind those gentlemen,
And put their fatal fortunes on our necks.

Lam. As you have mercy, do !

Anna. As you are monsters !

Lam. Fright us no more with shipwreck of our honours ;
Nor, if there be a guilt by us committed,
Let it endanger those.

Anna. I say, they dare not.—
There be a thousand gallowses, ye rogues !
Tortures, ye bloody rogues ! wheels !

Sec. Gent. Away !

Lam. Stay.

Anna. Stay ;

Stay, and I'll flatter too. Good sweet-fac'd gentlemen,
You excellent in honesty !—Oh, kinsmen !
Oh, noble kinsmen !

First Gent. Away with 'em !

Anna. Stay yet.

[*Exeunt all the disguised Gentlemen with BEAUPRÈ and
VERDONE.*]

The devil and his lovely dam walk with you !—
 Come, fortify yourself ; if they do die,
 (Which all their ^m ruggedness cannot rack into me,)
 They cannot find an hour more innocent,
 Nor more friends to revenge 'em.

Enter CLEREMONT disguised.

Lam. Now stand constant ;
 For now our trial's come.

Cler. This beauty's mine :— [*Seizes ANNABELL, who falls.*]
 Your minute moves not yet.

Lam. She sinks !

Anna. If Christian,
 If any spark of noble heat ⁿ—

Cler. [*raising her*] Rise, lady,
 And fearless rise ; there's no dishonour meant you :
 Do you know my tongue ?

Anna. I have heard it.

Cler. Mark it better :
 I am one that loves you ; fairly, nobly loves you.
 Look on my face.

Anna. Oh, sir !

Cler. No more words, softly ;
 Hark, but hark wisely now, ^o understand well,
 Suspect not, fear not.

Anna. You have brought me comfort.

Cler. If you think me ^p worthy of your husband,
 I am no rogue nor beggar ; if you dare do thus—

Anna. You are monsieur Cleremont ?

Cler. I am the same.

^m *their*] Altered by Weber to "that."

ⁿ *If Christian,*

If any spark of noble heat—] These words are given to Lamira in both the folios ; and so the modern editors. "It is evident from the reply of Cleremont that they belong to Annabell, who is kneeling and supplicating." HEATH (*MS. Notes*).

^o *now*] Heath's correction, *MS. Notes*.—Both the folios "how" ; and so the modern editors.

^p *If you think me, &c.*] Seward printed "*If you dare think me*", &c. ; and so the Editors of 1778.

If you dare venture, speak ; if not, I leave you,
And leave you to the mercy of these villains,
That will not woo you much.

Anna. Save my reputation,
And free me from these slaves !

Cler. By this kiss, I'll do it,
And from the least dishonour they dare aim at you.
I have a priest too shall be ready.

Anna. You are forward.

Lam. Is this my constant cousin ? how she whispers,
Kisses, and hugs the thief !

Anna. You'll offer nothing ?

Cler. Till all be tied, not, as I am a gentleman.

Anna. Can you relieve my aunt too ?

Cler. Not yet, mistress :
But fear nothing ; all shall be well. Away quickly ;
It must be done i' the moment, or——

Anna. I am with you.

Cler. I'll know now who sleeps by me.—Keep your
standing. [Exeunt CLEREMONT and ANNABELL.]

Lam. Well, go thy ways, and thine own shame dwell with
thee !

Is this the constancy she shew'd, the bravery ?
The dear love and the life she ow'd her kinsmen ?
Oh, brave tongue-valiant, glorious woman !⁹
Is this the noble anger you arriv'd at ?
Are these the thieves you scorn'd, the rogues you rail'd at ?
The scabs and scums of nature ? Oh, fair modesty,
Excellent virtue, whither art thou fled ?
What hand of Heaven ^r is over us, when strong virgins

⁹ *Oh, brave tongue-valiant, glorious woman*] Stands in both the folios thus :
“ *O brave tongue, valiant glorious woman.*”

Seward printed,

“ *O brave tongue-valiant, and vain-glorious woman*” ;

and so the Editors of 1778 : they forgot that “ *glorious* ” was formerly used in
the sense of vain-glorious.

^r *of Heaven*] So the first folio.—The second folio “ *O heaven,*” (the *f* in the
first folio being printed with a letter almost worn out, and scarcely visible) ; and
so Seward. That Mason should have thought the reading of the second folio
“ clearly the better,” is not a little strange.

Yield to their fears, and to their fears their fortunes?
 Never belief come near me more! Farewell, wench,
 A long farewell from all that ever knew thee!
 My turn is next; I am resolv'd. It comes;
 But in a nobler shape: ha!

Enter DINANT.

Din. Bless you, lady!

Lam. Indeed, sir, I had need of many blessings;
 For all the hours I have had since I came here
 Have been so many curses. How got you liberty?
 For I presume you come to comfort me.

Din. To comfort you, and love you, 'tis most true;
 My bondage was as yours, as full of bitterness,
 And every hour my death.

Lam. Heaven was your comfort.

Din. Till the last evening, sitting full of sadness,
 Wailing, sweet mistress, your unhappy fortunes
 (Mine own I had the least care of), round about me
 The captain and the company stood gaping,
 When I began the story of my love
 To you, fair saint, and with so full a sorrow
 Follow'd each point, that even from those rude eyes,
 That never knew what pity meant or mercy,
 There stole down soft relentings: (take heed, mistress,
 And let not such unholy hearts out-do you!
 The soft-plum'd god will see again.) Thus taken,
 As men transform'd with the strange tale I told,
 They stood amaz'd; then bid me rise and live,
 Take liberty and means to see your person,
 And wish'd me prosperous in your love: wish you so;
 Be wise and loving, lady; shew but you so!

Lam. Oh, sir, are these fit hours to talk of love in?
 Shall we make fools of our afflictions?
 Can any thing sound sweetly in mine ears,
 Where all the noise of bloody horror is? *

* is] "This monosyllable was properly added in [the folio of] 1679." WEBER.

My brother and my cousin, they are dead, sir,
 Dead, basely dead ;—is this an age to fool in ?—
 And I myself, I know not what I shall be :
 Yet I must thank you ; and if happily
 You had ask'd me yesterday, when these were living,
 And my fears less, I might have hearken'd to you.

Din. Peace to your grief ! I bind you to your word.

Enter CLEREMONT, ANNABELL, BEAUPRÈ, VERDONE, CHARLOTTE,
 Nurse, and two Gentlemen.

Lam. How ! do you conjure ?

Din. Not to raise dreadful apparitions, madam,
 But such as you would gladly see.

Lam. My brother
 And nephew living !

Beau. And both owe their lives
 To the favour of these gentlemen.

Verdone. Who deserve
 Our service, and, for us, your gracious thanks.

Lam. Which I give freely, and become a suitor,
 To be hereafter more familiar
 With such great worth and virtue.

[*The two Gentlemen kiss LAMIRA.*]

First Gent. Ever think us
 Your servants, madam.

Cler. Why, if thou wilt needs know
 How we are freed, I will discover it,
 And with laconic brevity. These gentlemen,
 This night encountering with those outlaws that
 Yesterday made us prisoners, and, as we were,
 Attempted by 'em, they with greater courage,
 (I am sure with better fortune,) not alone
 Guarded themselves, but forc'd the bloody thieves,
 Being got between them and this hellish cave,
 For safety of their lives to fly up higher
 Into the woods, all left to their possession :
 This sav'd your brother and your nephew from
 The gibbet ; this redeem'd me from my chains,

And gave my friend his liberty ; this preserv'd
Your honour, ready to be lost.

Din. But that

I know this for a lie, and that the thieves
And gentlemen are the same men, by my practice †
Suborn'd to this, he does deliver it
With such a constant brow, that I am doubtful
I should believe him too.

[*Aside.*

First Gent. If we did well,
We are rewarded.

Sec. Gent. Thanks but takes^u away
From what was freely purpos'd.

Cler. Now, by this hand, [*Aside to the Gentlemen.*
You have so cunningly discharg'd your parts,
That, while we live, rest confident you shall
Command Dinant and Cleremont. Nor Beauprè
Nor Verdone scents it ; for the ladies, they
Were easy to be gull'd.

First Gent. 'Twas but a jest ;
And yet the jest may chance to break our necks,
Should it be known.

Cler. Fear nothing.

Din. Cleremont,
Say what success ?

Cler. As thou wouldst wish ; 'tis done, lad :
The grove will witness with me that this night
I lay not like a block. But how speed you ?

Din. I yet am in suspense ; devise some means
To get these off, and speedily.

Cler. I have it.—

Come, we are dull ; I think that the good fellows,
Our predecessors in this place, were not
So foolish and improvident husbands, but
'Twill yield us meat and wine.

First Gent. Let 's ransack it ;
'Tis ours now by the law.

† *practice*] i. e., artful contrivance, strategem.

^u *takes*] Altered to "take" by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

Cler. How say you, sweet one,
Have you an appetite?

Anna. To walk again
I' the woods, if you think fit, rather than eat.

Cler. A little respite, prithee : nay, blush not ;
You ask but what's your own, and warrantable.—
Monsieur Beauprè, Verdone,
What think you of the motion?

Verdone. Lead the way.

Beau. We follow willingly.

Cler. When you shall think fit,
We will expect you. [*Exeunt all except DINANT and LAMIRA.*]

Din. Now be mistress of
Your promise, lady.

Lam. 'Twas to give you hearing.

Din. But that word hearing did include a grant,
And you must make it good.

Lam. Must !

Din. Must and shall ;

I will be fool'd no more : you had your tricks,
Made properties of me and of my friend,
Presum'd upon your power, and whipp'd me with
The rod of mine own dotage : do not flatter
Yourself with hope that any human help
Can free you ; and, for aid by miracle,
A base unthankful woman is unworthy.

Lam. You will not force me ?

Din. Rather than enjoy you
With your consent : because I will torment you,
I 'll make you feel th' effects of abus'd love,
And glory in your torture.

Lam. Brother ! nephew !
Help, help, for Heaven's sake !

Din. Tear your throat, cry louder ;
Though every leaf these trees bear were an echo,
And summon'd in your best friends to redeem you,
It should be fruitless. 'Tis not that I love you,
Or value those delights you prize so high,

That I'll enjoy you ; a French crown will buy
More sport, and a companion to whom
You in your best trim are an Ethiop.

Lam. Forbear me, then.

Din. Not so ; I'll do't in spite,
And break that stubborn disobedient will,
That hath so long held out ; that boasted honour
I will make equal with a common whore's ;
The spring of chastity, that fed your pride,
And grew into a river of vain-glory,
I will defile with mud, the mud of lust,
And make it loathsome even to goats.

Lam. Oh, Heaven !

No pity, sir ?

Din. You taught me to be cruel,
And dare you think of mercy ? I'll tell thee, fool ;
Those that surpris'd thee were my instruments :
I can plot too, good madam,—you shall find it ;—
And in the stead of licking of my fingers,
Kneeling, and whining like a boy new-breech'd^v,
To get a toy, forsooth, not worth an apple,
Thus make my way, and with authority
Command what I would have.

Lam. I am lost for ever !—

[*Kneels.*

Good sir, I do confess my fault, my gross fault,
And yield myself up miserable guilty !
Thus kneeling, I confess, you cannot study
Sufficient punishments to load me with ;
I am in your power, and I confess again,
You cannot be too cruel : if there be,
Besides the loss of my long-guarded honour,
Any thing else to make the balance even,
Pray, put it in ; all hopes, all helps have left me ;
I am girt round with sorrow, hell's about me,
And ravishment the least that I can look for :
Do what you please.

^v *new-breech'd*] i. e. newly whipped.

Din. [*raising her*] Indeed I will do nothing,
Nor touch, nor hurt you, lady, nor had ever
Such a lewd purpose.

Lam. Can there be such goodness,
And in a man so injur'd?

Din. Be confirm'd in't; [*Kisses her.*]
I seal it thus. I must confess, you vex'd me
In fooling me so often, and those fears
You threw upon me call'd for a requital,
Which now I have return'd. All unchaste love
Dinant thus throws away! Live to mankind,
As you have done to me, and I will honour
Your virtue, and no more think of your beauty.

Lam. All I possess comes short of satisfaction.

Din. No compliments. The terrors of this night
Imagine but a fearful dream, and so
With ease forget it; for Dinant, that labour'd
To blast your honour, is a champion for it,
And will protect and guard it.

Lam. 'Tis as safe, then,
As if a complete army undertook it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Paris. A street.*

Enter LA-WRIT, SAMPSON, and Clients.

La-Writ. Do not persuade me, gentle monsieur Sampson;
I am a mortal man again, a lawyer;
My martial^w part I have put off.

Samp. Sweet monsieur,
Let but our honours teach us.

La-Writ. Monsieur Sampson,
My honourable friend, my valiant friend,
Be but so beaten—Forward, my brave clients;
I am yours, and you are mine again—Be but so thresh'd,
Receive that castigation with a cudgel—

Samp. Which calls upon us for a reparation.

^w *martial*] So the second folio.—The first folio “mortal.”

La-Writ. I have ; it cost me^x half-a-crown, I bear it,
All over me I bear it, monsieur Sampson ;
The oils, and the old woman that repairs to me,
To 'noint my beaten body.

Samp. It concerns you,
You have been swinge'd.

La-Writ. Let it concern thee too ;
Go, and be beaten, speak scurvy words, as I did ;
Speak to that lion-lord, waken his anger,
And have a hundred bastinadoes, do ;
Three broken pates, thy teeth knock'd out, do, Sampson,
Thy valiant arms and legs beaten to poultices,
Do, silly Sampson, do.

First Client. You wrong the gentleman,
To put him^y out of his right mind thus ; you wrong
Us and our causes.

La-Writ. Down with him, gentlemen,
Turn him, and beat him, if he break our peace.—
Then when thou hast been lam'd^z, thy small guts perish'd,
Then talk to me ; before, I scorn thy counsel :
Feel what I feel, and let my lord repair thee.

Samp. And can the brave *La-Writ*—

Sec. Client. Tempt him no further ;
Be warn'd, and say no more.

La-Writ. If thou dost, Sampson,
Thou seest my myrmidons (I'll let 'em loose),
That in a moment—

Samp. I say nothing, sir ;
But I could wish—

La-Writ. They shall destroy thee wishing ;
There's ne'er a man of these but have lost ten causes,
Dearer than ten men's lives ; tempt, and thou diest.
Go home, and smile upon my lord, thine uncle,
Take money of the men thou mean'st to cozen,

^x *I have ; it cost me, &c.*] Weber chose to print, "*I have it, it cost me,*" &c.

^y *To put him*] Seward printed "*To try to put him*"; and so his successors,
—without mentioning the deviation from the folios !

^z *lam'd*] Qy. "*lamm'd*" (i. e. beaten) ?

Drink wine, and eat good meat, and live discreetly ;
Talk little, 'tis an antidote against a beating ;
Keep thy hand from thy sword and from thy laundress' placket,
And thou wilt live long.

First Client. Give ear, and be instructed.

La-Writ. I find I am wiser than a justice of peace now :
Give me the wisdom that's beaten into a man !
That sticks still by him.—Art thou a new man ?

Samp. Yes, yes,
Thy learned precepts have enchanted me.

La-Writ. Go, my son Sampson, I have now begot thee ;
I'll send thee causes ; speak to thy lord, and live,
And lay my share by ; go, and live in peace,
Put on new suits, and shew fit for thy place :
That man neglects his living is an ass.
Farewell. [Exit SAMPSON.]

Come, cheerly, boys, about our business !
Now, welcome tongue again ; hang swords !

First Client. Sweet advocate ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A room in the country-house of CHAMPERNEL.*

Enter Nurse and CHARLOTTE.

Nurse. I know not, wench ; they may call 'em what they
will,
Outlaws or thieves, but, I am sure, to me
One was an honest man ; he us'd me well :
What I did, 'tis no matter ; he complain'd not.

Char. I must confess, there was one bold with me too,
Some coy thing would say rude, but 'tis no matter ;
I was to pay a waiting-woman's ransom,
And I have done 't ; and I would pay't again,
Were I ta'en to-morrow.

Nurse. Alas, there was no hurt !
If't be a sin for such as live at hard meat,
And keep a long Lent in the woods, as they do,
To taste a little flesh——

Char. God help the courtiers,
That lie at rack and manger !

Nurse. I shall love
A thief the better for this while I live ;
They are men of a charitable vocation,
And give where there is need, and with discretion,
And put a good speed-penny in my purse,
That has been empty twenty years.

Char. Peace, nurse ;
Fare well, and cry not roast meat. Methinks Cleremont
And my lady Annabell are in one night
Familiarly acquainted.

Nurse. I observe it :
If she have got a penny too !

Char. No more :
My lord, monsieur Vertaigne, the provost too.
Haste, and acquaint my lady.

[*Exeunt Nurse and CHARLOTTE.*

Enter CHAMPERNEL, VERTAIGNE, and Provost.

Pro. Wondrous strange !

Vert. 'Tis true, sir, on my credit.

Champ. On mine honour.

Pro. I have been provost-marshal twenty years,
And have truss'd up a thousand of these rascals ;
But so near Paris yet I never met with
One of that brotherhood.

Champ. We to our cost have.
But will you search the wood ?

Pro. It is beset ;
They cannot scape us. Nothing makes me wonder
So much as, having you within their power,
They let you go ; it was a courtesy
That French thieves use not often. I much pity
The gentle ladies ; yet, I know not how,
I rather hope than fear.

Enter DINANT, CLEREMONT, VERDONE, BEAUPRÈ, LAMIRA,
ANNABELL, CHARLOTTE, *and* Nurse.

Are these the prisoners ?

Din. We were such.

Vert. Kill me not, excess of joy !

Champ. I see thou liv'st ; but hast thou had no foul play ?

Lam. No, on my soul ; my usage hath been noble,
Far from all violence.

Champ. How were you freed ?

But kiss me first ; we'll talk of that at leisure ;
I am glad I have thee.—Niece, how you keep off,
As you knew me not !

Anna. Sir, I am where
I owe most duty.

Cler. 'Tis indeed most true, sir :

The man that should have been your bedfellow,
Your lordship's bedfellow, that could not smell out
A virgin of sixteen, that was your fool
To make you merry ; this poor simple fellow
Has met the maid again, and now she knows
He is a man.

Champ. How ! is she dishonour'd ?

Cler. Not unless marriage be dishonourable :
Heaven is a witness of our happy contract,
And the next priest we meet shall warrant it
To all the world. I lay with her in jest ;
'Tis turn'd to earnest now.

Champ. Is this true, niece ?

Din. Her blushing silence grants it. Nay, sir, storm not :
He is my friend, and I can make this good,
His birth and fortunes equal hers ; your lordship
Might have sought out a worse ; we are all friends too,
All differences end thus. Now, sir, unless
You would raise new dissensions, make perfect
What is so well begun.

Vert. That were not manly.

Lam. Let me persuade you.

Champ. Well, God give you joy !
She shall not come a beggar to you, sir.—
For you, monsieur Dinant, ere long I'll shew you
Another niece, to this not much inferior ;
As you shall like, proceed.

Din. I thank you, sir.

Champ. Back, then, to Paris. Well that travel ends,
That makes of deadly enemies perfect friends.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

GENTLEMEN,

I am sent forth to inquire what you decree
Of us and of our poets ; they will be
This night exceeding merry, so will we,
If you approve their labours. They profess
You are their patrons, and we say no less :
Resolve^z us, then ; for you can only tell,
Whether we have done idly, or done well.

^z *Resolve*] i. e. Satisfy, inform.

END OF VOL. III.

LONDON :
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



